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MEDULLA
POETARUM ROMANORUM:

OR, THE
Most Beautiful and Instructive
PASSAGES
OF THE
ROMAN POETS.
BEING A
COLLECTION,

(Disposed under proper HEADS,)

Of such DESCRIPTIONS, ALLUSIONS,
COMPARISONS, CHARACTERS, and
SENTIMENTS, as may best serve to shew the RE-
LIGION, LEARNING, POLITICKS, ARTS,
CUSTOMS, OPINIONS, MANNERS, and
CIRCUMSTANCES of the ANTIENTS.

WITH
TRANSLATIONS of the same in
ENGLISH VERSE.

By Mr. HENRY BAKER.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXVII.

POETARUM ROMANORUM:

OFFICE

Mr. B. L. H. H. H. H. H.

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ROMAN POETS

ADVISE

COLLECTION

(MUSEUM)

BRITAN
NICVM

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TRANSLATIONS of the same in

RECEIVED

W. M. HENRY DAKEN.

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END OF

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MEDULLA

POETARUM ROMANORUM.

REX. Vide Admonitio Principi. Potentia. Tyrannus.

TU quicumque es, qui Sceptra tēnes,
Licet omne tua vulgus in aula
Centum pariter limina pulset :
Cum tot populis stipatus eas,
In tot populis vix una fides.

Tenēt auratum limen Erinny's,
Et cum magnæ patuere fores,
Intrant fraudes, cautique doli,
Ferrumque latens. — Cumque in populos
Prodire parant, comes invidia est.
Noctem quoties summovet Eos,
Regem toties credite nasci.

Pauci Reges, non Regna colunt :
Plures fulgor convocat aulæ. —

Sen. Herc. Œt.

Nescitis

(3)

THE

Most Beautiful and Instructive

P A S S A G E S

OF THE

R O M A N P O E T S.

KING. See Advice to a Prince. Greatness. Tyrant.

H Owever great, whoe'er you are,
That Earth's imperial Scepters bear,
Tho' thousands in your Palace wait,
And crowd your hundred Rooms of State!

Of all the Slaves that cringe around,
Scarce ev'n in one can Truth be found.

The Furies in proud Domes reside,
And thro' the Doors extended wide
Steal covert Fraud, and cautious Guile,
The dark Design, the treach'rous Smile,
And Dagger hid:—in Publick go,
Envy attends the pompous Show:
Each Night outliv'd, each rising Morn,
To Life renew'd, the Prince is born.

How few that wait around the Throne,
It's Welfare seek, and not their own!
What Numbers to the Courts of Kings,
Or Av'rice, or Ambition brings!—

Ward.

Nescitis cupidi arcium,
Regnum quo jaceat loco.
Regem non faciunt opes,
Non vestis Tyriæ color,
Non frontis nota regiae,
Non auro nitidæ trabes.
Rex est, qui posuit metus,
Et diri mala Pectoris :
Quem non ambitio impotens,
Et numquam stabilis favor
Vulgi præcipitis movet.——

Sen. Thyestes.

Nil ullis opus est equis,
Nil armis, & inertibus
Telis, quæ procul ingerit
Parthus.——

Rex est, qui metuit nihil.
Rex est, quique nihil cupit.

Hoc regnum sibi quisque dat.——

Ibid.

Sed piger ad pœnas Princeps, ad præmia velox :

Quique dolet quoties cogitur esse ferox.——

Claud.

——Hoc Reges habent

Magnificum & ingens, nulla quod rapiat dies,
Prodesse miseris, supplices fido lare
Protegere.——

Senec. Med.

——At pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt,

Si rectè facies.——

Hor. Lib. I. Epist. 1.

Fallitur, egregio quisquis sub Principe credit
Servitium : nunquam Libertas gratior existat,
Quàm sub Rege pio.——

Claud. Stil. Lib. III.

BASIA.

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
Rumorésque senum severiorum
Omnes unius æstimemus assis.

Soles

Give Ear, ambitious Princes! and be wise:
 Listen, and learn wherein true Greatness lies:
 Place not your Pride in Roofs that shine with Gems,
 In purple Robes, nor sparkling Diadems,
 Nor in Dominion, nor Extent of Land;
 He's only Great who can himself command.
 Whose Guard is peaceful Innocence, whose Guide
 Is faithful Reason, who is void of Pride,
 Checking Ambition, nor is idly vain:
 Of the false Incense of a popular Train.—*Ld. Lansdowne,*

What need of Troops, or Instruments of War,
 Or *Partbian* Arrows which destroy from far?
 Who Lord of his own Hopes and Fears can be,
 The greatest King and Conqueror is He:
 Blest with a Power which he derives from none,
 He's Great, and Happy, in Himself alone.— *Id. alter'd.*

Quick to reward a King should always be,
 To punish slow: and griev'd whenever He
 By Justice is compell'd to use Severity.—

This great, this godlike Happiness have Kings,
 A Happiness which never can be lost:
 To succour the Distress'd, and grant to Those
 Who sue for Safety their protecting Pow'r.—

Ev'n Boys at Play to one another cry,
 Thou shalt be King, if Thou wilt govern right.—

He's much deceiv'd, who thinks a worthy King
 Can ever aim at arbitrary Sway:
 For Liberty ne'er flourishes so well
 As under a good Prince.—

KISSES.

LET's live, my dearest *Lesbia*! and love;
 The little Time that Nature lends, improve:
 In Love and Pleasure let us spend the Day,
 Nor care one Farthing what old Dotards say!

Soles occidere, & redire possunt:
 Nobis, quum semel occidit brevis lux,
 Nox est perpetua una dormienda.
 Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
 Dein mille altera, deinde secunda centum,
 Dein usque altera mille, deinde centum,
 Dein quum millia multa fecerimus,
 Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus:
 Aut ne quis malus invidere possit,
 Quum tantum sciat esse basiorum.——

Catull. Carm. V.

Quæris, quot mihi basiationes
 Tuæ, Lesbica, sint satis, superque?
 Quam magnus numerus Lybissæ arenæ
 Laserpiceris jacet Cyrenis
 Oraculum Jovis inter æstuosi,
 Et Batti veteris sacrum Sepulcrum:
 Aut quam sidera multa, quum tacet nox,
 Furtivos hominum vident amores:
 Tam te basia multa basiare
 Vefano satis, & super Catullo est,
 Quæ nec pernumerare curiosi
 Possint, nec mala fascinare lingua.——

Catull. Carm. VII.

NOSCE TE IPSUM.

—E Coelo descendit, rēdisi oritur,
 Figendum, & memori tractandum pectore.——

Juv. Sat. XI.

——Nec te quæsieris extra.——

Pers. Sat. I.

——Seu tu magno discrimine causam
 Protegere affectas, te consule, dic tibi quis sis;

Orator

KNOW THYSELF.

8
7

The Sun may rise again when once 'tis set,
Its usual Labour, and old Course repeat:
But when our Day is once depriv'd of Light,
Sleep is our Portion, and eternal Night.
A thousand Kisses give: an hundred more:
Another thousand, *Lesbia*! I implore:
Another hundred quickly add to these:
Another thousand instant let me seize:
And when repeated thousands num'rous grow,
We'll kiss at random, nor pretend to know
How many you have lent, or what I owe.
Left wicked Envy should attempt to say,
How many thousands we have kiss'd away. — *Anon. alt.*

Want you to know how many Kisses
Would satisfy my boundless Wishes?
Not fewer than the *Lybian* Sands
Spread o'er the parch'd *Cyrene's* Lands,
Between *Jove's* Temple and the Fane
Where *Battus'* sacred Bones remain;
Not fewer than the Stars above,
Which see by Night Men's stolen Love.
So many Kisses would I give,
(Who now for Want of Kisses grieve,
As should in Number far surmount,
All that Arithmetic can count.
Nor all the Force of magic Art,
My Lips from yours should ever part, — *Anon. alter'd.*

KNOW THYSELF.

From Heav'n, to Mortals, sure, that Rule was sent,
Of *Know Thyself*: and, by some God, was meant,
To be our never-erring Pilot here,
Thro' all the various Courses which we steer. — *Congreve,*
Seek not Thyself without Thyself to find. —
E'er Thou attempt weak Causes to support,
Be sure, be very sure, Thou'rt able for't;

Orator vehemens, an Curtius, an Matho: buccæ
Noscenda est mensura tuæ; spectandaque rebus
In summis, minimisque.

Juv. Sat. XI.

Tecum habita, ut noris, quam sit tibi curta suppellex.—

Perf. Sat. IV.

Stat contrà Ratio, & secretam garrit in aurem,
Ne liceat facere id, quod quis vitabit agendo.
Diluis helleborum, certo compescere puncto
Nescius examen? vetat hoc natura medendi.
Navem si poscat sibi peronatus arator
Luciferi rudis, exclamar Melicerta perisse
Frontem de rebus.

Perf. Sat. V.

——Nemo in sese tentat descendere, nemo:
Sed præcedenti spectatur mantica tergo!——

Perf. Sat. IV.

——Teipsum
Concute, num qua tibi vitiorum inleverit olim
Natura, aut etiam consuetudo mala: namque
Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris.

Hor. Lib. I. Sat. III.

——Dii vestram fidem!
Itan' comparatam esse hominum naturam omnium,
Aliena ut melius videant, & dijudicent
Quàm sua?——

Terent. Heaut.

LABOR. Vide APES. INDUSTRIA.

PRO pretio labor est: nec sunt immunia tanta,
——Nisi perfossis fugiet te montibus aurum,
Rursus & in magna mergis caligine mentem,
Obstabitque suis opibus superaddita tellus.

Ut

And don't mistake strong Lungs, and Impudence,
For Harmony of Words, and Force of Sense:
Fools only make Attempts beyond their Skill:
A wise Man's Pow'r's the Limits of his Will.—*Creeshalt.*

Thyself consider well, that Thou may'st find,
How much there wants to furnish out thy Mind.—

Sound Reason still is whispering in your Ear,
Where you are sure to fail, th' Attempt forbear.
Unskill'd in *Hellebore*, if You should try,

To mix it, and mistake the Quantity,
The Rules of Physic would against You cry.
The high-shoo'd Plowman, should he quit the Land,
To take the Pilot's Rudder in his Hand,
Artless of Stars, and of the shifting Sand;
The Gods would leave him to the Waves and Wind,
And think all Shame was lost in Humankind.—*Dryd.*

None, none descends into himself, to find
The secret Imperfections of his Mind:
But ev'ry one is Eagle-ey'd to see
Another's Failings and Deformity.—*Id.*

Thy Breast examine with severest Care,
And find what Vices are prevailing there,
What Nature plants, and what ill Customs bear.
This Search is good, for a neglected Field,
Or Thorns, or useless Fern, will quickly yield.—*Creeshalt.*

Bless me! what an odd Composition Men are of! that
they should see farther, and judge better, of other Peo-
ple's Affairs than their own!

LABOUR. See BEES. INDUSTRY.

ALL noble Things are difficult to gain,
And without Labour none can them attain.
Is Gold thy Aim? what mighty Pains attend?
Mountains are level'd, and the Mines descend
To Earth's deep Center: tho' she hides her Store,
We tare her up, and reach the hidden Ore.

For

Ut veniant gemmæ, totus transibitur orbis;
 Nec lapidum pretio pelagus cepisse pigebit,
 Annua solliciti consumant vota coloni,
 Et quantæ mercedis erunt fallacia rura,
 Quæremus lucrum navibus, mortemque sequemur
 In prædas.
 Luxuriæ quoque militia est, vigilatque ruinis
 Venter, & ut pereant suspirant sæpe nepotes.—*Man. Lib. IV.*

Qualis apes æstate nova per florea rura
 Exercet sub Sole labor: cum gentis adultos
 Educunt foetus, aut cum liquentia mella
 Stipant, & dulci distendunt nectare cellas,
 Aut ohera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto
 Ignavum fucos pecus à præsepibus arcent.—

Æn. Lib. I.

Ac veluti ingentem formicæ farris acervum
 Cum populant, hyemis memores, tectoque reponunt:
 It nigrum campis agmen, prædâque per herbas
 Convectant calle angusto: pars grandia trudunt
 Obnixæ frumenta humeris: pars agmina cogunt,
 Castigantque moras: opere omnis semita ferveret.

Æn. IV.

LAMENTATIO. Vide DOLOR.

ERipui, fateor, leto me, & vincula rupi:—
 Nec mihi jam patriam antiquam spes ulla videndi,
 Nec dulces natos exoptatûmque parentem:
 Quos illi fors ad pœnas ob nostra reposcent

Effugia,

For shining Gems we cut the burning Zone,
 Such Dangers are the Purchase of a Stone!
 The fearful Farmer makes his yearly Vow,
 And Pain still presseth the deceiving Plow.
 In War no Danger's shunn'd, we fight for Spoil:
 Ev'n lazy Luxury leads us on to Toil:
 For Food and Cloths from East to West we run, [alt.
 And Spend-thrifts take much Pains to be undone.—*Creech*

Thus to their Toils, in early Summer, run
 The clust'ring Bees, and labour in the Sun:
 Lead forth, in Colonies, their buzzing Race,
 Or work the liquid Sweets, and thicken to a Mass.
 The busy Nation flies from Flow'r to Flow'r,
 And hoards, in curious Cells, the golden Store.
 A chosen Troop before the Gate attends,
 Heaves off the Burdens, and relieves their Friends:
 Warm at the fragrant Work, in Bands, they drive
 The Drone, a lazy Robber, from the Hive.— *Pitt.*

So when the Pismires, an industrious Train,
 Embod'ed rob some golden Heap of Grain,
 Studious e'er stormy Winter frowns, to lay
 Safe in ~~their~~ darksome Cells the treasur'd Prey:
 In one long Track, the dusky Legions lead
 Their Prize in Triumph thro' the verdant Mead.
 Here bending with the Load, a panting Throng
 With Force conjoyn'd heave some huge Grain along.
 Some, lash the Stragglers to the Task assign'd,
 Some, to their Ranks, the Bands that lay behind:
 They crowd the peopled Path in thick Array,
 Glow at the Work, and darken all the Way.— *Id.*

LAMENTATION. See GRIEF.

DEath, I confess, I 'scap'd, and broke my Bonds:—
 And now to me, forlorn, no Hope is left
 Of e'er beholding my sweet native Soil,
 Or my dear Children, or my long'd for Sire:
 Whose forfeit Lives, perhaps, for my Escape,

They

Effugia, & culpam hanc miserorum morte piabunt.

Æn. Lib. 2.

Modo maxima rerum,

Tot generis natifque potens, nuribusque, viroque,
Nunc trahor exsul, inops, tumulis avulsa meorum,
Penelopæ munus. Quæ me data pensa trahentem
Matribus ostendens Ithacis, Hæc Hæctoris illa est
Clara parens: hæc est, dicet, Priameïa conjux.

Ovid. Met. Lib. XIII.

An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem?
Et manet in cursu semper acerba suo?
Sex mihi nataleis ierant, cum lecta parentis,
Ante diem lachrymas ossa bibere meas.
Arsit inops frater victus meretricis amore;
Mixtaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
Et tanquam desint, quæ me sine fine fatigent,
Accumulat cûras filia parva meas. — *Ovid. Epist. XXI.*

PRÆLIUM Maris in Limine.

TOT lecti procures ter denis navibus ibant
Subsidio Trojæ, & campos falis ære secabant.
Æneas (neque enim membris dat cura quietem)
Ipse sedens clavumque regit, velisque ministrat.
Principio fociis edicit, signa sequantur,
Atque animos aptent armis, pugnaeque parent se.
Jamque in conspectu Teucros habet & sua castra,
Stans celsa in puppi: clypeum tum deinde sinistra
Extulit ardentem. Clamorem ad sidera tollunt
Dardanidæ è muris: spes addita suscitât iras;
Tela manu jaciunt. Quales sub nubibus atris
Strymoniaë dant signa grûes, atque æthera tranant
Cum sonitu, fugiuntque Notos clamore secundo.

At

They will demand: and expiate this Offence
By their untimely Death. *Trop.*

I, who so long had Pow'r, and Wealth, and State,
Bless'd in my Children, in my Husband Great;
Must now, in Poverty, an Exile mourn,
Ev'n from the Tombs of my dead Offspring torn:
Giv'n to *Penelope*, who proud of Spoil,
Allots me to the Loom's ungrateful Toil:
Points to her Dames, and cries, with scornful Mein,
See *Hector's* Mother, and great *Priam's* Queen! —
Stanyan alter'd.

Shall Fortune still in one sad Tenor run,
And still increase the Woes so soon begun?
Enur'd to Sorrows from my tender Years,
My Parent's Ashes drank my early Tears:
My Brother next, neglecting Wealth and Fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive Flame.
An Infant Daughter late my Griefs increas'd,
And all a Mother's Cares distract my Breast. *Pope.*

LANDING Oppos'd.

FULL thirty Ships* transport the chosen Train,
For *Troy's* Relief, and scour the briny Main.
The careful Chief who never clos'd his Eyes,
Himself the Rudder holds, the Sails supplies.
He charg'd the Soldiers with preventing Care,
The Flags to follow, and their Arms prepare: [War.]
Warn'd of th' ensuing Fight, and bad them hope the

Now, from his lofty Poop, he view'd below
His Camp encompass'd, and th' inclosing Foe.
His brazen Shield, embrac'd, he held on high:
The Camp receive the Sign, and with loud Shouts reply:
Hope Arms their Courage: from their Towers they throw
Their Darts with double Force, and drive the Foe.
Thus, at the Signal giv'n, the Cranes arise,
With joyful Clang, and leave the stormy Skies.

* The Landing of *Aeneas* with his auxiliary Troops, to relieve his Friends besieged by the *Latins*, and in the utmost Distress.

At Rutulo Regi ducibusque ea mira videri
 Aufoniis : donec versas ad litora puppes
 Respiciunt, totumque allabi classibus æquor.
 Haud tamen audaci Turno fiducia cessit
 Litora præripere, & venientes pellere terra.
 Ultro animos tollit dictis : ———
 Quod votis optastis, adest perfringere dextrâs
 In manibus Mars ipse, viri. ———
 ——— Ultro occurramus ad undam,
 Dum trepidi, egressisque labant vestigia prima.
 Audentes fortuna juvat.

Hæc ait : & secum versat, quos ducere contra,
 Vel quibus obsessos possit concredere muros.

Interea Æneas socios de puppibus altis
 Pontibus exponit. Multi servare recursus
 Languentis pelagi, & brevibus se credere saltu :
 Per remos alii. Speculatus litora Tarchon,
 Qua vada non sperat, nec fracta remurimurata unda,
 Sed mare inoffensum crescenti allabitur æstu,
 Advertit subito proras : sociosque precatur :
 Nunc, ô lecta manus, validis incumbite remis :
 Tollite, ferte rates : inimicam findite rostris
 Hanc terrum, sulcūque sibi premat ipsa carina.
 Frangere nec tali puppim statione reculo,
 Arreptâ tellure semel. ———

Quæ talia postquam
 Effatus Tarchon : socii consurgere tonsis,
 Spumantesque rates arvis inferre Latinis :
 Donec rostra tenent siccum.

Nec Turnum segnis retinet mora, sed rapit acer
 Totam aciem in Teucros, & contra in litore sistit.
 Signa canunt, ——— Expellere tendunt.

Nunc

The *Latins* wonder'd at the Fight renew'd:
Till, looking back, the *Trojan* Fleet they view'd:
The Seas with swelling Canvas cover'd o'er,
And the swift Ships descending on the Shore.
But, nought dismay'd, bold *Turnus*' Mind is bent
To man the Beach, and hinder their Descent.
He thus awakes the Courage of his Friends:
What You so long have wish'd kind Fortune sends:
In ardent Arms to meet th' invading Foe:
You find, and find him at Advantage now.
Now take the Time, while stagg'ring yet they stand
With Feet unfirm: attack them as they land:
Fortune befriends the Bold. No more he said,
But ballanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead:
Then These elects, the Landing to prevent:
And Those he leaves to keep the City pent.

Mean time, the *Trojan* sends his Troops ashore:
Some are by Boats expos'd, by Bridges more:
With lab'ring Oars they bear along the Strand,
Where the Tide languishes, and leap to Land.

Tarchon observes the Coast with careful Eyes,
And where no Ford he finds, no Water fries,
Nor Billows with unequal Murmur roar,
But smoothly slide along, and swell the Shore:
That Course he steer'd, and thus he gave Command,
Here ply your Oars, and at all Hazard land:
Force on the Vessel, that her Keel may wound
This hated Soil, and furrow hostile Ground.
Let me securely land, I ask no more,
Then sink my Ships, or scatter on the Shore.

This fiery Speech inflames his daring Friends,
They tug at ev'ry Oar, and ev'ry Stretcher bends:
They run their Ships a-ground, the Vessels knock,
(Thus forc'd ashore) and tremble with the Shock.

Turnus leads on his Troops without Delay,
Advancing to the Margin of the Sea.
The Trumpets sound a Charge. On either Hand,
These fight to keep, and Those to win the Land.

With

Nunc hi, nunc illi: certatur limine in ipso
 Aufoniae. Magno discordes æthere venti
 Prælia ceu tollunt, animis & viribus æquis:
 Non ipsi inter se, non nubila, non mare cedit:
 Anceps pugna diu, stant obnixi omnia contra,
 Haud aliter Trojanae acies, aciesque Latinae
 Concurrent: hæret pede pes, densusque viro vir.

Virg. Æn. Lib. X.

LEGE S. Vide JUSTITIA.

Jura inventa metu injusti fœcare necesse est,
 Tempora si, fastosque velis evolvere mundi:
 Nec Natura potest justo secernere iniquum,
 Dividit ut bona diversis, fugienda petendis:
 Nec vincet ratio hoc, tantundem ut peccet, idemque
 Qui tenores caules alieni fregerit horti,
 Et qui nocturnus Divum sacra legerit. Adsit
 Regula, peccatis quæ poenas irroget æquas:
 Ne scuticâ dignum, horribili sectère flagello.

Hor. Lib. I. Sat. 3.

Humana malignas

Cura dedit leges: & quod Natura remittit,
 Invida jura negant.

Ovid. Met. Lib. X.

Convallem rûris aviti

Improbis, aut campum mihi si vicinus ademit,
 Aut sacrum effodit medio de limite saxum,
 Quod mea cum vetulo coluit plus annua libo:
 Debitor aut sumptos pergit non reddere nummos,
 Vana supervacui dicens chirographa ligni:
 Expectandus erit, qui lites inchoet, annus

Totius

With mutual Blood th' *Ausonian* Soil is dy'd,
 While on it's Borders each their Claim decide.
 As wintry Winds contending in the Sky,
 With equal Rage of Lungs their Titles try :
 They rage, they roar : The doubtful Rack of Heav'n
 Stands without Motion, and the Tide undriv'n :
 Each bent to conquer, neither Side to yield,
 They long suspend the Fortune of the Field :
 Both Armies thus perform what Courage can,
 Foot set to Foot, and Man oppos'd to Man.—— *Dryden.*

L A W S. See J U S T I C E.

HE that will search far into former Times,
 Must grant that *Laws* were made for fear of Crimes :
 Since Nature can't discern what's Wrong, or Right,
 What's proper to pursue, and what unfit :
 Yet Reason knows, to break a Neighbour's Hedge
 Is not so great a Sin as Sacrilege.
 Then fix some Rule, that Punishments may be
 Proportion'd to Offences, and that He,
 Whose Fault a gentle Beating should atone,
 May not be whipt with Scourges to the Bone.——

Malicious Senates, with an over Care
 To make Us better than our Kind can bear,
 Have dash'd a Spice of Envy in the Laws,
 And straining up too high, have spoil'd the Cause.— *Dryd.*

If any Rogue vexatious Suits advance
 Against me, for my known Inheritance :
 Enter by Violence my fruitful Grounds,
 Or take the sacred Land-Mark from my Bounds :
 Those Bounds, which with Possession and with Pray'r,
 And offer'd Cakes, have been my annual Care :
 Or, if my Debtors do not keep their Day,
 Deny their Hands, and then refuse to pay ;
 I must with Patience all the Terms attend,
 Among the common Causes that depend,

Totius populi : sed tunc quoque mille ferenda
 Tædia, mille moræ : toties subsellia tantum
 Sternuntur : jam facundo ponente lacernas
 Cæditio : Fusco jam micturiente, parati
 Digredimur, lentâque fori pugnamus arenâ.—

Juv. Sat. XVI.

LIBERTAS. Vide SERVITIUM.

—QUI cupiet, metuet quoque : porro
 Qui metuens vivit, liber mihi non erit unquam.—

Hor. Lib. I. Epist. 16.

—Jampridem, ex quo Suffragia nulli
 Vendimus, effudit Curas. Nam qui dabat olim
 Imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia, nunc se
 Continet, atque duas tantum res anxius optat,
 Panem & Circenses.—

Juv. Sat. X.

—Tibi recto vivere talo
 Ars dedit ? & veri speciem dignoscere calles,
 Ne qua subærato mendosum tinniat auro ?
 Quæque sequenda forent, quæque evitanda vicissim,
 Illa prius cretâ, mox hæc carbone notâsti ?
 Et modicus voti, pressio lare, dulcis amicis :
 Jam nunc astringas, jam nunc granaria laxes :
 Inque luto fixum possis transcendere nummum :
 Nec glutto sorbere salivam Mercurialem ?
 Hæc mea sunt, teneo, cum verè dixeris : esto
 Liberque ac Sapiens, Prætoribus ac Jove dextro.

Sin tu, cum fueris nostræ paulò antè farinæ,
 Pelliculam veterem retines, & fronte politus
 Astutam vapidò servas sub pectore vulpem :
 Quæ dederam suprâ, repeto, funemque reduco.

Till mine is call'd :—And that long-look'd for Day
Is still encumber'd with some new Delay :
Perhaps, the Cloth of State is only spread,
Some of the Bench perhaps are sick a-bed :
That Judge is hot, and doffs his Gown, while this
O'er Night was bowfy, and goes out to P—fs.
So many Rubs appear, the Time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious Suit goes on.—— *Id.*

LIBERTY. See SLAVERY.

—**H**E that still doth crave
Must fear, and he that fears must be a Slave.— *Greech.*

Now, free from Care, those Slaves the People live,
No longer plagu'd with Votes to sell, or give :
That mighty People whom the World obey'd,
Whose Voices Consuls, Armies, Emp'rors made,
Now Liberty's no more, are sunk so low,
Their whole Ambition asks but Bread and Show.— *Dryd.*

Tell me, my Friend, from whence hast Thou the Skill,
So nicely to distinguish Good from Ill ?

Or, by the Sound to judge of Gold and Brass,
What Piece is Tinker's Metal, what will pass ?
And what Thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify ?

When to be bountiful, and when to spare,
But never craving, or oppress'd with Care ?

The Baits of Gifts and Money to despise,
And look on Wealth with undesiring Eyes ?

When Thou canst truly call these Virtues thine,
Be wise and free, by Heav'n's Consent, and mine.

But Thou, who lately of the common Strain,
Wer't one of Us, if still Thou dost retain

The same ill Habits, the same Follies too,
Gloss'd over only with a specious Show :

Then I resume the Freedom which I gave,
Still Thou art bound to Vice, and still a Slave.

Liber ego.—Unde datum hoc fumis, tot subdite rebus?
 An Dominum ignoras, nisi quem vindicta relaxat?
 I, puer, & strigiles Crispini ad Balnea defer,
 Si increpuit: cessas Nugator? Servitium acre
 Te nihil impellit, nec quicquam extrinsecus intrat,
 Quod nervos agitet.——

——Si intus, & in jecore ægro
 Nascantur domini, qui tu impunior exis,
 Atque hic, quem ad strigiles scutica & metus egit herilis?
Perf. Sat. V.

Manè piger stertis: surge, inquit Avaritia; eja
 Surge. Negas. Instat: surge, inquit. Non queo. Surge.
 Et quid agam? rogitas? saperdas advehe Ponto,
 Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa:
 Tolle recens primus piper è sitiente camelo,
 Verte aliquid: jura.—Sed Jupiter audiet.—Eheu!
 Baro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum
 Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.

Jam pueris pellem succinctus, & cenophorum aptas
 Ocyûs ad navem: nihil obstat, quin trabe vastâ
 Ægæum rapias, nisi solers Luxuria antè
 Seductum moneat: Quò deinde, insane, ruis? quò?
 Quid tibi vis? calido sub pectore mascula bilis
 Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ.

In spight of this, my Freedom still remains.
 Free! what, and fetter'd with so many Chains?
 Canst Thou no other Master understand,
 Than him that freed Thee by the *Prætor's* Wand?
 Should he, who was thy Lord, command Thee now,
 With a harsh Voice, and supercilious Brow,
 To servile Duties, Thou would'st fear no more:
 The Gallows and the Whip are out of Door.
 But if strong Passions lord it in thy Breast,
 Art Thou not still a Slave, and still oppress'd,
 No less than he, whom the afflicting Rod,
 Compels to all the Ills of Servitude?— *Dryden* alter'd.

When Thou would'st take a lazy Morning's Nap:
 Up, up, says *Avarice*:—Thou snor'st again,
 Stretchest thy Limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain:
 The Tyrant *Lucre* no Denial takes:

At his command th' unwilling Sluggard wakes.
 What must I do? he cries:—What? says his Lord;
 Why rise; make ready: and go streight aboard:
 With Fish, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Vessel freight:
 Flax, Castor, *Coan* Wines, the precious Weight
 Of Pepper, and *Sabaean* Incense, take
 With thy own Hands from the tir'd Camel's Back;
 And with Post-haste thy running Markets make.

Be sure to turn the Penny: lye, and swear:
 'Tis wholsom Sin:—but *Jove*, thou sayst, will hear.
 Swear, Fool! or starve: for the Dilemma's even:
 A Tradesman Thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?

Resolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage pack,
 Each saddl'd with his Burden on his Back:—
 Nothing retards thy Voyage, now, unless
 Thy other Lord forbids, *Voluptuousness*:
 And he may ask this civil Question: Friend,
 What dost thou make a Shipboard?—to what End?—
 Art thou of *Bedlam's* noble College free?
 Stark, staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the Sea?

Tun' mare transilias ? tibi tortâ cannabæ fulto
 Coena sit in transtro ? Veientanumque rubellum
 Exhalet vapidâ læsum pice seffilis obba ?
 Quid petis, ut nummi, quos hîc quincunce modesto
 Nutriêras, pergant avidos sudare deunces ?
 Indulge Genio : carpamus dulcia : nostrum est
 Quodd vivis : cinis & manes & fabula fies.
 Vive memor lethi, fugit hora : hoc, quod loquor, inde est.

En quid agis ? duplici in diversum scinderis hamo :
 Hunccine, an hunc sequeris ? subeas alternus oportet
 Ancipiti obsequio dominos : alternus oberres.
 Nec tu, cûm obstiteris semel, instantique negâris
 Parêre imperio, rupi jam vincula, dicas.
 Nam & luctata canis nodum arripit : attamen illi,
 Cûm fugit, à collo trahitur pars longa catenæ.——

Pers. Sat. V.

Quisnam igitur liber ? Sapiens, sibi qui imperiosus :
 Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent :
 Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
 Fortis, & in seipso totus teres, atque rotundus :
 In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna.——

Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 7.

—————Eripe turpi
 Colla jugo : Liber, liber sum, dic age.——

Ibid.

VITA HUMANA.

OPtima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
 Prima fugit : subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus,
 Et labor, & duræ rapit inclementia Mortis.——

Virg. Georg. Lib. III.

Stat

Cubb'd in a Cabbin, on a Mattress laid,
 On a brown *George*, with lousy Swobbers fed:
 Dead Wine that stinks of the *Borracchio* sup,
 From a foul Jack, or greasy maple Cup?
 Say, wou'dst Thou bear all this, to raise thy Store
 From six i'th' Hundred to six hundred more?—
 Indulge, and to thy *Genius* freely give:
 For, not to live at Ease, is not to live.
 Death stalks behind Thee, and each flying Hour
 Does some loose Remnant of thy Life devour.
 Live, while thou liv'st: for Death will make Us all
 A Name,—a Nothing but an old Wife's Tale.
 Speak; wilt Thou *Avarice* or *Pleasure* chuse
 To be thy Lord?—take one, and one refuse.
 But both, by turns, the Rule of Thee will have:
 And Thou, betwixt them both, wilt be a Slave.
 Nor think, when once thou hast resisted One,
 That all thy Marks of Servitude are gone:
 The struggling Greyhound gnaws his Leash in vain,
 If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the Chain.— *Dryden*.

Who then is free?—The Wise, that can controul
 And govern all the Passions of the Soul:
 Whom Poverty, nor Chains, nor Death affright;
 Who's Proof against the Charms of vain Delight:
 Who squares his Actions all by Virtue's Laws,
 Regardless of Contempt, or popular Applause.
 Whom feeble Fortune strives in vain to wound,
 Since in himself his Happiness is found,
 Collected all, and in a perfect Round.— *Creech alter'd.* }

Get loose thy Neck from this ignoble Chain
 And boldly cry, I'm free,———

L I F E.

TH E best of Life, which wretched Mortals share,
 Flies first away: Diseases, sick old Age,
 And Pain, and Death's Inclemency, succeed.— *Trap.*

Stat sua cuique dies, breve & irreparabile Tempus
 Omnibus est vitæ: sed famam extendere factis,
 Hoc virtutis opus. ————— *Virg. Æn. Lib. X.*

Denique tantopere in dubiis trepidare periclis,
 Quæ mala nos subigit vitæ tanta cupido?
 Certa quidem finis vitæ mortalibus adstat,
 Nec devitari Lethum pote, quin obeamus.
 Præterea, versamur ibidem, atque infumus usque:
 Nec nova vivendo procuditur ullâ voluptas.
 Sed dum abest, quod avemus, id exsuperare videtur
 Cætera: post aliud, cum contigit illud, avemus:
 Et sitis æqua tenet vitæ semper hiantes;
 Posteræque in dubio 'st fortunam quam vehat ætas,
 Quidve ferat nobis casus, quive exitus instet. —

Lucret. Lib. III.

————— Si vocem rerum Natura repente
 Mittat, & hoc alicui nostrum sic increpet ipsa:
 Quid tibi tantopere 'st, Mortalis, quod nimis ægris
 Luctibus indulges? quid mortem congemis, ac fles?
 Nam si grata fuit tibi vita antea, priôrque,
 Et non omnia pertusum congesta quasi in vas
 Commoda perfluxere, atque ingrata interiire:
 Cur non, ut plenus vitæ Conviva, recedis?

Æquo animoque capis securam, stulte, quietem?
 Sin ea, quæ fructus cumque es, periire profusa,
 Vitæque in offensus 'st, cur amplius addere quæris,
 Rursum quod pereat malè, & ingratum occidat omne?
 Nec potius vitæ finem facis, atque laboris?
 Nam tibi præterea quod machiner, inveniamque
 Quod placeat, nihil est: eadem sunt omnia semper.

Fix'd stands the Date of mortal Lives : the Space
Is short, and irretrievable to all :
But by their Actions to extend their Fame,
Is Virtue's Task. _____ *Id.*

Why are we then so fond of mortal Life,
Beset with Dangers, and maintain'd with Strife ?
A Life, which all our Care can never save ;
One Fate attends Us, and one common Grave.
Besides, we tread but a perpetual Round ;
We ne'er strike out, but beat the former Ground :
And the same maukish Joys in the same Track are found.
For still we think an absent Blessing best ;
Which cloy, and is no Blessing when possess'd :
A new arising Wish expels it from the Breast.
The feverish Thirst of Life increases still :
We call for more and more, and never have our fill :
Yet know not what to Morrow we shall try :
What Dregs of Life in the last Draught may lie.—*Dryd.*

Now let's suppose great *Nature's* Voice should call
To Thee, or me, or any of Us all ;
What dost Thou mean, ungrateful Wretch ! Thou vain,
Thou mortal Thing ! thus idly to complain :
And sigh and sob, that Thou shalt be no more ?——
For, if thy Life were pleasant heretofore,
If all the bounteous Blessings I could give
Thou hast enjoy'd, if Thou hast known to live,
And Pleasure not leak'd thro' Thee like a Sieve :
Why dost Thou not give Thanks as at a plenteous Feast,
Cram'd to the Throat with Life, and rise and take thy Rest ?
But if my Blessings Thou hast thrown away,
If indigested Joys pass'd thro' and would not stay :
Why dost Thou wish for more to squander still ?
If Life be grown a Load, a real Ill,
And I would all thy Cares and Labours end,
Lay down thy Burden, Fool ! and know thy Friend.
To please Thee I have empty'd all my Store :
I can invent, and can supply no more,
But run the Round again, the Round I ran before.

Suppose

Si tibi non annis Corpus jam marcet, & artus
 Confecti languent: eadem tamen omnia restant,
 Omnia si pergas vivendo vincere sæcla:
 Atque etiam potius, si nunquam fis moriturus.—— *Ibid.*

Nunc aliena tua tamen ætate omnia mitte,
 Æquo animoque, ægedum, jam aliis concede.——
 ———— Omnia te vita perfuncta sequentur:
 Nec minus ergo ante hæc, quàm nunc, cecidere, cadentque:
 Sic aliud ex alio nunquam desistit oriri:
 Vitaque mancipio nulli datur, omnibus usu.—— *Ibid.*

——— Properat cursu
 Vita citato, volucrisque die
 Rota præcipitis vertitur anni.—— *Senec. Her. fur.*
 Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
 Multa recedentes adimunt.—— *Hor. Art. Poet.*

L E O.

Impastus stabula alta Leo seu sæpe peragrans,
 (Suadet enim vesana fames) si forte fugacem
 Conspexit capream, aut surgentem in cornua cervum:
 Gaudet hians immane, comasque arrexit, & hæret
 Visceribus super accumbens: lavit improba teter
 Ora cruor.—— *Æn. Lib. X.*

——— Pœnorum qualis in arvis,
 Saucius ille gravi venantum vulnere pectus,
 Tum demum movet arma Leo: gaudetque comantes
 Excutiens cervice toros, fixumque latronis
 Impavidus frangit telum, & fremit ore cruento.——
Æn. Lib. XII.

Impastus ceu plena Leo per ovilia turbans,
 (Suadet enim vesana fames) manditque trahitque
 Molle pecus, mutumque metu: fremit ore cruento.——
Æn. Lib. IX.
 —Velut

Suppose Thou art not broken yet with Years,
Yet still the self-same Scene of Things appears,
And would be ever, couldst Thou ever live;
For Life is still but Life, there's Nothing new to give.—*Id.*

Now leave those Joys, unsuited to thy Age,
To a fresh Comer, and resign the Stage.
All Things, like Thee, have Times to rise and rot,
And from each Others Ruin are begot:
For Life is not confin'd to him or Thee;
'Tis giv'n to all for Use, to none for Property.—*Id.*

Life posts away,
And Day from Day drives on with swift Career,
The Wheel that hurries on the headlong Year.— *Addison.*
The Flow of Life brings in a wealthy Store:
The Ebb draws back what'er was brought before.— *Eames.*

L I O N.

— **A**S when a Lion, pinch'd
With raging Hunger, ranges round the Stalls:
If chance he spy a tim'rous Goat, or Deer
Lofly with branching Horns: he yawns o'er-joy'd
With vast expanded Jaws, erects his Mane,
Sticks to the Prey, and lies upon it press'd
Close to the Ground. Black Gore, besmearing, laves
His savage Mouth.— *Trap.*

The lordly Lion thus, on *Lybia's* Plain,
Gor'd by the Hunter's Spear, within his Breast
Infix'd, at length springs furious to the Fight,
And shakes with dreadful Pride his shaggy Mane:
Intrepid snaps the sticking Dart, and roars,
And foams with bloody Mouth.— *Id.*

So foams the Lion thro' the crowded Folds,
By furious Hunger pinch'd: and rends, and drags
The tender Cattle, mute with Fear: and raves
With bloody Mouth.— *Id.*

As

—Velut stabuli decus armentique juvencam
Cum Leo possedit, nudataque viscera fodit
Unguibus, & rabiem totos exegit in armos:
Stat crassa turpis sanie, nodosque jubarum
Excudit, & viles pastorum despicit iras.—

Claud. Rapt. Prof.

—Sicut squalentibus arvis
Æstiferæ Libyes viso Leo cominus hoste
Subsedit dubius, totam dum colligit iram.
Mox ubi se sævæ stimulavit verbere caudæ,
Erexitque jubar, vasto & grave murmur hiatu
Infremuit: tum torta levis si lancea Mauri
Hæreat, aut latum subeunt venabula pectus,
Per ferrum tanti securus vulneris exit.—

Lucan. Lib. I.

VULTUS. Vide HYPOCRISIS.

SI facere hoc, aliâque potest præponere nobis,
Occidat ingratus. Sed non is vultus in illo:
Non ea nobilitas animo est, ea gratia formæ,
Ut timeam fraudem, meritique oblivia nostri.—

Ovid. Met. Lib. VII.

O vita fallax! abditos sensus geris,
Animisque pulchram turpibus faciem induis.
Pudor impudentem celat, audacem quies,
Pietas nefandum, vera fallaces probant,
Simulantque molles dura.—

Senec. Hyppol.

Fronti nulla fides.—

Juv. Sat. II.

AMOR. Vide AMATOR. VENUS.

—**C**Apta lepore,
Illecebrisque tuis omnis natura animantum
Te sequitur cupide, quo quamque inducere pergis.

—Per

As when a Lion seizes some fair Cow,
The Grace of all the Herd, and with his Claws
Tares out it's reeking Bowels : o'er the Prey
Furious he stands, and growling gluts his Maw :
Besmear'd with Gore, he shakes his rugg'd Mane ;
And scorns the Shepherds unavailing Rage.—

So, when on sultry *Libya's* desert Sand,
The Lion spies the Hunter hard at Hand,
Couch'd on the Earth the doubtful Savage lies,
And waits a-while till all his Fury rise :
His lashing Tail provokes his swelling Sides,
And high upon his Neck his Mane with Horror rides :
Then, if at length the flying Dart infest,
Or the broad Spear invade his ample Breast,
Scorning the Wound he yawns a dreadful Roar,*
And flies like Light'ning on the hostile Moor.—*Rowe.*

LOOKS. See HYPOCRISY.

IF He is false, let the Ingrateful Bleed !
But no such Symptom in his Looks I read :
That noble Spirit, and that manly Grace,
Can never sure belong to One that's base.—

Tate alter'd.

O Life ! deceitful ! ever in Disguise !
With a fair Face thou hid'st a wicked Heart.
Pretended Modesty is made the Mask
Of Impudence : the Daring and Ambitious
Seem satisfy'd, and covetous of Peace :
Guilt skulks beneath the Cloak of Piety :
The False and Treach'rous ring the Praise of Truth :
And Cowards counterfeit the Bold and Brave.—
Men's Looks are false, to them no Credit give.

LOVE. See LOVER. VENUS.

Great Love ! thy Empire o'er the World extends !
To thy soft Charms the whole Creation bends !

On

—Per maria, ac monteis, fluviósque rapaceis,
Frondiferásque domos avium, campósque virenteis,
Omnibus incutiens blandum per pectore amorem,
Efficis, ut cupide generatim sæcla propagent. — *Luc. L. I.*

—Hinc autem 'st nomen Amoris,
Hinc illæ primùm Veneris dulcedinis in cor
Stillavit gutta, & successit frigida cura.
Nam si abest quòd ames, præsto simulacra tamen sunt
Illius, & nomen dulce obversatur ad aureis. — *Lucret. L. IV.*

—Cibus atque humor membris adsumitur intus;
Quæ quoniam certas possunt obsidere parteis,
Hoc facilè expletur laticum, frugúmque cupido:
Ex hominis verò facie, pulcróque colore,
Nil datur in corpus præter simulacra fruendum
Tenuia, quæ vento spes raptat sæpe misella.
Ut bibere in somnis Sitiens cum quærit, & humor
Non datur, ardorem in membris qui stingere possit:
Sed laticum simulacra petit, frustra que laborat:
In medióque sitit torrenti flumine potens.
Sic in amore Venus simulacris ludit Amanteis,
Nec satiare queunt spectando corpora coràm. — *Ibid.*

Improbe Amor! quid non mortalia pectora cogis? —

Æn. Lib. IV.

Omne adeo genus in terris hominúmque ferarúmque,
Et genus æquoreum, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
In furias ignemque ruunt: amor omnibus idem.

Quid Juvenis, magnum cui versat in ossibus ignem
Durus amor? nempue abruptis turbata procellis
Nocte natat cæcâ ferus freta: quem super ingens
Porta tonat cœli, & scopulis illis reclamant

Æquora:

LOVE.

31

On Hills, in Streams, thro' all the rolling Main,
The leafy Forest, and the grassy Plain,
Thy kindling Warmth the various Nations find,
And rush with Joy to generate their Kind.—

Such is the Nature of that pleasing Smart,
Whose burning Drops distil upon the Heart:
The Fever of the Soul, shot from the Fair,
And the cold Ague of succeeding Care.

If absent, her Idea still appears:

And her sweet Name is chiming in your Ears.— *Dryden.*

Nature for Meat and Drink provides a Space,
And when receiv'd they fill their certain Place:

Hence Thirst and Hunger may be satisfy'd;

But this Repletion is to Love deny'd.—

Id.

However charming Beauty may excite

The longing Lover's endless Appetite,

His fond deluded Grasp can only find

Aerial Shapes, that fleet before the Wind.— *Id. alter'd.*

As he, who in a Dream with Drought is curst,

And finds no real Drink to quench his Thirst,

Runs to imagin'd Lakes his Heat to steep,

And vainly swills and labours in his Sleep:

So Love with Phantoms cheats our longing Eyes,

Which hourly seeing never satisfies.—

Dryden.

—————Cruel Love!

To what Extreame does not thy Tyrant Pow'r

Urge mortal Breasts? —————

Of ev'ry Kind on Earth, of Men, and Beasts,

Of Cattle, Fish, and parti-colour'd Fowl,

All rush into this Frenzy, and this Fire:

Love is the same to All. —————

What does that * Youth, whom unrelenting Love
Consumes, and with his Vitals blends his Fire? ———

Darkling, in dead of Night, he swims the Sea

Turbid with sudden Storms: while o'er his Head

Thunders the Gate of Heav'n, and from the Rocks

With dreadful Roar the broken Waves rebound:

* *Leander.*

Nor

Æquora : nec miseri possunt revocare parentes,
Nec moritura super crudeli funere Virgo.——

Virg. Geor. Lib. III.

Militiæ species amor est : discedite segnes :

Non sunt hæc timidis signa tuenda viris.

Nox, & hyems, longæque viæ, sævique labores,

Mollibus his castris, & dolor omnis adest.

Sæpe feres imbrem cœlesti nube solutum :

Frigidus in nuda sæpe jacebis humo.——

Ovid. Art. Am. II.

Quot lepores in Atho, quot apes pascuntur in Hybla,

Cæcula quot baccas Palladis arbor habet :

Littore quot conchæ ; tot sunt in amore Dolores.——

Art. Amand. Lib. II.

Sed, quia delectat Veneris decerpere fructus,

Dicimus assidue, cras quoque fiet idem :

Interea tacitæ serpunt in viscera flammæ.——

Ovid. Remed. Amor.

I C T U S A M O R E.

— **M**isero quod omnes
Eripit sensus mihi : Nam simul te

Lesbia aspexi, nihil est super mi

Quod loquar amens :

Lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus

Flamma dimanat, sonitu suo

Tinniunt aures, gemina teguntur

Lumina nocte.——

Catul. Epig. 52.

——— Videt igne micantes

Sideribus similes oculos. Videt oscula : quæ non

Est vidisse satis. Laudat digitosque, manusque,

Brachiaque, & nudos media plus parte lacertos.

Et qua latent, meliora putat.———

Utque leves stipulæ demtis adolentur aristis,

Ut facibus sepes ardent, quas forte viator

Vel nimis admovit, vel jam sub luce reliquit :

Sic

Nor can his wretched Parents Tears, nor She,
Th' unhappy Maid, whose Death must follow his,
Diffwade him.—— *Trap.*

Love is a Warfare: and ignoble Sloth
Seems equally contemptible in both:
In both are Watchings, Marches, cruel Cares:
The Soldier thus, and thus the Lover fares.
With Rain he's drench'd, with the rough Tempest shakes,
And on the naked Ground his Lodging takes.— *Dryden.*

What Hares on *Atbos*, Bees on *Hybla* feed,
Or Berries on the Tree of *Pallas* breed,
What num'rous Shells the sandy Shores afford,
With Woes as num'rous anxious Love is stor'd.——

Pleas'd with the kindling Warmth of *Cupid's* Fire,
We, Day by Day, indulge the fond Desire:
Till like a Serpent it has eat it's Way,
And, uncontroul'd, does on our Entrails prey.— *Tate.*

L O V E (Falling in.)

DE A R Maid! In Love's soft Transport tost,
My every Sense at once was lost,
When first I saw Thee: not a Word
Could my disabled Tongue afford:
My Bosom glow'd: the subtle Flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame:
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung:
And o'er my Eyes a Darkness hung.— *Philips alter'd.*
* He view'd her Eyes; like heav'nly Lamps that thone;
He view'd her Lips: too sweet to view alone;
Her Fingers, and her Hands, his Passion raise,
While his fond Tongue grows wanton in their Praise:
Her Shoulders almost bare, her fine turn'd Arms
He views, and thinks her Dress conceals superior Charms.
As Fields of Stubble after Harvest burn:
As Hedges into sudden Blazes turn,
If Passengers, or bring too near, or throw
When Light their Torches by, and kindle all the Row.

* *Apollo* falling in Love with *Daphne*.

Sic Deus in flammis abit : sic pectore toto
Uritur, & sterilem sperando nutrit amorem.—*Ov. Met. I.*

Noverat ante alios faciem ducis Europæi :
Plus etiam, quam nôsse sat est. Hac judice Minos,
Seu caput abdiderat cristata casside pennis,
In galea formosus erat : seu sumpserat auro
Fulgentem clypeum, clypeum sumfisse decebat.
Torserat adductis hastilia lenta lacertis :
Laudabat Virgo junctam cum viribus artem.
Imposito patulos calamo sinuaverat arcus :
Sic Phœbum sumtis jurabat stare sagittis.

Cum verò faciem demto nudaverat ære,
Purpureusque albi stratis insignia pictis
Terga premebat equi, spumantiaque ora regebat :
Vix sua, vix sanæ Virgo Nisæia compos
Mentis erat. Felix jaculum, quod tangeret ille,
Quæque manu premeret, felicia fræna vocabat.—

Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

Sepibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala,
(Dux ego vester eram) vidi cum matre legentem :
Alter ab undecimo tum me jam ceperat annus :
Jam fragiles poteram à terra contingere ramos.
Ut vidi ! ut perii ! ut me malus abstulit error ! —

Virg. Ecl. VIII.

F A X M U T U A.

PYramus & Thisbe, juvenum pulcherrimus alter,
Altera, quas Oriens habuit prælata puellis,
Contiguas tequere domos : ubi dicitur altam
Coctilibus muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem.

Notitiam

So burns the God, consuming with Desire,
And feeding in his Breast a fruitless Fire.—*Dryd. alter'd.*

Europa's Son * she knew above the rest,
And more than well became a Virgin Breast :
In vain the crested Helmet veils his Face,
She thinks it adds a more commanding Grace :
His ample Shield, emboss'd with burnish'd Gold,
Still makes the Bearer lovelier to behold :
When the tough Javelin, with a Whirl, he sends,
His Strength and Skill the fighting Maid commends :
Or, when he strains to draw the circling Bow,
And his fine Limbs a manly Posture show,
Compar'd with *Pæbus*, he performs so well,
Let her be Judge, and *Minos* shall excell.
But when the Helm, put off, display'd to Sight,
And set his Features in an open Light :
When vaulting to his Seat, his Steed he press'd,
Caparison'd in Gold, and richly drest :
Himself in Scarlet sumptuously array'd ;
New Passions rise, and fire the frantic Maid.
O happy Spear ! she cries, that feels his Touch :
Nay, ev'n the Reins he holds are blest too much.—*Croxall.*

Thee, with thy Mother, in our Meads I saw,
Gath'ring fresh Apples : I myself thy Guide :
Then Thou wert little : I, just then advanc'd
To my twelfth Year, could barely from the Ground
Touch with my reaching Hand the tender Boughs :
How did I look ! how gaze my Soul away !
How did I die ! in fatal Error lost ! — *Trap.*

LOVE MUTUAL.

IN *Babylon*, whose haughty † Queen for State,
Rais'd Walls of Brick magnificently great,
Liv'd *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* : lovely Pair !
He found no Eastern Youth his Equal there,
And she beyond the fairest Nymph was fair.

* *Sylla* falls in Love with *Minos*, who was besieging her Father *Nisus* in his Capital City.

† *Semiramis.*

Notitiam primòsque gradus vicinia fecit :
 Tempore crevit amor : tædæ quoque jure coissent :
 Sed vetuere patres, quod non potuere vetare.
 Ex æquo captis ardebant mentibus ambo.
 Conscius omnis abest. Nutu signisque loquuntur.
 Quoque magis tegitur, tectus magis æstuat ignis.—

Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

Acmen Septimius suos amores
 Tenens in gremio, Mea inquit Acme,
 Ni te perdit amo, atque amare porro
 Omnis sum assidue paratus annos,
 Quantum qui pote plurimum perire :
 Solus in Lybia, Indiæque tosta,
 Cæcio veniam obuius leoni.

Hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistra,—
 Dextram sternuit adprobationem.

At Acme leviter caput reflectens,
 Et dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos
 Illo purpureo ore suaviata,
 Sic, inquit, mea vita septimille,

These two, as tho' by Fate for each design'd,
 Were such near Neighbours that their Houses join'd:
 Acquaintance grew; Acquaintance they improve
 To Friendship: Friendship ripen'd into Love:
 Love had been crown'd, but impotently mad,
 What Parents could not hinder, they forbad.
 She lov'd like *Pyramus*, like *Thisbe* He,
 For both felt Passion in the last Degree:
 But Prudence taught, their Passion to disguise,
 (Refraining Words, for fear of list'ning Spies,)
 To correspond by Nods, and speaking Eyes.
 The Fire of Love the more it is suppress'd,
 The more it glows, and rages in the Breast.— *Eusden* alt.

While on *Septimius'* panting Breast,

Acme lean'd her loving Head,

Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* said.

My dearest *Acme* if I be
 Once alive, and love not Thee,

With a Passion far above

All that e'er was called Love,

In a *Lybian* Desert may

I become some Lion's Prey:

Let him, *Acme*, let him tear

My Breast, when *Acme* is not there.

The God of Love who stood to hear him

(The God of Love was always near him)

Pleas'd and tickled with the Sound,

Sneez'd aloud: and all around,

The little Loves that waited by,

Bow'd, and blest'd the Augury.

Acme inflam'd with what he said,

Rear'd her gently-bending Head:

And her purple Mouth with Joy

Stretching to the delicious Boy,

Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)

She kiss'd his drunken rolling Eyes.

My little Life! my All! said she,

So may we ever Servants be

Huic uno domino usque serviamus:
 Ut multo mihi major, acriorque
 Ignis mollibus ardet in medullis.

Hoc ut dixit, amor sinistra, ut ante,
 Dextram sternuit adprobationem.

Nunc ab auspicio bono profecti,
 Mutuis animis amant, amantur.
 Unam Septimius misellus Acmen
 Mavult, quam Syrias, Britanniâsque.
 Uno in Septimio fidelis Acme
 Facit delitias libidinêsque.
 Quis ullos homines beatiore
 Vidit? quis Venerem auspiciorem?—

Catull. Carm. XLVI.

— Talisq[ue] apparuit illi,
 Qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima Solis imago
 Evicit nubes, nullâq[ue] obstante reluxit.

Figurâ

Capta Dei Nympha est, & mutua vulnera sentit.—

Ovid. Met. Lib. XIV.

Multæ illum petiere sua de gente: sed una
 Abstulit Hylonome.
 Hæc & blanditiis, & amando, & amare fatendo
 Cyllaron una tenet.

To this best God, and ne'er retain
 Our hated Liberty again :
 So may thy Passion last for Me,
 As I a Passion have for Thee :
 Greater and fiercer much than can
 Be conceiv'd by Thee a Man :
 Into my Marrow it is gone,
 Fix'd and settl'd in the Bone :
 It reigns not only in my Heart,
 But runs, like Life, thro' ev'ry Part.

She spoke : the God of Love aloud
 Sneez'd again, and all the Crowd
 Of Little Loves that waited by
 Bow'd, and blest'd the Augury.

This good Omen, thus from Heav'n,
 Like a happy Signal giv'n,
 Their Loves and Lives, all four, embrace,
 And Hand in Hand run all the Race.
 To poor *Septimius*, (who did now
 Nothing else but *Acme* grow)

Acme's Bosom was alone
 The whole World's Imperial Throne :
 And to the faithful *Acme's* Mind,
Septimius was all Humankind.

Happy Lover! happy Fair!

Who e'er knew so blest a Pair? — *Cowley* alter'd.
 So bright, so beauteous now the Youth appears,
 As does the Sun, when with refulgent Ray,
 The Clouds he dissipates, and gives the Day.
 The Sight so warms the fair admiring Maid,
 Like Snow she melts : so soon can Youth perfwade.
 Consent, on eager Wings, succeeds Desire :
 And both the Lovers glow with mutual Fire. — *Garth* alt.

Belov'd by many Maidens of * his Kind,
Hylonome alone possess'd his Mind :
 Not less her Blandishments than Beauty move,
 At once both loving, and confessing Love.

* *Cyllarus* the Centaur.

Pars amor est illis : errant in montibus una ;
Antra simul fubeunt.

Auctor in incerto est : jaculum de parte sinistra
Venit : & inferius, quam collo pectora subsunt,
Cyllare, te fixit : parvo cor vulnere læsum
Corpore cum toto post tela educta reffixit.
Protinus Hylonome morientes excipit artus :
Impositaque manu vulnus fovet : oraque ad ora
Admovenet : atque animæ fugienti obfistere tentat.
Ut videt extinctum, telo, quod inhæserat illi,
Incubuit : moriensque suum complexa maritum est. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. XII.

AMATOR. Vide AMOR.

POrrigis irato puero cùm poma, recusât :
Sume, Catelle : negat : si non des, optat. *Amator*
Exclusus qui distat ? agit ubi secum, eat, an non,
Quò rediturus erat, non arcessitus, & hæret
Invisis foribus ? Nec nunc, cùm me vocet ultro,
Accedam ? an potiùs mediter finire dolores ?
Exclusit : revocat : redeam ? non, si obsecret. —

Ecces

Servus non paulò sapientior : O here, quæ res
Nec modum habet, neque consilium, ratione modòque

Tractari

They for each other felt an equal Flame,
 And still their sylvan Pleasures were the same:
 All Day they hunted: and when Day expir'd,
 Together to some shady Cave retir'd.

Uncertain from what Hand, a flying Dart
 At *Cyllarus* was sent: which pierc'd his Heart.
 The Jav'lin drawn from out the mortal Wound,
 He faints with staggring Steps, and seeks the Ground.
 The fair within her Arms receiv'd his Fall,
 And strove his wand'ring Spirits to recall:
 And while her Hand the streaming Blood oppos'd,
 Joyn'd Face to Face his Lips with her's she clos'd.
 Soon as she saw him dead, she seiz'd the Dart,
 New-drawn, and reeking from her Lover's Heart:
 To her bare Bosom the sharp Point apply'd,
 And wounded fell: and falling by his Side, *[Dryd.alt.]*
 Embrac'd him in her Arms, and thus embracing dy'd.—

LOVER. See LOVE.

OFFER an Apple to a peevish Boy,
 And he'll refuse it:—Here, my pretty Joy,
 Come, prithee take it:—No, Sir, I'll have none:
 Yet, if unoffer'd, he would beg for one.
 Like him's the Lover, who hath su'd in vain;
 In doubt he stands, if to return again,
 When he's desir'd; tho' he would gladly wait
 Unask'd, and linger at the hated Gate.
 Now she invites, and swears she will be kind:
 What! shall I go, or rather cure my Mind?
 She shuts me out; then courts me to return:
 What! shall I go?—No, tho' she begs, I'll scorn.

But lo, his wiser Slave did thus reprove:—
 Sir, Reason must be never us'd in Love:
 It's Laws unequal, and its Rules unfit:
 For Love's a Thing, by Nature opposite,
 To common Reason, common Sense, and Wit.

All

Tractari non vult. In amore hæc sunt mala : bellum,
Pax rursus. Hæc si quis, tempestatis propè ritu
Mobilia, & cæcâ fluitantia sorte, labore
Reddere certa : sibi nihilo plus explicet, ac si
Infanire paret certâ ratione, modôque.

Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 3.

————— Homines plerumque cupidine cæci,
Et tribuunt ea, quæ non sunt his commoda verè.
Et prætermittas animi vitia omnia primùm,
Tum quæ corpori sunt ejus, quam percupis, ac vis.
Nigra *μυλίζχο* est immunda, & fœtida, *ἀσώρη*.
Cælia, *παλαιά* Nervosa, & lignea, *δυσή*.
Parvola, pumilio, *χαρίων* ia, tota merum sal :
Magna, atque immanis, *κατάλαξι*, plenâque honoris :
Balba, loqui non quit, *τρεμάζω* muta, pudens est.
At flagrans, odiosa, loquacula, *λαμπάδω* fit.
ἰσχυρὸν ἐρωδῆσαι tum fit, quom vivere non quit
Præ macie : *μαδὴν* verò est, jam mortua tussi.
At gemina & mammosa, Ceres est ipsa ab Iaccho :
Simula, *οὐλέων*, ac satyra 'st : labiosa, *φίλημα*.

Lucret. Lib. IV.

Dave, citò, hoc credas jubeo, finire dolores
Præteritos meditor : (crudum Chærestriatus unguem)
Abrodens ait hæc) an siccis dedecus obstem
Cognatis ? an fem patriam rumore sinistro
Limen ad obscœnum frangam, dum Chrysidis udas
Ebrius ante fores extinctâ cum face canto ?
Euge, puer, sapias : Dis depellentibus agnam
Percute : sed censens plorabit, Dave, relicta ?
Nugaris. Soleâ, puer, objurgabere rubrâ,
Ne trepidare velis, atque arctos rodore casses.

Nunc

*All is in Love, unsteady, empty, vain,
 There's War and Peace, and Peace and War again.
 Now be that strives to settle such as these,
 Meer things of Chance, and faithless as the Seas,
 He might as well design to be a Fool
 By Art and Wisdom, and run mad by Rule.—Creech alt.*

The Tribe of Lovers, led by blind Desire,
 Imagine Charms, and then those Charms admire.
 Thou view'st thy Mistress with a partial Eye:
 No Fault she has, or thou no Fault can'st spy.
 The fallow Skin is for the swarthy put,
 And Love can make a Slattern of a Slut:
 If Cat-ey'd, then a Pallas is thy Love:
 If freckled, she's a party-colour'd Dove.
 If little, then she's Life and Soul all o'er:
 An Amazon, the large two-handed Whore.
 She stammers: Oh, what Grace in lisping lies!
 If she says nothing, to be sure she's wise.
 If shrill, and with a Voice to drown a Choir,
 Sharp-witted she must be, and full of Fire.
 The lean, consumptive Wench, with Coughs decay'd,
 Is call'd a pretty, tight, and slender Maid.
 Th' o'ergrown, a goodly Ceres is express'd,
 A Bed-Fellow for Bacchus at the least.
 Flat Nose the Name of Joker never misses:
 And hanging blobber Lips, but pout for Kisses.—Dryd.

Says Phœdra to his Man, Believe me, Friend,
 To this uneasy Love I'll put an End:
 Shall I run out of all, my Friends disgrace,
 And be the first lewd Unthrif of my Race?
 Shall I the Neighbour's nightly Rest invade
 At her deaf Doors, with some vile Serenade?
Well hast thou freed thyself, his Man replies,
Go thank the Gods, and offer Sacrifice.
 Ah! says the Youth, if we unkindly part,
 Will not the poor fond Creature break her Heart?
Weak Soul! and blindly to Destruction led!
She break her Heart! she'll sooner break thy Head:

She

Nunc ferus & violens : at si vocet, haud mora, dicas :
 Quidnam igitur faciam ? ne nunc, cū accersat, & ultrò
 Supplicet, accedam ? Si totus & integer illinc
 Exieris, nec nunc. —

Pers. Sat. V.

— Ut intabescere flavæ
 Igne levi ceræ, matutinæve pruina
 Sole repente solent : sic attenuatus amore
 Liquitur : & cæco paulatim carpitur igni. — *Ov. Met. III.*

Concipit interea validos Ætias ignes,
 Et luctata diu, postquam ratione furorem
 Vincere non poterat : Frustra, Medea, repugnans,
 Nescio quis Deus obstat, ait. Mirūmque nisi hoc est,
 Aut aliquid certè simile huic, quod amare vocatur. —
 Excute virgineo conceptas pectore flammæ,
 Si potes, infelix. Si possem, sanior essem.
 Sed trahit invitam nova vis : aliudque Cupido,
 Mens aliud suadet. Video meliora, proboque :
 Deteriora sequor. —

Erubere genæ, totoque recanduit ore
 Ut solet à ventis alimenta assumere, quæque
 Parva sub inducta latuit scintilla favilla,
 Crescere, & in veteres agitata resurgere vires :
 Sic jam lentus Amor, jam quam languere putares,
 Ut vidit Juvenem, specie præsentis inarfit.
 Spectat ; & in vultu, veluti nunc denique viso,
 Lumina fixa tenet : nec se mortalia demens
 Ora videre putat : nec se declinat ab illo.
 Ut verò cœpitque loqui, dextramque prehendit :
 Hospes & auxilium submissa voce rogavit,
 Promisitque torum : lacrymis ait illa profusis
 Quid faciam video : nec me ignorantia veri
 Decipiet, sed amor. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. VII.

— Regina

*She knows her Man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single Hair.
But shall I not return? Now, when she sues?
Shall I my own and her Desires refuse?
Sir, take your Course: but my Advice is plain:
Once freed, 'tis Madness to resume your Chain.— Dryden.*

As Wax dissolves, as Ice begins to run,
And trickle into Drops before the Sun,
So melts the * Youth, and languishes away,
His Beauty withers, and his Limbs decay. — *Addison.*

Mean while † *Medea* seiz'd with fierce Desire,
By Reason strives to quench the raging Fire:
But strives in vain!—Some God, she cries, withstands,
And Reason's baffl'd Council countermands.
What unseen Power does this Disorder move?
'Tis Love:—at least, 'tis like what Men call Love.
Wretch! from thy Virgin Breast this Flame expel,
And soon:—Ah could I, all would then be well!
But Love, restless Love my Soul invades:

Discretion this, Affection that perfwades.
I see the Right, and I approve it too:
Condemn the wrong,—and yet the wrong pursue.—*Tate.*

Now her Face, by turns,
Deadens with Paleness, and with Blushes burns:
As Fire, that sleeping under Ashes lies,
Fresh-blown, and rous'd, does up in Blazes rise,
So rose her Passion at the Hero's Sight,
(Tho' dead it seem'd before,) and rag'd outright.
Her ravish'd Eyes survey him o'er and o'er,
As some bright Being never seen before:
Fixt to his lovely Face she seems to be,
And thinks she gazes on a Deity.

But when he spoke, and press'd her trembling Hand,
And did with tender Words her Aid demand,
With Vows and Oaths to take her for his Bride:
She wept a Flood of Tears, and thus reply'd:
I see my Error, yet to Ruin move,
Nor owe my Fate to Ignorance, but Love.— *Id.* alter'd.

* *Narcissus.*

† In Love with *Jafon.*

—Reginâ gravi jamdudum saucia cura,
 Vulnus alit venis, & cæco carpitur igni.
 Multa viri virtus animo, multusque recurſat
 Gentis honos : hærent infixi pectore vultus,
 Verbâque : nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.

Uritur infelix Dido, totâque vagatur
 Urbe furens. Qualis coniecta cerva ſagittâ
 Quam procul incautam nemora inter Creſſia fixit
 Paſtor agens telis, liquitque volatile ferrum
 Neſcius : illa fugâ ſylvas ſalutis peragrat
 Diſtæos : hæret lateri letalis arundo.
 Nunc media Æneam ſecum per moenia ducit :
 Incipit effari, mediâque in voce reſiſtit.
 Nunc eadem labente die, convivia querit :
 Iliacôſque iterum demens audire labores
 Expoſcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.

Poſt, ubi digreſſi, lumenque obſcura viciffim
 Luna premit, ſuadentque cadentia ſidera ſomnos :
 Sola domo mœret vacuâ, ſtratiffque relictis
 Incubat : illum abſens abſentem auditque videtque :
 Aut gremio Aſcanium, genitoris imagine capta,
 Detinet, infandum ſi fallere poſſit amorem.
 Non coepta aſſurgunt turres, non arma juvenus
 Exercet, portuſve aut propugnacula bello
 Tuta parant : pendent opera interrupta—

Virg. Æn. Lib. IV.

—Somno pecudes pictæque volucres
 Lenibant curas, & corda oblita laborum.

At

Now with consuming Care the restless * Queen
 Already bleeding, nourishes a Wound
 Deep in her Veins, and wastes with hidden Fire.
 Much to her Thoughts the Hero's brave Exploits
 Recur, and much the Glories of his Race :
 Fix'd in her Soul his Looks, and Words remain :
 And soft Repose is banish'd from her Breast.

Th' unhappy *Dido* burns, and wildly roves
 O'er all the City : like a wounded Deer,
 Whom heedless of her Fate, in *Cretian* Woods
 The Swain at Distance with his Shafts pursu'd,
 And in her Body left the missive Steel,
 Unknowing : She thro' the *Distean* Groves,
 And Thickets flying strays : the mortal Dart
 Sticks in her Side. — Sometimes the *Trojan* Prince
 She takes alone, and leads him round the Walls :
 Begins to speak, and in the middle stops
 Her falt'ring Tongue. At Ev'ning she renews
 Her Banquets : fondly begs again to hear
 The *Trojan* Wars : again, while He relates,
 She listens fix'd, and hangs upon the Sound.
 Then, after All are to their Rest retir'd,
 When in her turn the Moon obscure withdraws
 Her Light, and setting Stars persuade to Sleep :
 Lonely she pines within the empty Court,
 Lies on the Couch, which just before she left :
 Him absent, absent still she hears, and sees. —
 Sometimes, his Father's Image all her Soul
 Possessing, young *Ascanius* on her Lap
 She long detains ; if possible, to cheat
 With that Amusement her unbounded Love.
 Th' unfinish'd Tow'rs no longer rise ; the Youth,
 Undisciplin'd in Arms, no longer form
 Ports, and strong Fortresses of War : the Works
 Neglected stand. —

Reliev'd with soft Repose the Beasts and Birds,
 Forget their Cares, and lose the Toils of Day :

* *Dido*.

Trap.

Not

At non infelix animi Phoenissa : neque umquam
 Solvitur in somnos, oculisque aut pectore noctem
 Accipit : ingeminant curæ, rursusque resurgens
 Sævit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat æstu. —

A M A T O R Perditus.

Viderat à veteris generosam sanguine Teucri
 Iphis Anaxareten humili de stirpe creatus.
 Viderat : & totis perceperat ossibus æstum.
 Luctatusque diu, postquam ratione furorem
 Vincere non potuit, supplex ad limina venit.
 Et modo nutrici miserum confessus amorem,
 Ne sibi dura foret, per spes oravit alumnae.
 Et modo de multis blanditus cuique ministris,
 Sollicita petiit propensum voce favorem.

Sæpe ferenda dedit blandis sua verba tabellis :
 Interdum madidas lachrymarum rore coronas
 Postibus intendit : posuitque in limine duro
 Molle latus : tristisque feræ convicia fecit.

Surdior illa freto surgente cadentibus Hoedis,
 Durior & ferro, quod Noricus excoquit ignis,
 Et saxo, quod adhuc vivum radice tenetur ;
 Spernit, & irridet : factisque immitibus addit
 Verba superba ferox : & spe quoque fraudat Amantem.

Non tulit impatiens longi tormenta doloris
 Iphis : & ante fores hæc verba novissima dixit :
 Vincis, Anaxarete, neque erunt tibi tædia tandem

Not so the wretched *Dido* : no sweet Sleep
Lulls her a Moment : In her Eyes, or Soul,
Not for a Moment she receives the Night :
Her Pangs redouble : Love with boiling Foam
Rages afresh, and with a various Tide
Of warring Passions fluctuates in her Breast.— *Id.*

L O V E R Desperate.

FAIR *Ananaretè*, of Form divine,
High-born, from ancient *Teucer's* Royal Line,
Poor *Ipbis* saw, a mean-descended Swain,
And, seeing, felt Love glow in every Vein.

Reason long struggled to destroy his Flame,
But when no Reason could his Madness tame,
An humble Suitor to her House he came :
There to her Nurse his wretched Case display'd,
And, for her Mistress' Sake, implor'd her Aid :
Each fav'rite Servant too, with earnest Pray'r,
He begg'd to speed his Passion to the Fair.
Letters indited in the softest Strain,
Frequent he sends, expressive of his Pain.
Oft to the Columns flow'ry Wreaths he ties,
Bedew'd with Tears that trickle from his Eyes :
Oft, at his Length, on the hard Threshold laid,
His Groans th' inexorable Gates upbraid.

The Nymph more deaf than Seas, when Tempests roar,
And foaming Surges dash the sounding Shore :
Harder than burnish'd Steel, or rooted Rocks,
Disdains the Lover, and his Passion mocks :
Of Insolence arraigns th' aspiring Swain,
And proudly tells him, all his Hopes are vain.

Despairing *Ipbis* could endure no more
The Torments of his Grief :—

But utter'd these last Words before her Door.

Thy Conquest is compleat, relentless Maid !
Of my bold Love be never more afraid :

Ulla ferenda mei. Lætos molire triumphos,
 Et Pæana voca, nitidâque incingere lauro.
 Vincis enim, moriôrque libens: age, ferrea, gaude.
 Certè aliquid laudare mei cogeris, eritque
 Quo tibi sim gratus: meritumque fatebere nostrum.
 Non tamen ante tui curam cessisse memento,
 Quam vitam: geminâque simul mihi luce carendum.
 Nec tibi fama mei ventura est nuncia leti:
 Ipse ego, ne dubites, adero: præsensque videbor,
 Corpore ut exanimi crudelia lumina pascas.
 Si tamen, ô Superi, mortalia fata videtis,
 Este mei memores: nihil ultra lingua precari
 Sustinet: & longo facite ut memoremur in ævo:
 Et quæ dempsitis vitæ, date tempora famæ.

Dixit: & ad postes ornatos sæpe coronis
 Humentes oculos & pallida brachia tendens,
 Cum foribus laquei religaret vincula summi:
 Hæc tibi ferta placent, crudelis & impia, dixit,
 Inferuitque caput: sed tum quoque versus ad illam:
 Atque onus infelix elisa fauce pependit.
 Icta pedum motu trepidantum, ut multa gementem
 Visa dedisse sonum est, adapertaque janua factum
 Prodidit: exclamant famuli: frustra que levatum
 (Nam pater occiderat) referunt ad limina matris.

Accipit illa sinu, complexaque frigida nati
 Membra sui, postquam miserarum verba parentum
 Edidit, & matrum miserarum facta peregit:
 Funera ducebat mediam lachrymosa per urbem,
 Luridaque arfuro portabat membra feretro.

Forte viæ vicina domus, qua flebilis ibat

Triumph, O *Ananaretè!* unkind!
 Sing *Pæans*, and thy Brows with Lawrel bind:
 Thou hast o'ercome, and willingly I die:
 Hard-hearted Fair, enjoy thy Cruelty!
 Yet even Thou shalt publish my Desert,
 And feel soft Pity working in thy Heart:
 To think thy Charms have kindled such a Fire,
 As could not, but with Life itself, expire.
 Nor will I trust Report my Death to spread,
 Thyself shall see it, and behold me dead:
 My wretched Life I'll end before thy Gate,
 To please thy cruel Pride, and glut thy Hate.
 But, Oh, You Gods! if Mortals Fates you know,
 Remember me, and this one Boon bestow;
 Let After-Ages celebrate my Name,
 And what You take from Life, make up in Fame.

This said, he upwards to the Door-posts bends
 His watry Eyes, and his pale Arms extends:
 Then to the Top, so oft with Garlands crown'd,
 A fatal Halter, with a Noose, he bound.
 Such Wreaths best please thy savage Soul, he said,
 Inhuman, cruel, unrelenting Maid!
 Fitting the Rope, towards her he turning sprung,
 And, by the Neck, th' unhappy Lover hung:
 In Death's strong Pangs his Feet kick'd ope the Door,
 Which seem'd with groan-like Sounds his Rashness to de-
 With Shrieks the Servants view the dying Swain, [plore.
 And lend their Help, but all their Help is vain.
 Breathless and pale they to his Mother bore
 Her strangled Son, his Father dead before:
 The lifeless Corpse she in her Bosom plac'd,
 And in her Arms his cold dead Limbs embrac'd:
 Lamenting long, as woeful Parents use,
 And paying all a woeful Mother's Dues,
 The Fun'ral Pomp she thro' the City led,
 And to his Pile bore the lamented Dead.

It chanc'd the cruel Virgin's Dwelling lay,
 Just where the Mourners took their solemn Way:

Pompa, fuit : duræque sonus plangoris ad aures
 Venit Anaxaretes : quam jam Deus ultor agebat.
 Mota tamen, Videamus, ait, miserabile funus :
 Et patulis iniit tectum sublime fenestris.
 Vixque bene impositum lecto prospexerat Iphin :
 Dirigere oculi : calidusque è corpore sanguis
 Inducto pallore fugit. Conataque retro
 Ferre pedes; hæsit : conata avertere vultus,
 Hoc quoque non potuit : paulatimque occupat artus,
 Quod fuit in duro jam pridem pectore, saxum.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. XIV.

Nec modus aut requies, nisi mors, reperitur Amoris.
 Mors placet. Erigitur : laqueoque innectere fauces
 Destinat : &, zona summo de poste revincta,
 Care, vale, Cinyra, causamque intellige mortis,
 Dixit : & aptabat pallenti vincula collo.
 Murmura verborum fidas nutricis ad aures
 Pervenisse ferunt, limen servantis alumnae.
 Surgit anus, referatque fores : mortisque paratæ
 Instrumenta videns, spatio conclamat eodem,
 Seque ferit, scinditque sinus, ereptaque collo
 Vincula dilaniat.———

Ovid. Met. Lib. X.

AMATORIS SALTUS.

— **Q**UID nunc non ignibus æquis
 Ureris? Ambraïca est terra petenda tibi.
 Phoebus ab excelsa, quantum patet, aspicit æquor :
 Actæum populi, Leucadiúmque vocant.
 Hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhæ succensus amore
 Misit, & illæso corpore pressit aquas.
 Nec mora : jussus amans tetigit lætissima Pyrrhæ
 Pectora : Deucalion igne levatus erat.
 Hanc legem locus ille tenet : pete protinus altam
 Leucada : nec saxo defiluisse time.——

Ovid. Sap. Phaoni.

LIBIDO.

Their Lamentations loud her Ears invade,
 And Heav'n's just Vengeance close pursues the Maid.
 Let's view this mournful Pomp, surpriz'd, she cries;
 And instant to the open Window flies:
 Whence seeing *Iphis* on his burial Bed,
 Her Eye-Balls stiffen'd, and her Colour fled.
 Retire she would, but fixt was forc'd to stay,
 And strove in vain to turn her Eyes away:
 Life left her by Degrees, and every Part
 To Stone was harden'd, like her stony Heart.——

No Mean, no Cure for Love was left, but Death:
 Death pleas'd: * She rose, resolv'd to stop her Breath.
 And while her Girdle round the Beam she ty'd,
 Farewell, Dear *Cinyras*! she softly cry'd:
 Of my untimely End know you're the Cause:
 Then round her Neck the fatal Noose she draws.

The Nurse, who lay without, her faithful Guard,
 Tho' not the Words, the Murmurs over-heard:
 Startled she rises, opes the Door, and straight
 Beholds the ready Instrument of Fate.
 Screaming she beats her Breast, and rends her Hairs,
 And from the Virgin's Neck the Halter tares.— *Dryd. alt.*

LOVER'S LEAP.

—O You that love in vain!
 Fly hence: and seek the far *Leucadian* Main:
 There stands a Rock, from whose impending Steep,
Apollo's Fane surveys the rolling Deep:
 There injur'd Lovers leaping from above,
 Their Flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless Fury burn'd,
 In vain he lov'd, relentless *Pyrrha* scorn'd:
 But when from hence he plung'd into the Main,
Deucalion scorn'd, and *Pyrrha* lov'd in vain.
 Haste, thither haste: from high *Leucadia* throw
 Your wretched Weight, nor dread the Deeps below.— *Pope.*

* *Myrrha* in love with her Father *Cinyras*.

LIBIDO.

NON secus exarsit conspectâ virgine Tereus,
 Quam si quis canis ignem supponat aristis:
 Aut frondem, positâsque cremet scenilibus herbas.
 Digna quidem facies: sed & hunc innata libido
 Exstimulat.

Impetus est illi, comitum corrumpere curam,
 Nutricisque fidem: nec non ingentibus ipsam
 Sollicitare datis: totumque impendere regnum:
 Aut rapere, & sævo raptam defendere bello.
 Et nihil est, quod non effræno captus amore
 Ausit: nec capiunt inclusas pectora flammæ.

Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

Patriosque lacertis

Blanda tenens humeros:
 Spectat eam Tereus: præcontrectâtque videndo:
 Osculâque, & collo circumdata brachia cernens,
 Omnia pro stimulis, facibusque, ciboque furoris
 Accipit. Et quoties amplectitur illa parentem,
 Esse parens vellet: neque enim minus impius esset,

Ibid.

At simul imposita est pictæ Philomela carinæ:
 Admotumque fretum remis, tellusque repulsa est:
 Vicinus, exclamat: mecum mea vota feruntur.
 Exultatque, & vix animo sua gaudia differt
 Barbarus: & nusquam lumen detorquet ab illa.

Non

L U S T.

TEREUS beheld the * Virgin, and admir'd,
 And with the Coals of burning Lust was fir'd :
 Like crackling Stubble, or the Summer Hay,
 When forked Lightnings o'er the Meadows play.
 Such Charms in any Breast might kindle Love,
 But him the Heats of inbred Lewdness move.
 Straight her Attendants he designs to buy,
 And with large Bribes her Governess would try :
 Herself with ample Gifts resolves to bend,
 And his whole Kingdom in th' Attempt expend :
 Or, snatch'd away by Force of Arms, to bear,
 And justify the Rape with open War.—
 All Things he dares, provok'd by wild Desire :
 Nor can his Breast endure so fierce a Fire.—*Croxall* alter'd.

Her snowy Arms her aged Sire embrace,
 And clasp his Neck with an endearing Grace.
Tereus surveys her with a luscious Eye,
 And in his Mind forestalls the blissful Joy :
 Her circling Arms a Scene of Lust inspire,
 And ev'ry Kiss foment the raging Fire.
 Fondly he wishes for the Father's Place,
 To feel, and to return the warm Embrace :
 Nor would the nearest Ties of filial Blood,
 Abate his Flame, or force him to be good.— *Croxall.*

Now *Philomela*, scarce receiv'd on Board,
 And in the Royal gilded Barque secur'd :
 While from the Shore with Oars and Sails it flies,
 We've gain'd our Point! the rough *Barbarian* cries :—
 Now I possess the dear, the blissful Hour,
 And ev'ry Wish subjected to my Pow'r !
 Transports of Lust his vicious Thoughts employ,
 And he forbears, with Pain, th' expected Joy.
 His gloating Eyes incessantly survey'd
 The Virgin Beauties of the lovely Maid.

* *Philomela* his Wife's Sister.

Non aliter, quam cum pedibus prædator obuncis
Deposuit nido leporem Jovis ales in alto :
Nulla fuga est capto : spectat sua præmia raptor.

Ibid.

Jamque iter effectum : jamque in sua littora fessis
Puppibus exierant : cum rex Pandione natam
In stabula alta trahit, sylvis obscura vetustis :
Atque ibi pallentem, trepidamque & cuncta timentem,
Et jam cum lachrymis, ubi sit germana, rogantem,
Includit : falsusque nefas, & virginem, & unam,
Vi superat : frustra clamato sæpe parente,
Sæpe sorore sua : magnis super omnia Divis.

Illa tremit, velut agna pavens, quæ faucia cani
Ore excussa lupi, nondum sibi tuta videtur :
Utque columba, suo madefactis sanguine plumis,
Horret adhuc, avidosque timet, quibus hæserat, unguis.—
Ibid.

LUXURIA. Vide PRODIGALITAS. GULA.

Optima sylvarum interea, pelagique vorabit
Rex horum, vacuisque toris tantum ipse jacebit :
Nam de tot pulchris, & latis orbibus, & tam
Antiquis, unâ comedunt patrimonia mensâ.—

Juv. Sat. I.

Hic

As when the bold rapacious Bird of *Jove*,
 With crooked Talons stooping from above,
 Has snatch'd, and carry'd to his lofty Nest
 A captive Hare, with cruel Gripes oppress'd:
 Secure, with fix'd and unrelenting Eyes,
 He sits, and views the helpless trembling Prize.

Their Vessels now had made th' intended Land,
 And all with Joy descend upon the Strand:
 When the false Tyrant seiz'd the princely Maid,
 And to a Lodge in distant Woods convey'd:
 Pale, sinking, and distress'd with jealous Fears,
 And asking for her Sister all in Tears.
 The Letcher, for Enjoyment fully bent,
 No longer now conceal'd his base Intent;
 But with rude Haste the blooming Maid deflow'r'd,
 Alone, defenceless, and with Ease o'erpow'r'd.
 Her piercing Accents to her Sire complain,
 And to her absent Sister, but in vain!
 In vain she importunes, with doleful Cries,
 Each unattentive Godhead of the Skies.
 She pants, and trembles, like the bleating Prey,
 From some close-hunted-Wolf just snatch'd away,
 That still, with fearful Horror, looks around,
 And on its Flank regards the bleeding Wound:
 Or as a Dove, whose bloody Feathers show
 The cruel Fury of her greedy Foe,
 Still pants, and trembles, tho' the Danger's o'er,
 And dreads the Talons, which she felt before.—*Croxall alt.*

LUXURY. See EXTRAVAGANCE. GLUTTONY.

MEAN time his Lordship lolls within at Ease,
 Pamp'ring his Paunch with foreign Rarities:
 Both Sea and Land are ransack'd for the Feast,
 And his own Gut the sole invited Guest:
 Such Plate, such Tables, Dishes dress'd so well,
 That whole Estates are swallow'd at a Meal.— *Dryden.*

—Attir'd

Hic ultra vires habitus nitor, hic aliquid plus,
Quam satis est interdum alienâ sumitur arcâ.

———— Vivimus ambitiosa

Paupertate omnes. —————

Juv. Sat. III.

———— Mullum sex millibus emit,
Æquantem sanè paribus sestertia libris,
Ut perhibent, qui de magnis majora loquuntur.
Consilium laudo artificis, si munere tanto
Præcipuam in tabulis ceram senis abstulit orbi.
Est ratio ulterior, magnæ si misit amicæ,
Quæ vehitur clauso latis specularibus antro.
Nil tale expectes : emit sibi : multa videmus
Quæ miser & frugi non fecit Apicius. ————

Juv. Sat. IV.

Unde hæc monstra tamen, vel quo de fonte requiris?
Præstabat castas humilis fortuna Latinas
Quondam, nec vitiis contingi parva sinebat
Tecta labor, somnique breves, & vellere Tusco
Vexatæ, duræque manus, ac proximus urbi
Annibal. —————

Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala : sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.
Nullum crimen abest, fascinusque libidinis, ex quo
Paupertas Romana perit : hinc fluxit ad Histros
Et Sybaris colles, hinc & Rhodos, & Miletos,
Atque coronatum, & petulans, madidumque Tarentum.
Prima peregrinos obscena pecunia mores
Intulit, & turpi fregerunt secula luxu
Divitiæ molles. —————

Juv. Sat. VI.

———— Publica

Attir'd beyond our Purse we go;
 For useless Ornament and flaunting Show.
 We take on Trust; in costly Robes we shine;
 And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine. *Id.*

The lavish Slave
 Six thousand * Pieces for a Barbel gave!
 A *Sesterce* for each Pound it weigh'd, as they
 Give out, who hear great Things, but greater say.
 If by this Bribe well plac'd, he would ensnare
 Some sapless Usurer that wants an Heir:
 Or if this Present the sly Courtier meant,
 Should to some Punk of Quality be sent,
 Who in her easy Chair in State does ride,
 The Glasses all drawn up on ev'ry Side,
 I'd praise his Cunning: — but expect not this:
 For his own Gut he bought the stately Fish.
 Now ev'n *Apicius* frugal seems, and poor,
 Outvy'd in Luxury unknown before. — *Id.*

You ask from whence proceed these monstrous Crimes?
 Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former Times
 Our Matrons were: No Luxury found Room
 In low-roof'd Houses, and bare Walls of Loom;
 Their Hands with Labour harden'd while 'twas light,
 And frugal Sleep supply'd the quiet Night,
 While pinch'd with Want, their Hunger held 'em straight,
 And *Hannibal* was hov'ring at the Gate.
 But wanton, now, and lolling at our Ease,
 We suffer all th' inveterate Ills of Peace
 And wasteful Riot, whose destructive Charms
 Revenge the vanquish'd World of our victorious Arms.
 No Crime, no lustful Actions are unknown,
 Since Poverty, our Guardian God, is gone.
 Pride, Laziness, and all luxurious Arts,
 Pour like a Deluge in from foreign Parts.
 Since Gold obscene, and Silver found the Way,
 Strange Fashions with strange Bullion to convey.
 And our plain simple Manners to betray. — *Id.*

* Six thousand of the *Roman Sestertii* make six *Sestertia*: according to our Account, 46*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Publica belli

Semina, quæ populos semper mersere potentes.
 Namque ut opes nimias mundo fortuna subacta
 Intulit, & rebus mores cessere secundis,
 Prædæque & hostiles luxum suasere rapinæ:
 Non auro, testisve modus: mensâque priores
 Aspernata famēs: cultus gestare decoros
 Vix nuribus, rapuerè mares: foecunda virorum
 Paupertas fugitur, totòque accersitur orbe,
 Quo gens quæque perit.——

Lucan. Lib. I.

Indè iræ faciles, &, quod suasisset egestas,
 Vile nefas: magnûmque decus, ferroque petendum,
 Plus patriâ potuissè suâ: mensurâque juris
 Vis erat: hinc leges, & plebiscita coactæ,
 Et cum Consulibus turbantes jura Tribuni:
 Hinc rapti fasces pretio, sectôrque favoris
 Ipse sui populus, letalisque ambitus urbi,
 Annua venali referens certamina campo:
 Hinc usura vorax, avidûmque in tempore scenus,
 Et concussa fides, & multis utile bellum.——

Ibid.

—— Eutrapelus,

Those fatal Seeds luxurious Vices sow,
 Which ever lay a mighty People low.
 To *Rome* the vanquish'd Earth her Tribute paid,
 And deadly Treasures to her View display'd:
 Then Truth and simple Manners left the Place,
 While Riot rear'd her lewd dishonest Face:
 Virtue to full Prosperity gave way,
 And fled from Rapine and the Lust of Prey.
 On every Side proud Palaces arise,
 And lavish Gold each common Use supplies:
 Their Father's frugal Tables stand abhorr'd,
 While foreign Dainties smoke upon the Board:
 In silken Robes the minion Men appear,
 Which Maids and youthful Brides should blush to wear.
 That Age, by honest Poverty adorn'd,
 Which brought the manly *Romans* forth, is scorn'd:
 Where-ever ought pernicious does abound,
 For Luxury all Lands are ranfack'd round,
 And dear-bought Deaths the sinking State confound.

Hence Wrath and Rage their ready Minds invade,
 And Want could ev'ry Wickedness persuade:
 Hence impious Pow'r was first esteem'd a Good,
 Sought for by Arms, and bought with Streams of Blood:
 With Glory, Tyrants did their Country awe,
 And Violence prescrib'd the Rule to Law.
 Hence pliant servile Voices were constrain'd,
 And Force in popular Assemblies reign'd:
 Consuls and Tribunes, with opposing Might,
 Join'd to confound and overturn the Right:
 Hence shameful Magistrates were made for Gold,
 And a base People by themselves were sold:
 Hence Slaughter in the venal Field returns,
 And *Rome* her yearly Competition mourns:
 Hence Debt unthrifty, careless to repay,
 And Usury still watching for its Day:
 Hence Perjuries in ev'ry wrangling Court:
 And War, the needy Bankrupt's last Resort. — *Rowe.*

— *Eutrapelus,*

—Eutrapelus, cuiusque nocere volebat,
Vestimenta dabat pretiosa, Beatus enim jam
Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia, & spes
Dormiet in lucem: scorto postponet honestum
Officium: nummos alienos poscet: ad inum
Thrax erit, aut olitoris aget mercede caballum.

Hor. Lib. I. Ep. 18.

VIS MAGICA. Vide CIRCE. VENEFICA.

CArmina vel cœlo possunt deducere Lunam:
Carminibus Circe socios mutavit Ulyssæi:
Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.

Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena
Ipse dedit Mœris: nascuntur plurima Ponto.
His ego sæpe lupum fieri, & se condere sylvis
Mœrin, sæpe animas inuis exire sepulcris,
Atque fatas aliò vidi traducere menses.

Virg. Ecl. VIII.

Protinus innumeris effectus laniger annis
Attrahitur, flexo circum cava tempora cornu:
Cujus ut Hæmonio marcentia guttura cultro
Fodit, & exiguo maculavit sanguine ferrum:
Membra simul pecudis, validosque venefica succos
Mergit in ære cavo. Minuuntur corporis artus:
Cornuæque exuitur, nec non cum cornibus annos:
Et tener auditur medio balatus aheni.
Nec mora, balatum mirantibus exilit agnus:
Lascivique fuga, lactantiaque ubera querit.

Ovid. Met. Lib. VII.

Carmine Thesalidum dura in præcordia fluxit
Non fatis adductus amor: flammisque severi
Illicitis ardere senes. nec noxia tantum
Pocula proficiunt: aut cum turgentio succo
Frontis amaturæ subducunt pignora foetæ.

Eutrapelus,
 Bestow'd fine Cloaths on those he meant to hurt,
 A gaudy Dress will make the Wearer vain,
 Thought he, and change his Purposes and Hopes:
 He'll sleep till Noon: his Business he'll neglect,
 To follow Whores, and deeply run in Debt:
 Till, beggar'd quite, a Bully he'll become,
 Or drive an Herb-man's Cart for wretched Hire.

MAGIC POWER. See CIRCE, ENCHANTRESS.

CHARMS ev'n from Heav'n can conjure down the Moon:
 Circe with Charms *Ulysses*' Mates transform'd:

In Meadows the cold Snake with Charms is burst.

These Poisons, and these magic Simples, cull'd
 In *Pontus* (many such in *Pontus* grow)
 Sage *Maris* gave me: Oft with These I've seen
Maris into a Wolf himself transform,
 And howling seek the Woods: oft raise up Ghosts [Trap.
 From Graves: and Crops to Fields not their's transfer.—

A wreath-horn'd Ram is brought, so far o'ergrown
 With Years, his Years was to that Age unknown:
 His craggy Throat * she cuts, and lets out Life:
 The little Blood scarce stains the wounding Knife.
 The Carcass in the boiling Cauldron swims,
 And Drugs are blended with the mangled Limbs:
 Each Limb, now lessen'd by Degrees, appears,
 He casts his Horns, and with his Horns his Years,
 And soon a tender Bleating strikes their Ears.
 While they admire, forth skips a frisking Lamb,
 That bounds away, and wants to suck the Dam.—*Taste alt.*

The coldest Hearts *Thessalian* Numbers warm,
 And ruthless Bosoms own the potent Charm;
 In frozen Age they rouse perverse Desire,
 And kindle into Lust the wintry Sire.
 Where noxious Cups, and pois'nous Philters fail,
 More potent Spells, and mystic Verse prevail.

* *Medea*.

No

Mens hausti nullâ sanie polluta veneni
 Excantata perit : quos non concordia mixti
 Alligat ulla tori, blandæque potentia formæ,
 Traxerunt torti magicâ vertigine fili.
 Cessavere vices rerum : dilataque longâ
 Hæsit nocte dies : legi non paruit æther :
 Torpuit & præceps audito carmine mundus :
 Axibus & rapidis impulsos Jupiter urgens
 Miratur non ire polos. nunc somnia complent
 Imbribus & calido producunt nubila Phœbo :
 Et tonat ignaro cœlum Jove. vocibus iisdem
 Humentes latè nebulas, nimbósque solutis
 Excussere comis : ventis cessantibus, æquor
 Intumuit : rursus vetitum sentire procellas
 Conticuit turbante Noto : puppímque ferentes
 In ventum tumuere sinus. de rupe pependit
 Abscissâ fixus torrens : amnisque cucurrit,
 Non quâ pronus erat.

Lucan. Lib. VI.

Omne potens animal lethi, genitúmque nocere,
 Et pavet Æmonias, & mortibus instruit artes.
 Has avidæ tigres, & nobilis ira leonum
 Ore foveant blando : gelidos hic explicat orbes,
 Inque pruinoso coluber distenditur arvo.
 Viperei coeunt, abrupto corpore, nodi :
 Humanóque cadit Serpens afflata veneno.

Ibid.

— Illis

No Draught so strong the * Knots of Love prepare,
 Cropt from her Younglings by the Parent Mare.
 Ev'n those whom neither Ties of nuptial Love,
 Nor Beauty's radiant Blandishments could move,
 Melt, as the Thread runs on, and sighing, feel
 The giddy Whirling of the magic Wheel.

Charm'd by the Hag's all powerful Command,
 Eternal Motion stops her active Hand :
 The glorious Sun forgets his Time to rise,
 And pitchy Night pollutes the fable Skies :
 No more Heav'n's rapid Circles roll away,
 But universal Nature's at a Stay :
 Great *Jupiter*, with Wonder, sees the Pole,
 Urg'd onward by himself, refuse to roll.
 Now, at a Word, the Rains pour down apace,
 And bellying Clouds obscure the Sun's bright Face :
 Surpriz'd again, from his celestial Tow'r,
Jove hears around unbidden Thunders roar :
 Once more they speak, and shake their flowing Hair,
 And strait the Storms are gone, the Heav'ns are fair.
 In the still Calm they bid the Waves run high,
 Or smoothe the Deep, tho' *Boreas* shakes the Sky ;
 The stretching Canvas swell against the Wind :
 This blows before, and that is fill'd behind.
 Streams have run back at Murmurs of their Tongue,
 And Torrents from the Rock, suspended, hung.—*Rowe alt.*
 Each deadly Kind, by Nature form'd to kill,
 Fear the dire Hags, and execute their Will.
 Lions, to them, their nobler Rage submit,
 And fawning Tygers couch beneath their Feet.
 For them the Snake forgoes her wintry Hold,
 And on the hoary Frost untwines her Fold.
 The mangled Viper they can re-unite,
 Or with their poys'nous Breath the Serpent split.—*Id. alt.*

* Little fleshy Excrecencies upon the Foreheads of Foals, which the Mares bite off as soon as they are foaled. If they are hindered from so doing, and these Knots are cut away, 'tis said they'll hate their Foals, and not suffer them to suck. They were accounted of mighty Efficacy in Love Potions.

66 VIRGO NUBILIS. MAJESTAS.

————— Illis & sidera primum
Præcipiti deducta polo : Phœbéque serena
Non aliter diris verborum obfessa venenis
Palluit, & nigris, terrenisque ignibus arsit,
Quàm si fraternâ prohiberet imagine tellus,
Infererétque suas flammis cœlestibus umbras :
Et patitur tantos cantu depressa labores,
Donec suppositas proprior despumet in herbas. ———

Ibid.

VIRGO NUBILIS.

JAM vicina toro plenis adoleverat annis
Virginitas : tenerum jam pronuba flamma pudorem
Sollicitat : mistâque tremit formidine votum. ———

Claud. Rapt. Prof.

MAJESTAS.

REgina ad templum forma pulcherrima Dido
Incessit, magnâ juvenum stipante catervâ.
Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutæ
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades : illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradiénsque Deas supereminet omnes :
Latonæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.
Talis erat Dido, talem se læta ferebat
Per medios. ———
Tum foribus Divæ, mediâ testudine templi,
Septa armis soliôque alte subnixâ, resedit.
Jura dabat legésque viris. ———

Virg. Æn. Lib. I.

Reginam

MAID MARRIAGEABLE. MAJESTY. 67

Magic the starry Lamps from Heav'n can tare,
 And shoot them headlong, gleaming thro' the Air :
 Can blot fair *Cynthia's* Countenance serene,
 And poison with foul Spells the silver Queen :
 Now, pale, the ghastly Goddess shrinks with Dread,
 And now, black smoky Fires involve her Head :
 As when Earth's envious interposing Shade,
 Cuts off her beamy Brother from her Aid.
 Held by the potent Charm, she strives in vain,
 And labours with the long pursuing Pain :
 Till down, and downward still, compell'd to come,
 On hallow'd Herbs she sheds her fatal * Foam. — *Id.*

MAID MARRIAGEABLE.

THE Maid, now past an Infant, feels the Flames
 Of sprightly Love, and innocently claims :
 She hopes the nuptial State, but hopes with Fear :
 And wishes, but her Wish is unsincere. —

MAJESTY.

UP to the Temple moves the beauteous Queen,
Dido, surrounded with a Troop of Guards :
 As on *Eurotas's* Banks, or *Cynthus's* Top
Diana leads her Train : a thousand Nymphs
 Enclose her round : Herself her Quiver bears
 High on her Shoulder, and with stately Walk
 O'er-looks them all : a secret Pleasure slides
 Along *Latona's* Breast. Such *Dido* was,
 So smiling thro' the Crowd she pass'd. —
 Then in the Entrance of the Dome, beneath
 The middle of the Temple's Arch, she sat,
 Fenc'd round with Arms : and, on her Throne aloft
 Leaning majestic, to her Subjects gave
 Commands and Laws. — *Trap.*

* The Ancients fancy'd the Moon to be drawn down from Heaven by
 Witchcraft, when she was eclipsed ; and that, at those Times, she shed
 a Sort of venomous Juice upon certain Herbs, of great Use in Magic.

Reginam thalamo cunctantem ad limina primi
 Poenorum expectant : ostróque insignis & auro
 Stat sonipes, ac fræna ferox spumantia mandit.
 Tandem progreditur, magnâ stipanté catervá,
 Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo :
 Cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum,
 Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. IV.

Interea Reges, ingenti mole Latinus
 Quadrijugo vehitur curru, cui tempora circum
 Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
 Solis avi specimen : bigis it Turnus in albis,
 Bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro.
 Hinc pater Æneas, Romanæ stirpis origo,
 Sidereo flagrans clypeo & cœlestibus armis,
 Et juxta Ascanius, magnæ spes altera Romæ.——

Æn. Lib. XII.

——Atque illi stellatus jaspide fulvâ
 Ensis erat, Tyrióque ardebat murice læna
 Demissa ex humeris : dives quæ munera Dido
 Fecerat, & tenui telas discreverat auro.——

Æn. IV.

H O M O. V i d e I N F A N S.

SAnctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ
 Deerat adhuc, & quod dominari in cætera posset.
 Natus Homo est. Sive hunc divino semina fecit
 Ille opifex rerum, mundi melioris origo :
 Sive recens tellus, seductaque nuper ab alto
 Æthere, cognati retinebat semina cœli.

Pronaque

Their Queen, whom in her Chamber Dress detains,
 Before her Gates the Punic Nobles wait:
 Her Steed adorn'd with Purple, and with Gold,
 Stands pawing, fierce, and champs the foaming Bit.
 At length attended with a num'rous Guard,
 She comes majestic: Her *Sidonian* Vest
 Border'd with crimson Fringe: Her Quiver, Gold:
 Her Tresses in a golden Knot confin'd:
 A golden Buckle clasps her purple Robe. — *Id.*

Mean while the Kings in long Procession move;
 High in his Chariot, by four Horses drawn,
Latinus rides: twelve golden Rays inclose
 His Temples round: illustrious Argument
 Of his high Lineage, from the Sun deriv'd.
 In his white Car, young *Turnus* next succeeds,
 Shaking two Jav'lins of broad pointed Steel.
 Then, from the opposite embattl'd Line,
 Comes the great Father of the *Roman* Race,
Aeneas, with his Shield's broad starry Orb
 All bright, and blazing in celestial Arms:
Ascanius by his Side, the other Hope
 Of mighty *Rome*. — *Id.*

A Sword, all starr'd with Gems, and spangled o'er
 With yellow Jaspers, at his Side he wore;
 A Robe refulgent from his Shoulders flow'd,
 That flaming deep with *Tyrian* Crimson glow'd:
 The Work of *Dido*! whose unrivall'd Art,
 With Flow'rs of Gold embroider'd ev'ry Part. — *Pitt.*

M A N. See I N F A N T.

A Creature of a more exalted Kind
 Was wanting yet, and then was *Man* design'd:
 Conscious of Thought, of more capacious Breast,
 For Empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest.
 Whether with Particles of heav'nly Fire
 The God of Nature did his Soul inspire,
 Or Earth, but new divided from the Sky,
 And, pliant still, retain'd th' *Ætherial* Energy.

Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram,
Os Homini sublime dedit : cœlûmque tueri
Jussit, & erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

——Fuit illa dies, qua semina tantum,
Spesque hominum primæ materna habitavimus alvo,
Artifices Natura manus admovit : & angî
Corpora visceribus distentæ condita matris
Noluit : eque domo vacuas emisit in auras.

Editus in lucem jacuit sine viribus Infans :
Mox quadrupes, ritûque tulit sua membra ferarum :
Paulatimque tremens, & nondum poplite firmo
Constitit, adjutis aliquo conamine nervis.
Inde valens veloxque fuit : spatiûmque juventæ
Transit : & emeritis mediî quoque temporis annis,
Labitur occidua per iter declive senectæ.

Subruit hæc ævi demolitûrque prioris
Robora : flêtque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
Illos, qui fuerant solidorum mole tororum
Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

——Pecudes, & muta animalia terris
Quum maneat ignara sui, legîsque perennis,
Natura tamèn ad mundum revocante parentem
Attollunt animos, cœlûmque ac sidera servant.

Quis

Whilst all the mute Creation downwards bend
 Their Sight, and to their earthy Mother tend,
 Man looks aloft : and with erected Eyes
 Beholds his own hereditary Skies. — Dryden.

Time was, when we were sow'd, and just began ;
 Meerly the Hope, and Promise of a Man :
 Then Nature's Hand (fermented as it was)
 Moulded to Shape the soft coagulated Mass.
 In Time the little Man is fully form'd,
 The breathless Embrio with a Spirit warm'd :
 And when the Mother's Throws begin to come,
 The Creature, pent within the narrow Womb,
 Breaks his blind Prison : pushing to repair
 His stifled Breath, and draw the living Air,
 Cast on the Margin of the World he lies,
 An helpless Baby, and by Instinct cries.
 He next essays to walk, but downward press'd,
 On four Feet imitates his Brother Beast :
 By slow Degrees he gathers from the Ground
 His Legs, and to the Rolling-Chair is bound :
 Then walks alone : — a Horseman now become,
 He rides a Stick, and travels round the Room.
 In time he vaunts among his youthful Peers,
 Strong-bon'd, and strung with Nerves, in Pride of Years :
 He runs with Mettle his first merry Stage :
 Maintains the next, abated of his Rage,
 But manages his Strength, and spares his Age. }
 Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,
 And tho' 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the Race.
 Now sapless on the Verge of Death he stands,
 Contemplating his former Feet and Hands :
 And *Milo*-like, his slacken'd Sinews sees,
 And wither'd Arms, once fit to cope with *Hercules*, }
 Unable now to shake, much less to tare the Trees. — Dryden.

The Brutes, whom Nature did in Sport create,
 Unknowing of themselves, and of their Fate,
 By secret Instinct still erect their Eyes
 To Parent Heaven. —

Quis dubitet post hæc hominem conjungere cœlo ?
 Eximiam natura dedit linguamque, capaxque
 Ingenium, volucrémque animum, quem denique in unum
 Descendit Deus, atque habitat, ipsúmque requirit.——

Manil. Lib. II.

———Projecta jacent animalia cuncta
 In terra, vel merſa vadis, vel in aëre pendent.
 Omnibus una quies, venter, sensúsque per artus.
 Et quia consilium non est, & lingua remissa,
 Unus & inspectus rerum, virésque loquendi,
 Ingeniúmque capax, varias educit in artes.

Hic partus, qui cuncta regit secessit in orbem,
 Et domuit terram ad fruges, animalia cepit,
 Imposuitque viam ponto, stetit unus in arce
 Erectus capitis, victórque ad sidera mittit
 Sidereos oculos, propriúsque aspectat Olympum,
 Inquirítque Jovem: nec sola fronte deorum
 Contentus manet: & cœlum scrutatur in alvo:
 Cognatúmque sequens corpus sic quærit in astris.——

Manil. Lib. IV.

Quid mentem traxisse polo, quid profuit altum
 Erexisse caput? pecudum si more pererrant.——

Claudian.——

V I R Probus. Vide V I R T U S.

Justum, & tenacem propositi virum,
 Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
 Non vultus instantis Tyranni
 Mente quatit solidâ, neque Auster,
 Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,

Nec

Who then can doubt that *Man*, the glorious Pride
Of All, is nearer to the Skies ally'd?
Nature in him an active Soul hath wrought,
Hath giv'n him Language, and the Pow'r of Thought:
In him the God descends, well pleas'd to find
An Image there of his Almighty Mind.— *Creech* alter'd.

The Brutes, of every kind, dwell on the Earth:
Or hang in Air: or thro' the Waters glide:
Nor ought but Rest, or Food, or Joys of Sense,
Are their Pursuit.—Since, therefore, Speech, to them,
And Reason was deny'd, *Man* was produc'd,
To overlook and Rule: Language he has
Expressive of his Mind: and various Arts
To practise, or invent, a *Genius* fit.

Man o'er the Globe extends his regal Sway:
The Soil, by him subdu'd, is forc'd to bear
Of Fruits, and Grain, a large and rich Increase.
Wild Beasts are tam'd, and tutor'd for his Use,
And o'er the Seas his Vessels plow their Way.
He too, alone erect, stands nobly forth,
And to the Stars lifts up his starlike Eyes:
Beholds the Heav'ns, and *Jove* himself explores:
Nor superficially the Gods to know
Is he content: deeply he searches Heav'n,
And seeks his Origin among the Stars.—

What signifies to Man that he from Heav'n
His Soul derives, that with erected Front
He walks sublime, and views the starry Skies,
If, like the Brutes irrational, he acts?—

MAN (Upright.) See VIRTUE.

THAT upright Man, who's steady to his Trust,
Inflexible to Ill, and obstinately just:
The Fury of the Populace defies,
And dares the Tyrant's threatening Frowns despise.

Not the rough Whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black Gulf, and vexes it with Storms,

The

Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
Si fractus illabitur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae.

Hor. Lib. III. Ode 3.

————— *Altus Olympi*

Vertex, qui spatio ventos hiemisque relinquit,
Perpetuum nulla temeratus nube serenum,
Celsior exurgit pluviis, auditque ruentes
Sub pedibus nimbos, & rauca tonitrua calcat:
Sic patiens animi per tanta negotia liber
Emergit, similisque sui: justique tenorem
Flectere non odium cogit, non gratia suadet.

Claud. de Malli Theod. Consul.

Integer vitae, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu:
Nec venenatis gravidâ Sagittis,
Fusce, pharetrâ:

Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

Hor. Lib. I. Ode 22.

————— *Vir bonus est quis?*

Qui consulta patrum, qui leges, juraque servat.

Hor. Lib. I. Epist. 16.

Esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
Integer: ambigua, si quando citabere testis,
Intertæque rei, Phalatis licet imperet, ut sis
Falsus, & admoto dicter perjurâ tauro,
Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori.

The stubborn Virtue of his Soul can move,
 Nor even the red Arm of thundring Jove.
 Should the whole Frame of Nature round him break,
 In Ruin and Confusion hurl'd,
 He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty Crack,
 And stand secure amidst a falling World.—*An. akt.*

The tow'ring Summit of *Olympus* knows,
 Nor raging Hurricanes, nor hoary Snows ;
 But high, in the superior Skies, is seen,
 Above the Clouds, eternally serene :
 While, at it's steady Foot, the rushing Rain,
 And rattling Thunders spend their Force in vain :
 So, the just Man, disdaining all controul,
 In perfect Peace preserves his steady Soul :
 Always himself, Nought can his Virtue move,
 Nor is he sway'd by Hatred, or by Love.—

From Virtue's Laws who never parts

Dear Friend, may safely go

Without the Moorish Lance or Bow,

Or Quiver stor'd with poison'd Darts,

The Womb of Woe!

Whether thro' *Lybia's* scorching Land

To journey he provides,

By savage *Caucus's* rocky Sides,

Or where the Stream, o'er golden Sand,

Of *Indus* glides,——

Welsted.

Who's good?—The Man, that in his Country's Cause,
 Stands up for all her Liberties and Laws.——

Be a good Soldier, an upright Trustee ;
 An Arbitrator from Corruption free ;
 Or if a Witness in a doubtful Cause,
 Where a brib'd Judge means to elude the Laws,
 Tho' *Phalaris's* brazen Bull were there,
 And he would dictate what he'd have you swear,
 Stick firmly to the Truth, and bravely chuse
 To guard your Honour, tho' your Life You lose,

Die,

Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.
Dignus morte perit.

Juv. Sat. VIII.

MANES. Vide EXEQUIÆ.

— **I**nstauramus Polydoro funus, & ingens
Aggeritur tumulo tellus : stant Manibus aræ,
Cæruleis mœstæ vittis atræque cupresso :
Et circum Iliades crinem de more solutæ.
Inferimus tepido spumantia cymbia lacte,
Sanguinis & sacri pateras : animamque sepulcro
Condimus, & magna supremum voce ciemus.

Virg. Æn. Lib. III.

— In luco,

Libabat cineri Andromache, Manésque vocabat
Hectoreum ad tumulum, viridi quem cespitem inanem,
Et geminas, causam lachrymis, sacraverat aras. — *Ibid.*

— Socios in cœtum

Advocat Æneas, tumulique ex aggere fatur :
Dardanidæ magni, genus alto à sanguine Divum :
Annus exactis completur mensibus orbis,
Ex quo reliquias divinique ossa parentis
Condidimus terra, mœstasque sacravi mus aras,
Jamque dies, ni fallor, adest : quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, sic Dî voluistis, habebō.

Hunc ego Gætulis agerem si Syrtibus exsul,
Argolicœve mari deprensus, & urbe Mycenæ :
Annua vota tamen, solemnesque ordine pompas

Exsequeretur :

Die, rather than let Virtue be betray'd :
 Virtue the noblest Cause for which we're made,
 Improperly we measure Life by Breath :
 Those do not truly live, who merit Death.— *Stepny.*

MANES. See FUNERALS.

— **T**O *Polydore* we first perform
 His Obsequies : a lofty Pile of Earth
 Is rais'd : and Altars to the *Manes* built,
 Mournful with fun'ral Wreaths, and gloomy Boughs
 Of Cypress : With their Tresses scatter'd loose
 (Such is th' accustom'd Rite) the *Trojan* Dames
 Stand round : We offer Jars of tepid Milk,
 And frothing Bowls of consecrated Blood :
 Within the Grave compose his Soul to Rest,
 Invoke him loud, and take our last Farewel.— *Trap.*

— Close in a Grove,
Andromache the mournful Off'rings paid,
 And solemn Sacrifice at *Hector's* Tomb,
 His empty Tomb : which, with two Altars built
 On the green Turf, th' Incentives of her Grief,
 She consecrated : and with Tears invok'd
 His *Manes*.— *Id.*

— *Aeneas* summons his assembled Friends,
 And thus bespeaks them from a rising Ground :
 Ye gen'rous *Trojans* ! sprung from Blood divine :
 One yearly Circle is by rolling Months
 Compleat, since in the Grave we laid to Rest
 The mortal Relicks of my godlike Sire,
 And consecrated Fun'ral Altars rais'd.
 And now That Day, if I remember right,
 Is come, by me (so You, ye Gods, decreed)
 For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd.
 This Day, did I on *Lybia's* barren Sands
 In Exile live, or on the *Grecian* Sea
 Detain'd, or in *Mycenæ* : annual Vows
 Ev'n then I would perform, and solemn Pomps,

And

Exsequer : struerémque suis altaria donis.
 Nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius & ossa parentis,
 Haud equidem sine mente, reor, sine numine Divum,
 Adfumus : & portus delati intramus amicos.
 Ergo agite, & lætum cuncti celebremus honorem :
 Poscamus ventos, atque hæc me sacra quotannis
 ————— Velit sibi ferre dicatis.

Sic fatus, velat maternâ tempora myrto :
 Ille è concilio multis cum millibus ibat
 Ad tumulum, magnâ medius comitante catervâ.
 Hic duo rite mero libans carchesia Baccho
 Fundit humi, duo lacte novo, duo sanguine sacro :
 Purpureósque jacit flores, ac talia fatur :

Salve, sancte parens : iterum salvete, recepti
 Nequicquam cineres, animæque umbræque paternæ.

————— Cædit quinas de more bidentes,
 Totque sues, totidem nigrantes terga juvencos :
 Vinaque fundebat pateris, animâmqve vocabat
 Anchisæ magni, Manésque Acheronte remissos.
 Necnon & socii, quæ cuique est copia, læti
 Dona ferunt : onerântque aras, mactântque juvencos.
 Ordine ahena locant alii : fusique per herbam
 Subjiciunt verubus prunas, & viscera torrent. ———

Virg. Æn. Lib. V.

Huc omnis turba ad ripas effusa ruebat :
 Matres, atque viri, defunctâque corpora vitâ
 Magnanimûm heroûm, pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
 Impositique rogis juvenes ante ora parentum.
 Quàm multa in sylvis autumnî frigore primo
 Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
 Quàm multæ glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
 Trans pontum fugat, & terris immittit apricis.
 Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum,
 Tendebântque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.

Navita

And on his Altars pile th' Oblations due.
 Now to my Father's Self, his Bones, and Dust
 (Not without Providence, and Heav'n's Design,
 As I suppose,) we come, and enter safe
 These friendly Ports. Come on then, let Us all
 Honour this Festival with Joy, implore
 From him propitious Winds, and Leave to pay
 These annual Oblations.

He said: and with his Mother's Myrtle Wreath
 His Temples crowns. Directly to the Tomb
 He from th' Assembly goes, by Thousands round
 Attended. For Libation here he pours
 Two Bowls of Wine, unmix'd, upon the Ground,
 Two of warm Milk, and two of Holy Blood:
 Then scatters purple Flow'rs, and Thus he speaks.

Hail sacred Sire! Again, Ye Ashes, hail;
 In vain revisited! and Thou, the Ghost
 Of him who gave me Birth!

Five Sheep, obsequious to th' accusom'd Rite,
 He sacrifices: next, as many Sows,
 And Heifers black: then pours the Wine from Bowls,
 Invoking great *Anchises'* Soul, dismiss'd
 From *Acheron*. Nor less his Friends, as each
 With Store was furnish'd, offer Gifts, and load
 The Altars, sacrificing Oxen slain:
 Others in order Cauldrons fix: and, stretch'd
 Along the Grass, o'er Heaps of burning Coals
 Place Spits, and fry the Entrails on the Fire.— *Idem.*

Hither in Throngs they crowded to the Bank:
 Matrons, and Men, Souls of brave Heroes dead,
 Boys, and unmarried Girls, and Youths consum'd
 On Fun'ral Piles before their Parents Eyes.
 Unnumber'd, as the Leaves, which fall in Woods,
 By Autumn's first sharp Blasts: Or as the Birds
 Which flock from Sea to Land, when the cold Year
 Drives them beyond Sea, seeking warmer Climes.
 Praying they stood, first to be waisted o'er:
 And, longing for the farther Bank, their Hands

Extended:

Navita sed tristis nunc hos, nunc accipit illos :
 Ast alios longè summotos arcet arenâ.
 Æneas (miratus enim, motusque tumultu)
 Dic, ait, ô Virgo, quid vult concursus ad amnem ?
 Quidve petunt animæ ? vel quo discrimine ripas
 Hæ linquunt, illæ remis vada livida verrunt ?
 Olli sic breviter fata est longæva sacerdos :
 Cocyti stagna alta vides, Stygiâque paludem,
 Dî cuius jurare timent & fallere nûmen.
 Hæc omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba est :
 Portitor ille, Charon : hi, quos vehit unda, sepulti.
 Nec ripas datur horrendas, nec rauca fluentia
 Transportare prius, quam sedibus ossa quierunt.
 Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc litora circum.
 Tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revisunt.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.

Cornelia

Ut primùm in sociæ pervenit littora terræ,
 Collegit restes, miserique insignia Magni,
 Armæque, & impressas auro, quas gesserat olim,
 Exuvias, pictâsque togas, velamina summo
 Ter conspecta Jovi, funestoque intulit igni.
 Ille fuit miseræ Magni cinis. Accipit omnis
 Exemplum pietas, & toto littore busta
 Surgunt Thessalicis reddentia manibus ignem.——

Lucan. Lib. IX.

MORES.

Extended : But the surly Boatman, deaf
 To all their Cries, now These, now Those receives :
 But drives the rest at distance from the Beach.
Aeneas, (for that Tumult much surpriz'd,
 And struck his Soul) thus speaks : O sacred Maid !
 Tell me, what means this Concourse to the Lake ?
 What do the Ghosts desire ? And why distinct
 Leave These the Banks, while Others sweep with Oars
 The livid Ford ?—To Him in brief replies
 The aged Priestess :———You see
 Profound *Cocytus*, and the *Stygian* Pool :
 Whose Deity the Gods by Oaths revere,
 And dread to violate. This Crowd is All
 Distress'd, and untomb'd : That Ferryman
 Is *Charon* ; Those who sail the Lake, interr'd.
 But 'tis not giv'n to pass the horrid Banks,
 And hoarse resounding fluent : till in Graves
 Their Bones are laid : An hundred Years they rove,
 And flutter round these Shores, and then at length
 Admitted, to the wish'd for Stream return.—— *Id.*

Soon as *Cornelia* reach'd the friendly Strand,
Pompey's last Rites employ her pious Hand :
 To his dear Shade she builds a fun'ral Pile,
 And decks it proud with many a noble Spoil.
 There shone his Arms, with antick Gold inlaid,
 There the rich Robes which she herself had made :
 Robes to imperial *Jove* in Triumph thrice display'd :
 The Relicks of his past victorious Days,
 Now this his latest Trophy serve to raise,
 And in one common Flame together blaze,
 Such was the weeping Matron's pious Care :
 The Soldiers, taught by her, their Fires prepare :
 To ev'ry valiant Friend, a Pile they build,
 That fell for *Rome* in curs'd *Pharsalia's* Field :
 Stretch'd wide along the Shores, the Flames extend,
 And grateful to the wandering Shades, ascend.—— *Rowe.*

MORES. Vide ORNATUS.

PRisca juvent alios, ego me nunc denique natum
 Gratulor, hæc ætas moribus apta meis.
 Non quia nunc terræ lentum subducitur aurum,
 Lectaque diverso litore concha venit :
 Nec quia decrescunt effosso marmore montes,
 Nec quia cæruleæ mole fugantur aquæ :
 Sed quia cultus adest : nec nostros mansit in annos
 Rusticitas. ——— *Ovid. Art. Am. Lib. III.*
 Prima sit in vobis morum tutela : puellæ
 Ingenio facile conciliante placent.
 Certus amor morum est : formam populabitur ætas :
 Et placitus rugis vultus aratus erit.
 Tempus erit quo vos speculum vidisse pigebit :
 Et veniet rugis altera causa dolor.
 Sufficit, & longum probitas perdurat in ævum :
 Perque suos annos hinc benè pendet amor. ———
Ovid. de Med. Faciei.
 Pertinet ad faciem rabidos compescere mores. ———
Ovid. Art. Am.
 Spectantem specta, ridenti mollia ride :
 Innuit, acceptas tu quoque redde notas. ——— *Ibid.*
 Turpes mores pulchrum ornatum pejus coeno collinunt,
 Lepidi mores turpem ornatum facile factis comprobant. ———
Plant.

CONJUGIUM. Vide NUPTIÆ.

— **P**ater hanc mihi junxit ; ———
 Hanc mihi junxit Amor. Felix dicebar, eramque. ———
 ——— Juvat ò meminisse beati
 Temporis, Æacida, quo primos ritè per annos
 Conjuge eram felix : felix erat illa marito.

MANNERS. See DRESS.

THE Antient's Manners other Men may please,
 Not me; thank Heav'n I'm born in Days like these!
 Not because Gold now from the Mines is brought,
 And distant Shores for Orient Pearls are sought:
 Nor for, that Hills exhaust their Marble Veins,
 And Moles are made, whose Bulk the Sea restrains:
 But that the World is civiliz'd of late,
 And polish'd from the Rust of antient Date.— *Congreve*,
 First, learn good Manners, Fair Ones! I advise:
 'Tis that secures the Conquest of your Eyes,
 Age, Beauty's Foe, will, o'er your charming Brow,
 Do all you can, injurious Furrows plow:
 The Time will come you'll hate the Tell-tale Glass,
 That shews the frightful Ruins of your Face:
 But, if Good-Nature to the last remain,
 Ev'n Age will please, and Love his Pow'r retain.—

Let no rude Passions in your Looks find place,
 For Fury will deform the finest Face.—

Let Looks with Looks, and Smiles with Smiles be paid:
 And when Another bows, incline your Head.— *Dryden*.

Manners unseemly, Actions base and vile,
 Much worse than Dirt the finest Dress defile:
 But whoso acts with Truth and Honesty,
 Commands Esteem, tho' mean his Habit be.—

MARRIAGE. See WEDDING.

HER Father seal'd my Hopes with Rites divine:
 Her firmer Love before had made her mine.
 Men call'd me blest, and blest * I was indeed.—
 What pleasing Images Remembrance draws
 Of those fair Days, when new to *Hymen's* Laws,
 I with my *Procris* led the Spring of Life,
 The happiest Husband and the happiest Wife!

* *Cephalus*.

Mutua cura duos, & amor socialis habebat.
 Nec Jovis illa meo thalamos præferret amor:
 Nec me quæ caperet, non si Venus ipsa veniret,
 Ulla erat. *Æquales urebant pectora flammæ.*——

Ovid. Met. Lib. VII.

——Baucis anus, parilique ætate Philemon
 Illa sunt annis juncti juvenilibus, illa
 Consenuere casa: paupertatémque fatendo
 Effecere levem, nec iniqua mente ferendam.
 Nec refert, dominos illic, famulòsne requiras:
 Tota domus duo sunt: idem paréntque jubéntque.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

Felices ter, & amplius,
 Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
 Divulsus querimoniis,
 Supremâ citius solvet amor die.—*Hor. I. Ode 13.*

——Utinam strepitantibus advolet alis,
 Flavaque conjugio vincula portet Amor:
 Vincula quæ maneant semper, dum tarda senectus
 Inducat rugas, inficiatque comas.——
Tibul. Lib. II. El. 2.

Candida perpetuo reside, Concordia, lecto,
 Tamque pari semper sit Venus æqua jugo:
 Diligat illa senem quondam; sed & ipsa marito,
 Tunc quoque cùm fuerit, non videatur anus.—— *Mart.*

MEDIOCRITAS. Vide Felicitas. Natura paucis
 contenta.

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
 Semper urgendo: neque, dum procellas
 Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
 Littus iniquum.
 Auream quisquis mediocritatem

Diligit,

So high the Tide of our Affection run,
Our Love, our Care, our Passions all were one.
Had *Jove* made Love, great *Jove* she had despis'd,
And I my *Procris* more than *Venus* priz'd :
Love had to both so just a Portion dealt,
Such equal Flames our mutual Bosoms felt. — *Tate* alter'd.

Within this humble Cot
Old *Baucis* and *Philemon* led their Life :
Both equal-ag'd : — In this their Youth they spent,
In this grew old : rich only in Content.
With chearful Minds their Poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at Wealth, professing to be poor.
For Master, or for Servant, here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were All.
Command was none, where equal Love was paid :
Or rather, both commanded, both obey'd. — *Dryd.* alter'd.

Thrice happy They, who long as Life,
Without Complainings, Noise, or Strife,
Preserve unloos'd the nuptial Tye,
Nor cease to Love until they die. —

Oh ! how I wish that Love, with flutt'ring Wing,
The golden Marriage Chains would hither bring !
Chains which for ever bind, tho' Age comes on,
With Wrinkles, and grey Hairs, and Beauty's Charms
be gone. —

Perpetual Concord bless their nuptial State,
And Love and Union make their Joys compleat !
May She love him in Age, and He behold
Her, tho' in Years, yet not believe her old ! — *Anon.*

M E D I O C R I T Y . See Happiness. Nature requires
little.

Believe me, Friend ! 'tis much the safest Way,
Nor with too bold a Sail to trust the Sea :
Nor, while you dread the threatening Tempest's roar,
Too close to creep along the rocky Shore.

Who shuns Extreams, and wisely steers between ;
Whose equal Mind approves the golden Mean :

Diligit, tutus caret obsoleto
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aulâ.

Sæpius ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus: & celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres, feriuntque summos
Fulmina montes.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem benè præparatum
Pectus: informes hiemes reducit
Jupiter: idem

Summovet. Non, si malè nunc, & olim
Sic erit. Quondam citharâ tacentem
Suscitât Musam, neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animosus, atque
Fortis appare: sapienter idem
Contrahe ventum nimium secundo
Turgida Vela, — Hor. Lib. II. Ode 10.

Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum:
Asper, & attentus quæsit, ut tamen arctum
Solveret hospitii animum. Quid multa? neque illi
Sepositi ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ:
Aridum & ore ferens acinum, semesâque lardi
Frustra dedit, cupiens variâ fastidia cœnâ
Vincere, tangentis malè singula dente superbo.
Cum pater ipse domus, palea porrectus in hornâ,
Effet ador loliûmque, dapis meliora relinquens,

Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?

That happy Man shall spend his Days secure,
From the Contempt, and Want that gall the Poor :
Secure from splendid Cares, and Envy's Stings,
Th' insidious Plague of Courts, and Scourge of Kings.

Th' ambitious Winds with greater Spite combine,
To shock the Grandeur of the stately Pine :
The Height of Structure makes the Ruin large,
And Clouds against high Hills their hottest Bolts discharge.

An even well-pois'd Mind, an evil State
With Hope, a Good with Fear, doth moderate.
The Summer's Pride by Winter is brought down,
And Flowers again the conquering Season crown.

Take Heart, nor of the Laws of Fate complain,
Tho' now 'tis cloudy, 'twill clear up again :
The Bow *Apollo* does not always use,
But with his milder Lyre sometimes awakes the Muse.

When adverse Tides retard your destin'd Course,
With lab'ring Oars oppose their surging Force :
But if with prosp'rous Gales your Streamers play,
Wisely contract the Sails, and scud away.—*Norris* alter'd.

A City Mouse, (for so does Story tell,) }
His good old Friend——— }

A Country Mouse receiv'd in his poor Cell,
This Mouse was thrifty, yet would kindly feast
When Time requir'd, and nobly treat his Guest.
In short, now striving every Way to please,
He freely brought his hoarded Oats and Pease,
His nibbled Bacon, and his mellow Pears,
Whate'er the Fields produce, or Country bears :
His Nuts, his Grapes well dry'd ; and try'd his best,
By choice Variety to please the Guest :
Who sat as if afraid to hurt his Mouth,
And nibbl'd here and there with dainty Tooth.

The Landlord only Tares or Barley eats, }
(Whilst on a Heap of new-thresh'd Chaff he sits) }
Leaving his Guest the more delicious Meats.

At last, the City Mouse begins, My Friend,
How can you bear in Woods your Days to spend ?

Vis tu homines urbemque feris præponere sylvis?
 Carpe viam, mihi crede, comes: terrestria quando
 Mortales animas vivunt sortita: neque ulla est
 Aut magno, aut parvo lethi fuga. Quo, bone, circa,
 Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
 Vive memor quam sis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta
 Agrestem pepulere: domo levis exfilit. Inde
 Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
 Moenia nocturni subrepere: jamque tenebat
 Nox medium cœli spatium, cum ponit uterque
 In locuplete domo vestigia: rubro ubi cocco
 Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos,
 Multaque de magna superessent fercula cœnâ,
 Quæ procul exstructis inerant hesternæ canistris.
 Ergo ubi purpureâ porrectum in veste locavit
 Agrestem: veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,
 Continuâtque dapes, nec non vernaliter ipsis
 Fungitur officiis, prælambens omne quod affert.
 Ille cubans gaudet mutata sorte; bonisque
 Rebus agit lætam convivam: cum subito ingens
 Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.
 Currere per totum pavidi conclave, magisque
 Exanimes trepidare: simul domus alta Molossis
 Personuit canibus. —————

————— Tum Rusticus; haud mihi vitâ
 Est opus hæc, ait: & valeat: me sylva, cavusque
 Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo. —————

Hor., Lib. II. Sat. 6.

Tantis parta malis, curâ majore, metûque
 Servantur: misera est magni custodia cœsus.
 Dispositis prædives hamis vigilare cohortem
 Servorum noctu Licinus jubet, attonitus pro
 Electro, signisque suis, Phrygiâque columnâ,
 Atque Ebore, & latâ testudine. Dolia nudi

Non

Would you not rather live in Town than here,
And Men's Converse to that of Beasts prefer?
Then go with me: I'll get you better Chear.
Since every Creature must resign it's Breath,
Nor Great, nor Little, is exempt from Death,
Enjoy your Time in Pleasure, Mirth and Sport,
And live like one that knows his Life is short.

These Words prevail'd upon the Country Mouse,
Who strait consents, and jocund leaves the House,
The Travellers together journey on,
And steal by Night unseen into the Town.
Twelve strikes the Clock: the Friends together come
To a Lord's House, and find a stately Room,
Where purple Cushions grac'd each Ivory Seat,
And much was left of last Night's costly Treat.

The City Mouse first seats his Country Guest
On Cloth of State, and waits, and carves the Feast:
Course after Course, a thousand dainty Things,
And like a Servant, tastes what-e'er he brings.
The Country Mouse, pleas'd with his Seat of State,
And various Dainties, bless'd his change of Fate:
Feeds heartily: when, lo! the Servants come,
And Dogs rush in, and bark about the Room.
Both start: both leave their Seats with eager Haste:
Trembling, for Life they fly, and hardly 'scape at last.

Then says the Country Mouse, I plainly see
This Kind of Life is not a Life for me:
False Joys, adieu: give me the quiet Wood,
Where I am safe, tho' Acorns be my Food.—Cowley alt.

With Care and Trouble great Estates we gain:
When got, we keep 'em with more Care and Pain.
The rich *Licinus*' Servants ready stand,
Each with a Water-Bucket in his Hand,
Keeping a Guard, for fear of Fire, all Night:
Yet is *Licinus* always in a Fright.
His curious Statues, Amber-Works, and Plate,
Still fresh encreasing Pangs of Mind create.

Non ardent Cynici : si frigeris, altera fiet
 Cras domus : aut eadem plumbo commissa manebit.

Sensit Alexander, testâ cum vidit in illâ
 Magnum habitatorem, quanto felicior hic, qui
 Nil cuperit, quam qui totum sibi polceret orbem,
 Passurus gestis æquanda pericula rebus.

Nullum numen abest, si sit Prudentia : sed te
 Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam. — *Juv. Sat. XIV.*

O mihi care quidem semper, sed tempore duro
 Cognite, res postquam procubuere meae :

Ufibus edocto si quidquam credis amico :

Vive tibi, & longe nomina magna fuge.

Vive tibi : quantumque pores prælustria vita :

Sævum prælustri fulmen ab arce venit.

Nam quamquam soli possunt prodesse potentes :

Non potius profit, si quis obesse potest.

Effugit hibernas demissa antenna procellas :

Latæque plus parvis vela timoris habent.

Adspicis, ut summa cortex levis innatat unda :

Cum grave nexa simul retia mergat onus? — *Or. III. Trist. 4.*

Otium Divos rogar in patienti

Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes

Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent

Sidera nautis.

Otium bello furiosa Thrace,

Otium Medi pharetra decori,

Grosphæ, non gemmis, neque purpura ve-

Nale, nec auro.

Non enim gaza, neque consularis

Summovit lictor miseros tumultus

Mentis, & curas laqueata circum

Tecta volantes.

Vivitur parvo benè, cui paternum

Splendet in mensâ tenui salinum,

Nec

The naked *Cynick's* Tub ne'er flames:—if broken;
'Tis quickly sodder'd, or a new bespoken.

When *Alexander* first beheld the Face
Of the great *Cynick*, in that narrow Space:
His own Condition thus he did lament:
How much more happy Thou, who art content
To live within this little Hole; than I
Who after Empire, that vain Quarry, fly;
Grappling with Dangers where-fo'er I roam.
While Thou hast conquer'd all the World at Home.

Fortune a Goddess is to Fools alone,
The Wise are always Masters of their own.—*Dryden.*

O Thou, for ever dear, but now best known;
A Friend at Need by my Misfortunes shewn:
If on my long Experience thou'lt rely,
Live to thyself, from Courts and Greatness fly:
Live to thyself; by Virtue seek Renown:
Avoid the Great: Destruction waits their Frown:
Nor all the Wealth and Pow'r they can bestow,
Deserve the Risque with them we undergo.
In Storms with lower'd Sails the Port we gain;
The Shrouds full spread would drown us in the Main.
See the light Cork above the Surface rise:
The Net, with all its Weights, sunk, at the Bottom lies.—

Grant me, Ye Gods! a Life of Ease,

Toss'd on the rough *Ægean* Seas;
The Sailor cries, when Darkness hides
The Moon, and every Star that guides.

For Ease the furious *Thracian* fights,
'Tis Ease the *Mede* to War excites;
Ease wish'd by all, which can't be sold
For Robes of State, or Gems, or Gold.

Nor Wealth, nor regal Pomp, we find
Can quell the Tumults of the Mind:
Or drive away the Cares that wait
Around the Palace of the Great.

Happy the Man with little blest,
Of what his Father left possess'd,

Whose

Nec leves fomnos timor, aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exsul
Se quoque fugit?

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Cura: nec turmas equitum relinquit
Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.

Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultrà est
Oderit curare, & amara læto
Temperet risu, Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem:
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus:
Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,
Porriget hora.

Te greges centum, Siculæque circum
Mugiant vaccæ: tibi tollit hinni-
Tum apta quadrigis equa: te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ

Vestiunt lanæ. Mihi parva rura, &
Spiritus Graiæ tenuem Camoenæ
Parca non mendax dedit, & malignum
Spernere vulgus.— *Hor. Lib. II. Od. 16.*

Stet quicumque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico:
Me dulcis saturet quies.
Obscuro positus loco,
Leni perfruar otio.
Nullis nota Quiritibus
Ætas per tacitum fluat.
Sic cum transierint mei
Nullo cum strepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar senex.

Whose sweet Repose no Terrors break,
Nor Avarice can keep awake.

Since fleeting Life so soon must end,
What can our vain Pursuits intend?
From Shore to Shore why should we roam,
When none can leave himself at home?

Tho' under Sail, malicious Care
Climbs the tall Ship, and takes us there:
Pursues the Horseman close behind,
The Stag out-runs, out-flies the Wind.

The Mind that can rejoyce to Day,
Should cast all future Cares away,
And temper Grief with laughing Mirth,
For none's compleatly blest on Earth.

Achilles great in youthful Pride,
Worn out by Age *Tisbonus* dy'd:
And Years, which Fate denies to Thee,
It may perhaps allow to Me.

Ten thousand Sheep o'er-spread thy Ground,
Thy num'rous Heifers low around:
Four pamper'd Mares thy Chariot draw,
Thy purple Robes the Vulgar awe:

Of small Extent, an humble Farm,
A Breast the Muses gently warm,
On me hath gracious Heav'n bestow'd,
With Pride enough to scorn the Crowd.—

Climb at Court for me that will,
Tottering Favour's Pinnacle!

All I seek is to lie still.
Settled in some secret Nest,
In calm Leisure let me rest:
And far off the public Stage,
Pass away my silent Age!

Thus when, without Noise, unknown,
I have liv'd out all my Span,

I shall die without a Groan,
An old honest Country-man.

Who,

Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.

Sen. Thyestes.

MERCURIUS.

— **I**LL E patris magni parere parabat
Imperio : & primum pedibus talaria nectit
Aurea : quæ sublimem alis, sive æquora supra,
Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
Tum virgam capit : hac animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentes, alias sub tristitia Tartara mittit,
Dat somnos adimitque, & lumina morte resignat.
Illâ fretus agit ventos, & turbida tranat
Nubila. Jamque volans apicem & latera ardua cernit
Atlantis duri, coelum qui vertice fulsit.

Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis

Constitit :

MERCURY.

95

Who, expos'd to other's Eyes,
Into his own Heart ne'er pries,
Death's to him a strange Surprize. — *Marvell.*

[The foregoing Passage is so finely paraphras'd by my
Lord LANSDOWN, that adding it here can need no
Apology.]

Place me, Ye Powers! in some obscure Retreat:
O keep me innocent! make Others Great!
In quiet Shades, content with rural Sports,
Give me a Life, remote from guilty Courts:
Where free from Hopes or Fears, in humble Ease,
Unheard of I may live, and die in Peace!
Happy the Man who thus retir'd from Sight,
Studies himself, and seeks no other Light:
But most unhappy he, who sits on high,
Expos'd to ev'ry Tongue, and ev'ry Eye:
Whose Follies, blaz'd about, to all are known,
And are a Secret to himself alone:
Worse is an evil Fame, much worse than none.

MERCURY.

— **P**reparing to obey
His mighty Father's Will, first to his Feet
He binds the golden Sandals, which on Wings
Bear him aloft, as o'er the Seas, or Earth
He flies, and round him whirls the rapid Air.
Then takes his Wand:— With This pale Ghosts he calls
From Hell: sends Others to those dreary Realms:
Gives, or breaks Sleep: and Eyes unseals from Death.
Equip'd with This, he drives the Winds, and cuts
Th' opposing turbid Mists: and now discerns,
In his swift Flight, the Top, and lofty Sides
Of rocky *Atlas*, who sustains the Sky.

Here first *Cyllenius*, pois'd on even Wings,
Alighted: Thence with all his Body's Force,

Flinga

Constitit : hinc toto præceps se corpore ad undas
 Misit : avi similis, quæ circum litora, circum
 Piscos scopulos, humilis volat æquora juxta.
 Haud aliter terras inter coelûmque volabar,
 Litus arenosum Libyæ ventôsque secabat,
 Materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles. —

Æn. Lib. IV.

Parva mora est, alas pedibus virgâmq; potenti
 Somniferam sumpsisse manu, tegiménque capillis.
 Hæc ubi disposuit, patria Jove natus ab arce
 Defiluit in terras. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

Obstupuit forma Jove natus : & æthere pendens
 Non secus exarsit, quam cum Balearica plumbum
 Funda jactit : volat illud, & incandescit eundo.
 Vertit iter : coelôque petit diversa relicto :
 Nec se dissimulat : tanta est fiducia formæ.
 Quæ quanquam justa est ; cura tamen adjuvat illam :
 Permulcétque comas, chlamydémque ut pendeat apte,
 Collocat : ut limbus, torûmque appareat aurum :
 Ut teres in dextra, qua somnos ducit & arcet,
 Virga sit : ut ter sis niteant talaria plantis. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, & inde
 Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis,
 Obnubítque comas, & temperat astra galero.
 Tum dextræ virgâ inferuit, qua pellere dulces
 Aut suadere iterum somnos, qua nigra subire
 Tartara, & exangues animare assueverat umbras.
 Desiluit : tenuíque exceptus inhorruit aura.

Nec

Flings himself headlong from the steepy Height
Down to the Ocean: Like the Bird that flies,
Low, skimming o'er the Surface, near the Sea,
Around the Shores, around the fishy Rocks:
So *Mercury* in Air 'twixt Earth and Heav'n,
Shooting from his maternal Granfire, flew,
And cut the Winds, and *Lybia's* sandy Shore.—*Trap.*

With all his Harness soon the God was sped,
His flying Hat was fast'ned on his Head,
Wings on his Heels were hung, and in his Hand
He holds his snaky Sleep-producing Wand.
Then darting from the Skies, his Pinions found,
And, in an Instant, shoot him on the Ground.—*Dryd. alt.*

Hermes the fir'd, as in the Clouds he hung:
So the cold Bullet, that with Fury slung,
From *Balearic* Engines mounts on high,
Glow's in the Whirl, and burns along the Sky.
Now down to Earth he turn'd his Flight, and show'd
The Form divine, the Features of a God.
He knew their Virtue o'er a female Heart,
And yet he strives to better them by Art.
He hangs his Mantle loose, and sets to Show
The golden Edging on the Seam below:
Adjusts his flowing Curls, and in his Hand
Waves with an Air, the Sleep-commanding Wand:
The glitt'ring Sandals to his Feet applies,
And to each Heel the well-trim'd Pinion ties.—*Addison.*

Hermes obeys, and to his Feet applies
Those golden Wings that cut the yielding Skies:
His ample Hat his beamy Locks o'er-spread,
And veil'd the starry Glories of his Head:
He seiz'd his Wand, that causes Sleep to fly,
Or in soft Slumbers seals the wakeful Eye:
That drives the Dead to dark *Tartarean* Coasts,
Or back to Life compels the wand'ring Ghosts.
Thus, thro' the parting Clouds the Son of *May*,
Wings on the whistling Winds his rapid Way:

Nec mora, sublimes raptim per inane volatus
Carpit, & ingenti designat nubila gyro. —

Stat. Lib. I.

Tum Maia genitum —
Imperat acciri. Cyllenius adstitit ales,
Somniferam quatiens Virgam, testusque galero.

Atlantis Tegeæ nepos, commune profundis
Et superis numen, qui fas per limen utrumque
Solus habes, geminoque facis commercia mundo,
I, celeres proscinde notos, & iussa superbo
Redde Jovi. —

Vix ea fatus erat, jam nuntius astra tenebat. —

Claud. Rapt. Prof. Lib. I.

M E T A L L A.

— **Æ**S, atque aurum, ferrumque repertum. 'st,
Et simul argenti pondus, plumbique potestas:
Ignis ubi ingenteis sylvas ardore cremarat
Montibus in magnis, seu coeli fulmine misso,
Sive quod inter se bellum silvestre gerentes,
Hostibus intulerant ignem formidinis ergo,
Quicquid id est, quacumque è causa flammeus ardor
Horribili sonitu sylvas exederat altis
Ab radicibus, & terram percoxerat igni,
Manabat venis ferventibus in loca terræ
Concava conveniens argenti rivus & auri,
Æris item & plumbi: quæ cum concreta videbant
Posteriùs claro in terris splendere colore,
Tollebant nitido capti, levique lepore:
Et simili formata videbant esse figura,
Atque lacunarum fuerant vestigia cuique;
Tum penetrabat eos, posse hæc liquefacta calore
Quamlibet in formam, & faciem decurrere rerum:

Now smoothly steers thro' Air his equal Flight,
 Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal Height:
 Then wheeling down the Steep of Heav'n he flies,
 And draws a radiant Circle o'er the Skies.— *Pope.*

Now *Maia's* Son * he cites: with ready Speed
 The God obeys, his Wings adorn his Head:
 He shakes the Virtue of the sleepy Wand,
 And hastens to receive the high Command.

Offspring of *Atlas*, and my Nephew dear,
 Of Hell and Heav'n the common Messenger:
 Who canst alone appear in either Court,
 Free of both Worlds, which own thy glad Resort:
 Wing on the rapid Winds thy Flight above,
 And bear my Message to the haughty *Jove*.

Scarce had he spoke, when, with dispatchful Flight,
 The sacred Envoy gain'd the Realms of Light.—*Hughes.*

M E T A L S.

THEN Brass, and Gold, and Iron too were shewn,
 And Silver's valu'd Weight, and Lead were known:
 When mighty Forests, first, on Mountains high,
 Fierce Fires consum'd:—Or, kindled from the Sky
 By Lightning, or from Man the Flames arose,
 Who thought by Fire to scare his rustic Foes:
 From whate'er Cause the Flames receiv'd their Birth,
 With horrid Cracklings, to their deepest Roots,
 They burnt the Forests up, and scorch'd the Earth.
 Then Streams of Silver, Gold, and Lead, and Brass,
 To where they found prepar'd a hollow Place,
 Ran melted down, and form'd a glitt'ring Mass.
 Soon as Mankind beheld the sparkling Ore,
 Pleas'd with its Shine, each Hollow they explore:
 And there observing, that it shew'd the Frame
 And Figure of the Place from whence it came,
 They judg'd, that run by Heat, 'twou'd take with Eas:,
 Whatever useful Shape or Form they please.

* *Plato.*

H 2

They

Et prorsum quamvis in acuta ac tenuia posse
 Mucronum duci fastigia procudendo :
 Ut sibi tela parent, sylvasque excidere possint,
 Materiem lævare, dolare, ac radere tigna,
 Et terebrare etiam, ac pertundere, perque forare.
 Nec minus argento facere hæc, aurique parabant,
 Quàm validi primùm violentis viribus æris :
 Nequicquam : Quoniam cedebat victa potestas,
 Nec poterat pariter durum sufferre laborem.
 Nam fuit in pretio magis æs, aurumque jacebat,
 Propter inutilitatem hebeti mucrone retusum.
 Nunc jacet æs, aurum in summum successit honorem.
 Sic volvenda ætas commutat tempora rerum :
 Quod fuit in pretio, sit nullo denique honore :
 Porro aliud succedit, & è contemptibus exit,
 Inque dies magis appetitur, florétque repertum
 Laudibus, & miro 'st mortaleis inter honore. —

Lucret. Lib. V.

— Prior æris erat quàm ferri cognitus usus :
 Quò facilis magis est natura, & copia major.
 Ære solum terræ tractabant, æréque belli
 Miscebant fluctus, & volnera vasta ferebant.
 Inde minutatim processit ferreus ensis,
 Versaque in opprobrium species est Falsis ahenæ,
 Et ferro cœpere solum proscindere terræ ;
 Exæquataque sunt creperi certamina belli. — *Ibid.*

— Itum est in viscera terræ :
 Quasque recondiderat, Stygiisque admovent umbris,
 Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum.
 Jamque nocens ferrum, ferroque nocentius aurum
 Prodierat : prodit bellum, quod pugnat utroque,
 Sanguineaque manu crepitantia concutit arma. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

MIDAS.

They found that Blows would to the Metal give
 Sharp Points for Darts, or a keen Edge to cleave
 Their Forest-Trees: they likewise found it fit
 For Tools, to knock, or chop, or pierce, or split,
 To smooth, or hollow Wood, as they should manage it.
 Silver and Gold no less at first were sought,
 Than firmer Brass: till by Experience taught,
 Men found their Strength unequal to the Task,
 And yielding to the Force such Labours ask:
 Then Brass became esteem'd, and chiefly priz'd,
 And Gold was for its blunted Edge despis'd.—
 Now Brass is look'd on as a Thing of Nought;
 And Gold has all the Praise and Honour got.
 Time alters thus the Dignity of Things;
 Some that were long esteem'd and sought, it flings
 Down into low Contempt: makes Others priz'd,
 Which lay for Ages useless and despis'd.—

The Use of Brass e'er that of Steel was found,
 Because 'twas softer, and did more abound:
 Then Ploughs were Brass, and Trumpets heard afar
 Were Brass, and Brass their Weapons for the War.
 Till, by Degrees, oft melting down the Mass,
 Steel Swords were forg'd, which made them scorn the Brass:
 They then began with Steel to cut the Ground,
 And in their Wars steel Weapons gave the Wound.—

Then greedy Mortals, rummaging her Store,
 Dug from Earth's Entrails first the precious Ore,
 (Which next to Hell the prudent Gods had laid)
 And that alluring Ill to Sight display'd.
 Then cursed Steel, and more accursed Gold;
 Gave Mischief Birth, and made that Mischief bold,
 And double Death did wretched Man invade,
 By Steel assaulted, and by Gold betray'd.— *Dryden.*

M I D A S.

HUIC Deus optandi gratum, sed inutile, fecit
Muneris arbitrium.

Ille malè usurus donis, ait, Effice, quicquid
Corpore contigero, fulvum vertatur in aurum.
Annuit optatis : nocituraque munera solvit
Liber : & indoluit, quod non meliora petisset.

Lætus abit : gaudetque malo Beretynthius heros :
Pollicitamque fidem tangendo singula tentat.
Vixque sibi credens, non alta fronde virentem
Ilice detrahit virgam : virga aurea facta est.
Tollit humo saxum : saxum quoque palluit auro.
Contigit & glebam : contactu gleba potenti
Massa fit. Arentes Cereris decerpit aristas :
Aurea messis erat. Dentum tenet arbore pomum :
Hesperidas donasse putes. Si postibus altis
Admovit digitos : postes radiare videntur.
Ille etiam liquidis palmas ubi laverat undis,
Unda fluens palmis Danaën eludere posset.

Vix spes ipse suas animo capit, aurea fingens
Omnia. Gaudenti mensas posuere ministri
Exstructas dapibus, nec tostæ frugis egentes,
Tum verò, sive ille sua Cerealia dextra
Munera contigerat, Cerealia dona rigeant.

M I D A S.

TO him the * God: _____
 With what Thou wilt, and all thy Wish enjoy.
 A gen'rous Offer! tho' but ill bestow'd
 On One whose Choice so wrong a Judgment shew'd,
 Grant me, says he, (nor thought he ask'd too much)
 That with my Body whatsoe'er I touch,
 Chang'd from the Nature which it held of old,
 May be converted into yellow Gold.
 He had his Wish: but yet the God repin'd,
 To think the Fool no better Wish could find.

In Thought compleatly blest, he leaves the Place,
 With Smiles of Gladness sparkling in his Face:
 Nor could contain, but, as he took his Way,
 Impatient, longs to make the first Essay.
 Down from a lowly Branch a Twig he drew,
 The Twig strait glitter'd with a golden Hue.
 He takes a Stone: the Stone was turn'd to Gold:
 A Clod he touches: and the crumbling Mold
 Acknowledg'd soon the transmutating Power,
 In Weight and Substance a rich Lump of Ore.
 He pluck'd the Corn: and strait his Grasp appears
 Fill'd with a bending Tuft of golden Ears.
 An Apple next he takes: and seems to hold
 The bright *Hesperian* vegetable Gold.
 His Hand he careless on a Pillar lays:
 With shining Gold the Pillar seems to blaze:
 And while he washes, as the Servants pour,
 His Touch converts the Stream to *Danae's* Show'r.

To see these Miracles so finely wrought,
 Fires with transporting Joy his giddy Thought.
 The ready Slaves prepare a sumptuous Board,
 Spread with rich Dainties for their happy Lord:
 Whose pow'rful Hands the Bread no sooner hold,
 But its whole Substance is transform'd to Gold.

* *Baschus* to *Midas*.

Sive dapes avido convellere dente parabat,
 Lamina fulva dapes admoto dente pitebant,
 Miscuerat puris auctorem muneris undis,
 Fusile per rictus aurum fluitare videres.

Attonitus novitate mali, divésque, miserque
 Effugere optat opes : & quæ modo voverat, odit,
 Copia nulla famem relevat : sitis arida guttur
 Urit, & invisio meritis torquetur ab auro.
 Ad coelúmque manus, & splendida brachia tollens,
 Da veniam, Lenæe pater ; peccavimus, inquit :
 Sed miserere, precor, speciosóque eripe damno.

Mite Deúm numen Bacchus peccasse fatentem
 Restituit, pactámque fidem data munera solvit. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. XI.

VIA LACTEA.

EST Via sublimis, coelo manifesta sereno :
 Lactea nomen habet : candore notabilis ipso.
 Hac iter est Superis ad magni testa Tonantis,
 Regalémque domum. — *Ovid. Met. Lib. I.*

Nec quærendus erit : visus incurrit in ipsos
 Sponte sua, sêque ipse docet, cogitque notari.
 Námque in cæruleo candens nitet orbita mundo,
 Ceu missura diem subito, coelúmque recludens,
 Ac veluti viridis discernit semita campos,

Quam

Up to his Mouth he lifts the sav'ry Meat,
Which turns to Gold as he attempts to eat:
His Patron's noble Juice! of purple Hue,
Touch'd by his Lips, a gilded Cordial grew:
Unfit for drink, and wondrous to behold,
It trickles from his Jaws a fluid Gold.

The rich poor Fool, confounded with Surprise,
Starving in all his various Plenty lies:
Sick of his Wish, he now detests the Pow'r,
For which he ask'd so earnestly before:
Amidst his Gold with pinching Famine curst,
And justly tortur'd with an equal Thirst.
At last his shining Arms to Heav'n he rears,
And in Distress, for Refuge, flies to Pray'rs.
O, Father *Bacchus*! I have sinn'd! he cry'd,
And foolishly thy gracious Gift apply'd!
Thy Pity now, repenting, I implore!
Oh! may I feel the golden Plague no more!

The hungry Wretch, his Folly thus confess't,
Touch'd the kind Deities good-natur'd Breast:
The gentle God annull'd his first Decree,
And from the cruel Compact set him free. — *Croxall.*

MILKY WAY.

A Way there is, extending far on high,
Clear to the View in an unclouded Sky;
The Place, for it's distinguish'd Whiteness fam'd,
By Men below the *Milky Way* is nam'd.
The bright Immortals tread this heav'nly Road
To *Jove's* high Court, the *Thunderer's* Abode. — *Sewell alt.*

Nor with enquiring Eyes need we survey
The distant Skies, to find the *Milky Way*:
By All it must be seen: for, ev'ry Night,
It forcibly intrudes upon the Sight,
And will be mark'd: there shining Streaks adorn
The Skies, as op'ning to let forth the Morn;

Or,

Quam terit assiduo, renovans iter orbita tractu,
 Inter divisas æqualibus est via parteis.
 Ut freta canescunt sulcum ducente carina,
 Accipiuntque viam fluctus spumantibus undis,
 Candidus in nigro lucet sic limes Olympo,
 Cæruleum findens ingenti lumine mundum.

Nec mihi celanda est famæ vulgata vetustas,
 Mollior è niveo lactis fluxisse liquorem
 Pectore reginæ divûm; cœlûmque colore
 Infecisse suo: quâ propter Læteus orbis
 Dicitur, & nomen causa descendit ab ipsa. — *Manil. L. I.*

MINERVA. PALLAS.

— **T** Ritonia casside fulva
 Cælatur Typhona gerit, qui, summa peremptus,
 Ima parte viget, moriens & parte superstes.
 Hastaque terribili surgens per nubila gyro
 Instar habet sylvæ: tantum stridentia colla
 Gorgonos obtentu pallæ fulgentis inumbrat. —

Claud. Rapt. Prof. II.

Ægidaque horrificam, turbatæ Palladis arma,
 Certatim squamis serpentum aurôque polibant:
 Connexosque angues, ipsamque in pectore Divæ
 Gorgona, defecto vertentem lumina collo. —

Virg. Æn. Lib. VIII.

Illa forte die castæ de more puellæ,
 Vertice supposito, festas in Palladis arces
 Pura coronatis portabant sacra canistris. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

At sibi dat clypeum, dat acutæ cuspidis hastam:
 Dat galeam capiti: defenditur ægide pectus:
 Percussamque sua simulat de cuspidis terram
 Prodere cum baccis foetum canentis olivæ.

Ovid. Met. L. VI.

AVARUS.

Or, as a beaten Path, that spreads between
 A trodden Meadow, and divides the Green:
 Or, as when Seas are plow'd, behind the Ship
 White Foam rolls o'er the Surface of the Deep.
 In Heav'n's dark Arch this Way distinguish'd lies,
 And with it's Brightness parts the azure Skies.
 Fame says, (nor shall with me the Fable die,)
 That *Juno's* Breast, o'erflowing, stain'd the Sky,
 And left that Whiteness : whence it justly draws
 The Name of *Milky* from the *Milky Cause*.— *Greenb. alt.*

MINERVA. PALLAS.

HIGH on her Helmet, menacing before,
 The horrid *Typhon's* Form *Minerva* bore :
 Tho' slain above, below the Monster lives,
 Dies in this Part, and in this Part survives.
 Pointed with polish'd Steel, her weighty Spear,
 Rose like a lofty Beam, erect in Air :
 Whilst o'er her Shield, which bore the *Gorgon's* Head,
 With friendly Care her shining Robe she spread.—*Hughes.*

————— They carve in Gold,
 With Scales of Serpents, angry *Pallas'* Shield,
 The dreadful *Aegis* : and the twisted Snakes,
 And in the Goddess' Breast the *Gorgon's* Head,
 Turning it's Eyes, and terrible in Death.—— *Trap.*

'Twas now the Feast when each *Athenian* Maid
 Her yearly Homage to *Minerva* paid :
 In Canisters, with Garlands cover'd o'er,
 High on their Heads their mystic Gifts they bore.—*Addis.*

Herself she blazons with a glitt'ring Spear,
 And crested Helm that veil'd her braided Hair,
 And Shield, and Breast Plate, Implements of War.
 Struck with her pointed Lance, the teeming Earth
 Seem'd to produce a new surprizing Birth :
 When, from the Glebe, the Pledge of Conquest sprung,
 A Tree, pale-green, with fairest Olives hung.—*Croxall.*
 MISER,

A V A R U S. Vide AVARITIA. MIDAS.

QUò melior servo, quò liberior sit Avarus :
In triviis fixum cùm se demittit ob assem,
Non video : nam qui cupiet, metuet quoque : porro
Qui metuens vivit, liber mihi non erit unquam. —

Hor. Lib. I. Epist. 16.

Tantalus à labris sitiens fugientia captat
Flumina. — Quid rides ? mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur : congestis undique saccis
Indormis inhians, & tamquam parcere sacris
Cogeris, aut pictis tamquam gaudere tabellis.

Nescis quò valeat nummus, quem præbeat usum ?
Panis ematur, olus, vini Sextarius : adde,
Queis humana sibi doleat natura negatis.
An vigilare metu exanimem, noctesque diésque
Formidare malos fures, incendia, servos,
Ne te compilent, fugientes : hoc juvat ? horum
Semper ego optarim pauperrimus esse bonorum. —

Hor. Lib. I. Sat. 1.

Quæsiêris : nostin ? Vestidî prædia ? —cujus ? —
Dives arat Curibus, quantum non milvus oberret :
Hunc ais ? hunc dîs iratis, geniôque sinistro,
Qui quandoque jugum pertusa ad compita figit,
Seriolæ veterem metuens deradere limum,
Ingemit, hoc benè sit : tunicatum cum sale mordens

MISER. See AVARICE. MIDAS.

HOW are the Covetous than Slaves more free,
That basely stoop for ev'ry Pin they see;
I can't imagine: He that still doth crave,
Must fear: and he that fears must be a Slave.—*Creech.*

Poor thirsty *Tantalus*, alas! in vain,
Effays to drink; his Lips the Stream eludes.—
What! dost Thou laugh?—but only change the Name,
Of Thee the Story's told: who, sleepless, brood'st
O'er thy full Bags, and gaping still for more,
Ne'er touchest what Thou hast; as to the Gods
'Twere consecrate, or only pictur'd Gold.

Dost Thou not know the Good, the Use of Wealth?
'Twill buy thee Bread, or Herbs, a Pint of Wine,
Or any Thing that Nature's Wants require.
But, Day and Night to be an anxious Wretch,
Always upon the Guard, in fear of Thieves,
And Fire, and Servants that may pilfer from Thee:—
Is this the Good of Wealth?—If so it be,
Then grant, kind Heav'n! I may be ever poor!—

Say, dost thou know *Vellidius*?—Who, the Wretch
Whose Lands beyond the *Sabines* largely stretch:
A Length of Country, which a sailing Kite
Can scarce fly over in a Day and Night?
Him dost thou mean, who spight of all his Store,
Is ever craving, and will still be poor:
Born with the Curse and Anger of the Gods,
And hated by the *Genius* he defrauds?
At Harvest-home, and on the Sheering Day,
When he should Thanks to *Pan* and *Pales* pay,
And better *Ceres*: trembling to approach
The little Barrel, which he fears to broach:
H' essays the Wimble, draws it often back,
And deals to thirsty Servants but a Smack.

To

110 PECUNIA. OPES. DIVITIÆ.

Cæpe, & farratam, pueris plaudentibus, ollam,
Pannosam faciem morientis sorbet acceti.——

Perf. Sat. IV.

Non bibit inter aquas, poma aut pendentia carpit,
Tantalus infelix quem sua vota premunt.
Divitis hæc magni facies erit omnia cernens
Qui timet, & sicca concoquit ore famem.——

Petron. Arb.

Pauper Opimius argenti positi intus, & auri,
Qui Vejentanum festis potare diebus
Campanâ solitus trullâ, vappâmq; profestis:
Quondam lethargo grandi est oppressus: ut hæres
Jam circum loculos, & claves, lætus ovânsque
Curreret. Hunc medicus, multùm celer atque fidelis,
Excitat hoc pacto: mensam poni jubet, atque
Effundi saccos nummorum: accedere plures
Ad numerandum: hominem sic erigit: addit & illud,
Ni tua custodis, avidus jam hæc auferet hæres.
Men' vivo? Ut vivas igitur, vigila: hoc age. Quid vis?
Deficient inopem venæ te, ni cibus, atque
Ingens accedat stomacho fultura ruenti.
Tu cessas? agedum, fume hoc ptisanarium oryzae.
Quanti emptæ? Parvo. Quanti ergo? Octo assibus. Eheu!
Quid refert, morbo, an furtis, pereâmnè rapinis?——

Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 3.

PECUNIA. OPES. DIVITIÆ.

— **I**Nter nos sanctissima divitiarum
Majestas: etsi, funesta pecunia, templo

Nondum

MONEY. RICHES. WEALTH. 111

To a short Meal he makes a tedious Grace,
Before the Barley-Pudding comes in place:
Then bids fall on :—himself, for saving Charges,
A peel'd slic'd Onion eats, and tipples Verjuice.—*Dryden.*

Unhappy *Tantalus*, amidst the Flood,
Where floating Apples on the Surface stood,
Eager pursues them with a longing Eye,
Yet can nor Thirst, nor Hunger satisfy.
Such is the Miser's Fate, who curs'd with Wealth,
Amidst his endless Treasure starves himself.—

Opimius, (who amidst his shining Store
Was still in Want, and miserably poor,
Who on Feast Days did wretch'd Wine provide
In earthen Jugs, and Lees on all beside :)
Lay in a Lethargy : all Hope was gone ;
And now his joyful Heir ran up and down,
And seiz'd the Keys, and Chests, as all his own.
A friendly Doctor came, and this Design
He us'd for Cure : he brought a Table in,
And order'd some to tumble o'er his Coin.
This rouz'd him :—Then he cries, Sir, you're undone :
Wake, Sir, and watch ; or else your Money's gone :
Your Heir will seize it. *What, while I'm alive ?*
Then wake and show it, Sir : Come, come revive.
What must I do ? Why really, Sir, you'll die,
Unless your Strength you instantly supply
With proper Food : Eat, Sir : What ! are you loth ?
Pray take this little Mefs of Barly-Broth.
What does it cost ? Not much, upon my Word.
How much pray ? Why, two Groats. *Two Groats ! Oh*
'Tis the same Thing to me to be undone [Lord !
By Sicknefs, Thieves, or Physick : I'll have none.—*Creech alt.*

MONEY. RICHES. WEALTH.

GOLD is the greatest God : tho' yet we see
No Temples rais'd to Money's Majesty,

No

Nondum habitas, nullas nummorum ereximus aras,
 Ut colitur Pax, atque Fides, Victoria, Virtus,
 Concordia. ————— *Juv. Sat. I,*

————— Vis rectè vivere? quis non?
 Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omiſſis
 Hoc age deliciis. Virtutem verba putas, ut
 Lucum ligna? —————
 Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera? porro
 Tertia succedant, & quæ pars quadret acervum.
 Scilicet uxorem cum dote, fidemque & amicos,
 Et genus & formam Regina Pecunia donat:
 Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque. —————

Hor. Lib. I. Epist. 6.

Vilius Argentum est auro, Virtutibus aurum.
 O Cives, cives, quærenda Pecunia primum est:
 Virtus post nummos; hæc Janus summus ab imo
 Perdocet: hæc recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,
 Lævo suspensi loculos, tabulamque lacerto. —————

Hor. Lib. I. Epist. 1.

Quisquis habet nummos, secura navigat aura,
 Fortunamque suo temperet arbitrio.
 Uxorem ducat Danaën, ipsumque licebit
 Acrisium jubeat credere, quod Danaën.
 Carmina componat, declamet, concrepet omnes
 Et peragat causas, sitque Catone prior.
 Jurisconsultus, paret, non paret, habeto,
 Atque esto quicquid Servius & Labeo.
 Multa loquor. Quidvis nummis presentibus opta,
 Et veniet: clausum possidet arca Jovem. —————

Petron. Arb.

Non

No Altars fuming to her Pow'r divine,
Such as to Valour, Peace and Virtue shine,
And Faith, and Concord. — *Dryden.*

Wouldst thou live well ? who'd not ? then quickly strive,
And now since Virtue only this can give,
Leave all thy false Delights, and that pursue. —
But if the wild Opinion You approve,
That Words make Virtue, just as Trees a Grove :
Then get one thousand Talents, then one more,
And then another, and then square the Store :
For by this Empress Wealth is all bestow'd,
A rich and honest Wife, and ev'ry Good,
Beauty, and Friends, and Nobleness of Blood.
The rich and moneyed Man hath ev'ry Grace,
Persuasion in his Tongue, and *Venus* in his Face. —

Creech alter'd.

The Saying's true, and hath been often told,
Gold excells Silver, heav'nly Virtue Gold. —
O *Romans ! Romans !* Gold must first be sought,
Then Virtue : that's but worth a second Thought.
This is the Tune of ev'ry trading Fool :
Old Men, and ev'ry Boy, repeats this Rule,
That with his Books and Satchel goes to School. — *Creech.*

Whoe'er is wealthy, may securely fail,
For as he wills kind Fortune gives the Gale :
May *Danaë* wed, and rival am'rous *Jove*,
Nay make her * Father Pander to his Love :
May be a Poet, Preacher, Lawyer too,
By bawling win the Cause he does not know,
And beyond *Cato's* Fame for Wisdom go.
To Wealth, the Judge, obedient, gives the Cause,
And, as thou pay'st him, turns and winds the Laws :
Acquire but Riches, and when that is done,
Be whom Thou wilt, *Somers*, or *Littleton*.
Gold governs all : get that, and Thou mayst have
Whate'er thy most unbounded Wishes crave :
In short, whoever is of that posselt,
Has *Jove* himself inclos'd within his Chest. —

* *Acrisius.*

Non domus, & fundus, non æris acervus, & auri,
 Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
 Non animo curas : valeat possessor oportet,
 Si comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.
 Qui cupit aut metuit, juvat illum sic domus, aut res,
 Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagram,
 Auriculas citharæ collectâ sorde dolentes.—

Hor. Lib. I. Epist. 2.

Dii immortales ! aurum obsecro quid valet ?—*Plaut. Aul.*

LUNA.

NEC par aut eadêm nocturnæ forma Dianæ
 Esse potest unquam : semperque hodierna sequente:
 Si crescit, minor est : major, si contrahit orbem.—

Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

—Luna

Sic pontum movet, & terris immittit, & aufert.
 Atque hæc seditio pelagi, nunc fidera Lunæ
 Mota tenent, nunc diverso stimolata recessu,
 Nunc anni spatio Phœbum comitata volantem.—

Manil. Lib. II.

AURORA.

—**E**CCE vigil rutilo patefecit ab ortu
 Purpureas Aurora fores, & plena rosarum
 Atria. Diffugiunt stellæ : quarum agmina cogit
 Lucifer, & cœli statione novissimus exit.—

Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

Postera jamque dies primo surgebat Eoo,
 Humentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram.—

Virg. Æn. Lib. III.

—Jamque

MOON. MORNING. 113

Nor House, nor Lands, nor Heaps of Plate, or Gold,
Can cure a Fever's Heat, or Ague's Cold,
Or free the Mind from Cares. He must have Health,
He must be well, that would enjoy his Wealth,
Whoe'er desires, or fears, diseas'd in Mind,
Wealth profits him as Pictures do the Blind,
Plaisters the gouty Feet, or Musick's Airs
And charming Sounds, the stuff and aking Ears.

Creach alter'd.

O You immortal Gods! what signifies this Money?

MOON.

NOT equal Light th' unequal Moon adorns,
Or in her waxing, or her waning Horns:
For ev'ry Day she wains her Face is less,
But gathering into Globe, she fattens at Increase.—*Dryden.*

The Moon commands the Seas, and drives the Main
Far o'er the Shores, then draws it back again:
But most her Influence agitates the Streams,
When opposite she views her Brother's Beams:
Or, when she near in close Conjunction rides,
She rears the Flood, and swells the flowing Tides:
Or, when attending on his yearly Race,
The Equinoctial sees her borrow'd Face.— *Creach.*

MORNING.

LO! from the rosy East her purple Doors
The Morn unfolds, adorn'd with blushing Flow'rs:
The lessen'd Stars draw off, and disappear,
Whose bright Battalions lastly *Lucifer*.
Brings up, and quits his Station in the Rear.— *Trap.*

Now the Day
Returning, with the Morning Star arose:
And from the Pole *Aurora's* Dawn dispell'd
The dewy Shades.— *Idem.*

— Jamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis. —

Æn. Lib. III.

Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile. —

Ibid.

Jamque rubescebat radiis mare, & æthere ab alto
Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis. —

Æn. Lib. VII.

Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile :
Jam sole infuso, jam rebus luce reiectis. —

Æn. Lib. IX.

— Interea revoluta ruebat
Maturâ jam luce dies, noctemque fugarat. —

Æn. Lib. X.

Aurora interea miseris mortalibus almam
Extulerat lucem, referens opera atque labores. —

Æn. Lib. XI.

Postera vix summos spargebat lumine montes
Orta dies, cum primum alto se gurgite tollunt
Solis equi, lucemque elatis naribus efflant. —

Æn. Lib. XII.

Lux subit : &, primo feriente cacumina sole. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. IX.

Jamque jugis summæ surgebat Lucifer Idæ,
Ducebátque diem. —

Æn. Lib. II.

Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit. —

Æn. L. XI.

— Jam Phœbum urgere monebat
Non idem Eoi color ætheris, albâque nondum
Lux rubet, & flammâs prioribus eripit astris,
Et jam Pleias habet, flexi jam plaustra Boôtæ
In faciem puri redeunt languentia cœli,
Majorésque latent stellæ, calidumque refugit
Lucifer ipse diem. —

Lucan. Lib. II.

Postera Phœbea lustrabat lampade terras
Humentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram. —

Æn. Lib. IV.

— Depulerat stellas Aurora micantes. —

Ovid. Met. VII.

Postera cum primo stellas oriente fugarat
Clara dies. —

Æn. Lib. V.

Admo-

Now ev'ry Star before *Aurora* flies,
Whose glowing Blushes streak the purple Skies.— *Pitt.*

Aurora, from *Titbonus'* Saffron Bed
Now rising, sprinkled o'er the World with Light.— *Trap.*

And now the Ocean redden'd with the Rays :
And in her rosy Car the blushing Morn
Shone from the Sky.— *Id.*

And now *Aurora*, Harbinger of Day,
Rose from the saffron Bed where *Titbon* lay ;
And sprinkled o'er the World with new-born Light :
The Sun now shining, all Things brought to Sight.—

Mean while returning Day roll'd on,
And with it's full-born Light dispell'd the Shades.— *Trap.*

Mean while *Aurora*, with new rising Light,
Restor'd the Cares and Labours of the Day
To wretched Mortals.— *Id.*

The Morn ensuing from the Mountain's Height,
Had scarcely spread the Skies with rosy Light :
Th' Etherial Coursers bounding from the Sea,
From out their flaming Nostrils breath'd the Day.— *Dryd.*

Now Morn begins to dawn : the Sun's bright Fire
Gilds the high Mountains.—

And now, o'er *Ida* with an early Ray,
Flames the bright Star, that leads the golden Day.— *Pitt.*

Mean while *Aurora* rising leaves the Sea.— *Trap.*

Now thro' Night's Shade the early Dawning broke,
And changing Skies the Sun's Approach bespoke :
But yet the Morn was dress'd in dusky White,
Nor purpled o'er the East with ruddy Light.
At length the *Pleiads* fading Beams gave Way,
And dull *Bootes* languish'd into Day :
Each larger Star withdrew his fainting Head,
And *Lucifer* from stronger *Phæbus* fled.— *Rowe.*

The Morn had chac'd the dewy Shades away,
And o'er the World advanc'd the Lamp of Day.— *Pitt.*

The blushing Morn had bid the Stars retreat.— *Gay.*
Soon as the Morn, fresh smiling from the East,
Had put the Stars to flight.—

Admonitorque operum cœlo clarissimus alto
 Lucifer ortus erat. ———— *Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.*
 Jam nitidum retegente diem, noctisque fugante
 Tempora Lucifero. ———— *Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.*
 Ostendit terras Titan, & sidera textit. — *Lucan. L. VIII.*

Jam super Oceanum venit à seniore marito,
 Flava pruinoso quæ vehit axe diem.

Quo properas Aurora? ————
 Nunc juvat in teneris dominæ jacuisse lacertis,
 Si quando lateri nunc bene juncta meo est,
 Nunc etiam somni pingues, nunc fervidus ær,
 Et liquidum tenui gutture cantat avis.

Quo properas ingrata viris, ingrata puellis?
 Roscida purpurea supprime lora manu.

Ante tuos ortus melius sua sidera servat
 Navita, nec media nescit an erret aqua.

Te surgit (quamvis lassus) veniente Viator;
 Miles & armiferas aptat ad arma manus.

Prima subire jubes oneratos arva colonos,
 Prima vocas tardos sub juga panda boves,

Tu pueros somno fraudas, tradisque magistris,
 Ut subeant teneræ verbera sæva manus.

Atque eadem sponsum consulti ante atria mittis,

The rising Morning Star, with glory bright,
Did sluggish Mortals to new Toils invite.—

Now shone the Morning Star in bright Array,
To vanquish Night, and usher in the Day.— *Croxall.*

Now Day's bright Beams the various Earth disclose,
And o'er the fading Stars the Sun arose.— *Rowe.*

Aurora rising from old *Tithon's* Bed,
Does o'er the Eastern Skies her Roses spread.
Stay, beauteous Morning ! whither dost Thou haste ?
Why dost Thou drive thy Chariot on so fast ?
Folded I lie in my dear Mistress' Arms,
And all her Soul is mine, and all her Charms.
I now am to her panting Bosom press'd,
And now, if ever Lover was, am blest'd.
As yet sweet Sleep sits heavy on our Eyes,
And chilling Dews, and Birds forbid to rise.
Stay, beauteous Morning ! for to Lovesick Maids,
And happy Youths, how grateful are these Shades !
Ah stay ! and do not from the blushing East,
With dawning Glories break our balmy Rest !
When Night's black Mantle does those Glories hide,
The Pilot by the Stars his Ship can guide ;
And in mid-Sea a certain Course pursue,
As safe, as when he has thy Sun in view.
Thou dost the weary Traveller awake :
Tho' to the Down his heavy Head inclines,
Up he must lift it, for the Morning shines.
The Soldier braces on his brazen Shield,
Quits his warm Tent, and fits him for the Field.
The lab'ring Hind his Harrow takes, or now
Yokes the reluctant Oxen to the Plow.
The Boy half wak'd, and rubbing still his Eyes,
Is loath alike to go to School, or rise :
While o'er his Task, he does imperfect, nod,
He fears the Ferula, and dreads the Rod.
The Bridegroom starting from his Bride's Embrace
Runs to the Lawyer to consult his Case :

Unius ut verbi grandia damna ferat,
 Nec tu consulto, nec tu jucunda diserto es,
 Cogitur ad lites surgere uterque novas.
 Tu, ne sceminei possint cessare lacerti,
 Lanificam revocas ad sua pensa manum.
 Omnia perpeterer, sed surgere mane puellas,
 Quis, nisi cui non est ulla puella, ferat?—

Ovid. Amor. Lib. I. El. 13.

Primum Aurora novo cū spargit lumine terras,
 Et variæ volucres nemora avia pervolitantés,
 Aëra per tenerum liquidis loca vocibus opplent:
 Quàm subito soleat Sol ortus tempore tali
 Convestire sua perfundens omnia luce,
 Omnibus in promptu, manifestūque esse videmus.—

Lucret. Lib. II.

M O N S.

Cuncta gelu canaque æternū grandine tecta,
 Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis
 Ætherii facies, surgentique obvia Phœbo
 Duratus nescit flammis mollire pruinas.
 Quantum Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus
 Ad manes imos atque atræ stagna paludis
 A superâ tellure patet: tam longa per auras
 Erigitur tellus, & cœlum intercipit Umbrâ.
 Nullum ver usquam, nullique Æstatis honores:
 Sola jugis habitat diris, sedesque tuetur
 Perpetuas deformis Hyems: illa undique nubes
 Huc attras agit & mixtos cum grandine nimbos.
 Nam cuncti flatus ventique furentia regna
 Alpina posuere domo, caligat in altis
 Obtutus saxis, abeuntque in nubila montes.—

Sil. Ital. Lib. III.

Quoque

A Word is wanting in the Marriage-Deed,
 And what, to save the Portion, must he plead?
 Now hungry Serjeants quit their tempting Ease,
 To haunt the crowded Courts, and pick up Fees,
 Thy Rise brings Labour to the Female Band,
 And puts the Spindle in the Spinster's Hand.
 Light are these Toils, and little is the Pain
 To rise to work, and rest at Night again:
 But who, that knows Love's dear transporting Joys,
 Can from the Arms of Beauty bear to rise?—*Anon, alter'd.*

Soon as *Aurora* ushers in the Morn,
 And o'er the World displays the dawning Day:
 When Birds of various Kinds fly thro' the Groves,
 And with their warbling Musick fill the Skies;
 How swiftly then, o'er ev'ry Thing alike,
 The rising Sun pours forth his glorious Ray,
 Is known full well, and manifest to All.—

MOUNTAIN.

STIFF with Eternal Ice, and hid in Snow,
 That fell a thousand Centuries agoe,
 The Mountain stands: nor can the rising Sun
 Unfix her Frosts, and teach them how to run.
 Deep, as the dark Infernal Waters lie,
 From the bright Regions of the chearful Sky,
 So far the proud ascending * Rocks invade
 Heav'n's upper Realms, and cast a dreadful Shade:
 No Spring, nor Summer, on the Mountain seen,
 Smiles with gay Fruits, or with delightful Green;
 But hoary Winter, unadorn'd, and bare,
 Dwells in the dire Retreat, and freezes there.
 There she assembles all her blackest Storms,
 And the rude Hail in rattling Tempests forms:
 Thither the loud tumultuous Winds resort,
 And on the Mountain keep their boist'rous Court,
 That in thick Show'rs her rocky Summit shrowds,
 And darkens all the broken View with Clouds,—*Addison.*

* *The Alps.*

From

Quoque magis subiere jugo atque evadere nisi
 Erexere gradum, crescit labor, ardua supra
 Sese aperit, fessis, & nascitur altera moles.— *Ibid.*

L U C T U S pro Mortuis. Vide Dolor. Lamentatio.

PUlvare canitiem genitor vultusque seniles
 Foedat humi fufus : spatiosumque increpat ævum.
 Non mihi si centum Deus ora sonantia linguis,
 Ingeniumque capax, totumque Heliconæ dedisset,
 Tristitia persequerer miserarum dicta sororum.

Immemores decoris liventia pectora tundunt :
 Dumque manet corpus, corpus refoventque foventque :
 Oscula dant ipsi, posito dant oscula lecto.

Post cinerem, cineres haustos ad pectora versant :
 Effusæque jacent tumulo : signataque saxo
 Nomina complexæ, lachrymas in nomina fundunt.
Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

At non Evandrum potis est vis ulla tenere :
 Sed venit in medios : feretro Pallante reposito
 Procumbit super, atque hæret lachrymansque gemensque :
 Et via vix tandem voci laxata dolore est.
 Non hæc, ô Palla, dederas promissa parenti :

From Steep to Steep the Troops advanc'd with Pain,
 In hopes at last the topmost Cliff to gain:
 But still by new Ascents the Mountain grew,
 And a fresh Toil presented to their View, — *Id.*

MOURNING for the Dead. See Grief. Lamentation.

Stretch'd on the Floor the wretched Father lies:
 His hoary Hair, and wrinkled Cheeks, besmear,
 And Heav'n upbraids, that gave him length of Years,
 Had I an hundred Tongues, a Wit so large,
 As could their hundred Offices discharge:
 Had *Phabus* all his *Helicon* bestow'd,
 In all the Streams inspiring all the God:
 Those Tongues, that Wit, those Streams, that God, in
 Would offer to describe his Sister's Pain. [vain
 Their Breasts they beat with many a bruising Blow,
 Till they turn livid, and defile the Snow.
 The Corpse they cherish, while the Corpse remains,
 And fondly chafe with unavailing Pains;
 And when to fun'ral Flames 'tis borne away,
 They kiss the Bed on which the Body lay.
 And when those fun'ral Flames no longer burn,
 (The Dust compos'd within a pious Urn)
 Ev'n in that Urn their Brother they confess,
 And hug it in their Arms, and to their Bosom press.
 His Tomb is rais'd: then stretch'd along the Ground,
 Those living Monuments his Tomb surround:
 Ev'n to his Name, inscrib'd, their Tears they pay,
 And Kisses almost wear his Name away. — *Dryden.*

But King *Evander* by no friendly Force
 Could be restrain'd: Distracted thro' the Midst
 He rushes, falls on *Pallas'* breathless Corpse
 Stretch'd on the standing Bier, and clinging close
 Hugs him with Groans and Tears: At length his Words,
 Long choak'd with Grief, a painful Passage found.
 Not such, O *Pallas!* was thy Promise giv'n
 To thy unhappy Sire: that with Reserve,

And

Cautius ut sævo velles te credere Marti,
 Primitiæ juvenis miserae, bellique propinqui
 Dura rudimenta, & nulli exaudita Deorum
 Vota, precésque meæ! tuque ô sanctissime conjux,
 Felix morte tuâ, neque in hunc servata dolorem!
 Contra ego vivendo vici mea fata, superstes
 Restarem ut genitor. —

Æn. Lib. XI.

Canitiem immundo deformat pulvere, & ambas
 Ad cœlum tendit palmas, & corpore inhæret. —

Æn. Lib. X.

— Cùm corpora nondum
 Conclamata jacent, nec mater crine soluto
 Exigit ad sævos famularum brachia planctus:
 Sed cùm membra premit fugiente rigentia vitâ,
 Vultusque exanimes, oculosque in morte minaces:
 Necdum est ille dolor, sed jam metus incubat amens,
 Miraturque malum. —

Lucan. Lib. II.

Quid porro tumultis opus est? aut ulla requiris
 Instrumenta, dolor? non toto pectore portas
 Impia Pompeium? non imis hæret imago
 Visceribus? quærat cineres victura superstes. —

Lucan. Lib. IX.

L U C T U S Publicus.

ALTA jacet Calydon, lugent juvenésque senésque,
 Vulgusque, procerésque gemunt: scissæque capillos
 Planguntur matres. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

—It

And Caution, thou would'st trust the bloody Field.
 O dire First-Fruits of War!—ill-fated Youth!—
 Mournful Beginnings!—and my Pray'rs and Vows
 Unheard by all the Powers divine!—And Thou,
 Celestial Saint, dear Partner of my Bed,
 Bless'd in thy Death! nor to this Woe reserv'd!
 I by a disproportion'd Length of Life
 Usurp on Nature, and survive my Son.—— *Trap.*

With Dust he soils
 His hoary Hair, and stretches both his Hands
 To Heav'n: and clinging hugs the bloody Coarse.—— *Id.*

So when some gen'rous Youth resigns his Breath,
 And parting sinks in the last Pangs of Death;
 With ghastly Eyes, and many a lift-up Hand,
 Around his Bed the still Attendants stand:
 No Tongue as yet presumes his Fate to tell,
 Nor speaks aloud the solemn last Farewell.
 As yet the Mother by her Darling lies,
 Nor breaks, lamenting, into frantic Cries:
 And tho' he stiffens in her fond Embrace,
 His Eyes are set, and deadly pale his Face,
 Horror a while prevents the swelling Tear:
 Nor is her Passion Grief, as yet, but Fear.
 In one fix'd Posture motionless she keeps,
 And wonders at her Woe before she weeps.—— *Rowe.*

But why should Tombs be built, or Urns be made?
 Does Grief like mine require their feeble Aid?
 Is he not lodg'd, poor Wretch! within thy Heart,
 And fix'd in every dearest vital Part?
 O'er Monuments surviving Wives may grieve,
 She ne'er will need them, who disdains to live.—— *Id.*

MOURNING (Public.)

PROUD *Calydon* is overwhelm'd with Woe,
 And Tears from Young and Old unbounded flow: }
 All Ranks alike excessive Sorrow show.
 Their Breasts the rev'rend Matrons beat, and tare
 With loud Laments, their long dishevell'd Hair.——

—— Loud

It clamor ad alta

Atria: —

Lamentis, gemituque, & foemineo ululatu

Tecta fremunt, resonat magnis plangoribus aether. — *Æn. IV.*

Jam vero in tectis prædivitis urbe Latini

Præcipuus fragor, & longe pars maxima luctus.

His matres, miseræque nurus, hic cara fororum

Pectora moerentum, puerique parentibus orbi

Dirum execrantur bellum. — *Æn. Lib. XI.*

Filia prima manu flavos Lavinia crines

Et roseas lanceata genas, tum cætera circum

Turba furit: resonant late plangoribus ædes.

Hinc totam infelix vulgatur fama per urbem.

Demittunt mentes: it scissa veste Latinos,

Conjugis attonitus fati, urbisque ruina,

Canitiem immundo perfusam pulvere turpans. —

Æn. Lib. XII.

Interea totis audito funere Magni

Littoribus sonnit percussus planctibus aether.

Sed magis, ut visa est lachrymis exhausta, solutas

In vultus effusa comas Cornelia puppe

Egrediens, rursus geminato verberare plangunt. —

Lucan. Lib. IX.

— Ferale per urbem

Iustitium: latuit plebeio tectus amictu

Omnis honos: nullos comitata est purpura fasces.

— Cultus matrona priores

Deposuit: mœstæque tenent delubra catervæ.

Hæ lachrymis sparsere Deos, hæ pectora duro

Afflixere solo: lacerasque in limine sacro

Attonitæ fudere comas: vocisque vocari

Assuetas crebris feriunt ululatibus aures.

— Loud Cries ascend the vaulted Roof:
With shrill Laments, with Groans, and female Shrieks
The Houses ring: and Wailings fill the Sky.— *Trap.*

But most of all in King *Latinus*' Court,
And in the royal City, Sorrow reigns,
And wildest Consternation: Aged Dames,
And hapless Brides, and Sisters drown'd in Tears,
And wretched Orphans, curse the wasteful War.— *Trap.*

— The royal Maid *Lavinia* first
Her rosy Cheeks, and beauteous Tresses tares:
Then all the rest run madding round the Court:
And with loud Shrieks the spacious Palace rings.
Hence the dire Fame o'er all the City spreads:
Their Spirits sink.— Confounded at the Fates,
His City's Ruin, and his Consort's Death,
With Garments rent, *Latinus* goes, and all
With Dust deforms his hoary ruffled Hair.— *Id.*

Mean time the Shores, the Seas, and Skies around,
With mournful Cries for *Pompey*'s Death resound.
But when the sad *Cornelia* first appear'd,
When on the Deck her forrowing Head she rear'd,
Her Locks hung rudely o'er the Matron's Face,
With all the Pomp of Grief's disorder'd Grace:
When they beheld her, wasted quite with Woe,
And spent with Tears, that never cease to flow,
Again they feel their Loss, again complain,
And Heav'n and Earth ring with their Cries again.— *Rowe.*

Justice suspends her Course in mournful *Rome*,
And all the noisy Courts at once are dumb:
No Honours shine in the distinguish'd Weed,
Nor Rods the purple Magistrate preced.
The Matrons sad, their rich Attire lay by,
And to the Temples madly crouding fly:
Some on the Shrines their gushing Sorrows pour,
Some dash their Breasts against the marble Floor:
Some on the sacred Thresholds rend their Hair,
And seek the Gods with Cries instead of Pray'r.

Nor

Nec cunctæ summi templo jacuere Tonantis: I

Divisere Deos. *Lucan. Lib. II.*

MUNIFICENTIA. Vide Hospitalitas. Præmia.

Copia cum facta est adeundi prima tyranni,
Velamenta manu prætendens supplicet:—

—petit urbe vel agro

Se juvet.—Hunc contra placido Trachinius ore

Talibus alloquitur: Mediæ quoque commoda plebi—

Nostra patent, Peleu: nec inhospita regna tenemus.

—Nec tempora perde precando:

Quod petes omne feres. Tuaque hac pro parte videto,

Qualiacunque vides. Utinam meliora videres!—

Ovid. Met. Lib. XI.

Quæ postquam Vates sic ore effatus amico est:

Dona dehinc auro gravia sectoque elephanto

Imperat ad naves ferri: stipatque carinis

Ingens argentum, Dodonæosque lebetas,

Loricam confertam hamis, auróque trilecem:

Et conum insignis galeæ, cristasque comantes,

Arma Neoptolemi. Sunt & sua dona parenti.

Addit equos, additque duces.

Remigium supplet: socios simul instruit armis.—

Virg. Æn. Lib. III.

Nec minus Andromache, digressu mœsta supremo,

Fert picturatas auri subtemine vestes,

Et Phrygiam Ascanio chlamydem: nec cedit honori:

Texilibusque onerat donis.—

Ibid.

Prosequitur Rex, & dat munus ituris:

Anchisæ sceptrum, chlamydémque pharetrámque nepoti:

Cratera Æneæ: quem quondam miserat illi

Hospes ab Aoniis Therseus Ismenius oris.

Nec

Nor *Jove* receiv'd the mournful Suppliants all,
In ev'ry Fane, on ev'ry Pow'r they call. *Ros.*

MUNIFICENCE. See Hospitality. Rewards.

HE, suppliant, in the royal Presence stands,
With Boughs of peaceful Olive in his Hands:
And begs the King some Town, or Field to give,
Where they may safe, his faithful Vassals live.
Beneficent, and with a pleasing Look,
In Answer, thus the *Trachin* Monarch spoke:
The Wretched to assist I ne'er disdain,
Nor over Realms unhospitable reign:
All you can wish I grant: Intreaties spare: [*Cross all* ah,
Whate'er you see, (and wou'd 'twere better!) share.——

When thus the friendly Prophet had foretold,
He sent rich Gifts of Elephant, and Gold:
Within our Navy's Sides large Treasures stow'd,
And brazen Cauldrons, that refulgent glow'd.
He sent with these, a glitt'ring Coat of Mail,
With many a golden Clasp, and golden Scale:
A radiant Helm, whose beauteous Summit bore
A waving Plume; the Helm that *Pyrrhus* wore.
My Father too with costly Gifts he loads,
And Sailors he supplies to stem the Floods,
And gen'rous Steeds, and Arms to all my Train,
With skilful Guides to lead us o'er the Main.—— *Pittale.*

Nor less *Andromache*, with sad Farewell,
Brings to *Ascanius* Robes all wrought in Gold
With various Colours, and a *Phrygian* Cloak:
Loads him with rich embroider'd Vestments, nought
Inferior in her Presents.—— *Trap.*

Attending on their Way, the gen'rous Prince
Dismiss'd his Guests with rich Munificence;
In old *Anchises'* Hand a Scepter plac'd:
A Vest and Quiver young *Ascanius* grac'd:
His Sire, a Cup: which from th' *Aonian Coast*
Ismerian Thyrses sent his royal Host.

Nec leviora datis Trojani dona remittunt:
 Dantque sacerdoti custodem thuris acerram:
 Dant pateram, clarâmq; auro gemmisque coronam.—
Ovid. Met. Lib. XIII.

GENTIUM Varietas.

— **I**N varias leges, variâsq; figuras
 Dispositum genus est hominum, propriôq; colore
 Formantur gentes, sociatâque jurâ per artus
 Materiâmq; parem privato foedere signant.
 Flava per ingentes surgit Germania partus.
 Gallia vicino nimis est infecta rubore.
 Asperior solidos Hispania contrahit artus.
 Martia Romanis orbis pater induit ora:
 Gradivûmq; suum miscens bene temperat artus.
 Pérque coloratas subtilis Græcia gentes
 Gymnasium præfert vultu, fortésque palæstras:
 Et Syriam produnt torti per tempora crines.
 Æthiopes maculant orbem, terrâsq; figurant.
 Perfusas hominum gentes minus India tollas
 Progenerat, mediûmq; facit moderata tenorem.
 Jam prior tellûsq; natans Ægyptia Nilo
 Lenius irriguis infuscat corpora campis.
 Pœnus arenosis Aphrorum pulvere terris
 Exiceat populos, & Mauritania nomen
 Oris habet, titulûmq; suo fert ipsa colore.

Adde sonos totidem vocum, totidem insere linguas,
 Et mores, pro forte pares, ritûsq; locorum.

Manil. Lib. IV.

Omnis in Arctoïs populus quicunque pruinis
 Nascitur, indomitus bellis, & mortis amator.
 Quicquid ad Eoos tractus, mundique teporem
 Labitur, emollit gentes clementia cœli.

NATIONS Different.

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Nor less Expence the *Trojan* Gifts express'd :
A fuming Censer for the royal Priest ;
A Chalice, and a Crown of princely Cost,
With ruddy Gold and sparkling Gems emboss'd. — *Catcott.*

NATIONS Different.

IN diff'rent Nations diff'rent Men we view,
That vary in their Shape, or in their Hue :
The Matter's common, and in all the same,
But private Stamps distinctly mark the Frame.
Large yellow Offspring are the *German's* Pride,
While neigh'ring *France* with Red is deeply dy'd.
Slim are the People that inhabit *Spain*,
The Muscles there a firmer Texture gain.
Th' *Italians* shew a sweet but manly Grace,
And temper'd *Mars* appears in ev'ry Face ;
But active *Greece* produceth finer Parts,
Their Looks betray their Exercise and Arts.
Short curl'd up Hair the Sons of *Syria* grace :
And Blackness stains the *Ethiopian's* Face :
Less *India* blackens, less deforms the Mass,
There blended Colours make a tawny Face,
Whilst *Egypt's* slimy Plains affect the Sight
With brighter Colours, and approach to White.
Parch'd *Lybia* burns her Sons : the vilest Shapes
She shews, and scarce divides her Men from Apes :
While *Mauritania* doth disgust the Eye,
(Her Name bespeaks it,) with the blackest Dye.

Tho' Organs form'd alike each Speech employs,
What diff'rent Languages confound the Voice !
What diff'rent Virtues reign, what diff'rent Crimes ?
Men's Manners are as various as the Climes. — *Creech alt.*

In cold laborious Climes the wintry North
Brings her undaunted hardy Warriors forth :
In Body and in Mind untaught to yield,
Stubborn of Soul, and steady in the Field.
But *Asia's* softer Climate, form'd to please,
Dissolves her Sons in Indolence and Ease.

Illic & laxas vestes, & fluxa virorum
 Velamenta vides: Parthus per Medica rura
 Sarmaticos inter campos, effusâque plano
 Tigridis arva solo, nulli superabilis hosti est
 Libertate fugæ: sed non, ubi terra tumebit,
 Aspera conscendet montis juga, nec per opacas
 Bella geret tenebras incerto debilis arcu,
 Nec franget nando violenti vorticis amnem,
 Nec tota in pugna perfusus sanguine membra
 Exiget æstivum calido sub pulvere solem.
 Non aries illis, non ulla est machina belli:
 Haud fossas implere valent: Parthoque sequente
 Murus erit, quodcunque potest obstare sagittæ.
 Pugna levis, bellumque fugax, turmæque vagantes,
 Et melior cessisse loco, quam pellere, miles.
 Illita tela dolis, nec Martem cominus unquam
 Ausa pati virtus, sed longè tendere nervos,
 Et, quò ferre velint, permittere vulnera ventis.
 Ensis habet vires, & gens, quæcunque virorum est,
 Bella gerit gladiis: nam Medos prælia prima
 Exarman, vacuæque jubent remeare pharetræ.
 Nulla manus illis, fiducia tota veneni est.——

Lucan. Lib. VIII.

NATURA Paucis Contenta. Vide MEDIOCRITAS.

O Miseras hominum menteis! O pectora cæca!
 Qualibus in tenebris vitæ, quantisque periclis
 Degitur hoc ævi, quodcunque 'st! nonnè videre
 Nil aliud sibi Naturam latrare, nisi ut, cùm

Corpore

Here filken Robes invest enervate Limbs,
And in long Trains the flowing Purple streams.

Where no rude Hills *Sarmatia's* Wilds restrain,
Nor rushing *Tigris* cuts the level Plain,
Swifter than Winds along the Champian born,
The *Partians* fly with Ease, or fight, or turn,
And distant still the vain Pursuer scorn.

Not with like Ease they force their warlike Way,
Where rough unequal Grounds their Speed delay.

When-e'er the thicker Shades of Night arise,
Unaim'd their Shaft, and unavailing, flies:

Nor are they form'd with Constancy, to meet
Those Toils that make the panting Soldier sweat:

To climb the Heights, to stem the rapid Flood,
To make the dusty Noon-day Battle good,
Horrid in Wounds, and cruised o'er with Blood.

Nor Wars Machines they know, nor have the Skill
To shake the Rampire, or the Trench to fill:

Each Fence that can their winged Shafts endure,
Stands, like a Fort impregnable, secure.

Light are their Skirmishes, their War is Flight,
And still to wheel their wav'ring Troops delight.

To taint their coward Darts is all their Care,
And then to trust them to the flitting Air:

When e'er their Bows have spent the feather'd Store,
The mighty Business of their War is o'er.

No manly Strokes they try, nor Hand to Hand
With cleaving Sword in manly Combat stand.

With Swords the Valliant still their Foes invade;
These call in Drugs and Poisons to their Aid.—

Rowe.

NATURE Content with Little. See MEDIOCRITY.

O Wretched Man! in what a Mist of Life,
Inclos'd with Dangers, and with noisy Strife,
He spends his little Span! and over-feeds
His cram'd Desires with more than Nature needs!

K 3

For

Corpore sejunctus dolor absit, mente fruatur
 Jucundo sensu, cura semotu, metuque!
 Ergo corpoream ad naturam pauca videmus
 Esse opus omnino, quæ demant quemque dolorem:
 Delicias quoque uti nullas substernere possint
 Gratius interdum neque Natura ipsa requirit.

Lucr. Lib. II.

— O prodiga rerum
 Luxuries, nunquam parvo contenta paratu,
 Et quæditorum terrâ, pelagique ciborum
 Ambitiosa fames, & lautæ gloria mensæ!
 Discite, quam parvo liceat producere vitam,
 Et quantum Natura petat.

Lucan. Lib. IV.

Omnia quæ miseras possunt finire querelas,
 In promptu voluit candidus esse Deus.
 Vile olus & duris hærentia mora rubetis
 Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem.
 Flumine vicino stultus sitit, & riget Euro,
 Cum calidus tepido consonat igne rogos.
 Lex armata sedet circum fera limina nuptæ,
 Nil metuit licito fusa puella toro:
 Quod satiare potest, dives Natura ministrat:
 Quod docet infrenis Gloria sine caret.

Petron. Arb.

Cumque sui parvos usus Natura reposcat,
 Materiam struimus magnæ per vota ruinæ:
 Luxuriâque lucris emimus, luxûque rapinas:
 Et summum precium census est effundere censum.

Manil. Lib. IV.

Vivitur exiguo melius: natura beatis
 Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.

Hæc

For Nature wisely stints our Appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd Delight,
Which Minds unmixt with Cares and Fears obtain;
A Soul serene, a Body void of Pain.

So little this corporeal Frame requires,
So bounded are our natural Desires,
That wanting all, and setting Pain aside,
With bare Privation Sense is satisfy'd. — Dryden.

Behold! Ye Sons of Luxury, behold!
Who scatter in Excess your lavish Gold:
You who the Wealth of frugal Ages waste,
T' indulge a wanton supercilious Taste:
For whom all Earth, all Ocean are explor'd,
To spread the various proud voluptuous Board:
Behold how little thrifty Nature craves! — Rowe.

What-e'er can Nature's real Wants relieve,
Th' indulgent Gods with kind Profusion give.
The Olive freely yields its wild Repast,
And ev'ry Bry'r presents a rural Feast.
Mad must he be, who'd thirst beside a Stream,
Or freeze, while *Phæbus* gives his glowing Beam.
Around the nuptial Bed arm'd Laws appear:
Yet the chaste Bride indulges without Fear.
Each useful Blessing bounteous Heav'n bestows;
But Pride's insatiate Lust, no Limits knows. — Addison junr.

But Heav'n is kind, with bounteous Hand it grants
A fit Supply for Nature's sober Wants:
She asks not much, yet Men press blindly on,
And heap up more, to be the more undone:
By Luxury they Rapine's Force maintain,
What that scrapes up, flows out in Luxury again:
And to be squander'd at a senseless Rate,
Seems now the only Use of an Estate. — Creech alter'd.

The best and wisest on a little live:
Nature to every one does kindly give.
The Means of Happiness; did Man but know
T' enjoy the Blessings which she does bestow.

Hæc si nota forent, frueremur simplice cultu,
 Classica non fremerent, non stridula fraxinus iret,
 Non ventus quateret puppes, non machina muros.—

Claud. Ruf. Lib. I.

NAVIGATIO. Vide RECTOR NAVIS. VELA DATA,

ILLI robur, & æs triplex

Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
 Commisit pelago ratem

Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
 Decertantem Aquilonibus,

Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti:
 Quo non arbiter Adriæ

Major, tollere, seu ponere vult freta.

Quem mortis timuit gradum,

Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,

Qui vidit mare turgidum, &

Infames scopulos Acroceraunia?

Nequicquam Deus abscidit

Prudens oceano dissociabili

Terras: si tamen impiæ

Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.—*Hor. Lib. I. Od. 3.*

Inventâ secuit primus qui nave profundum,

Et rudibus remis sollicitavit aquas:

Tranquillis primum trepidus se credidit undis,

Littora securo tramite summa legens:

Mox longos tentare sinus, & linquere terras

Et leni cœpit pandere vela Noto:

Ast ubi paullatim præceps audacia crevit,

Cordaque languentem dedidicere metum:

Jam vagus exultat pelago, cœlûmque secutus,

Ægeas hyemes, Ioniûmque domat.—*Præf. Rapt. Prof.*

Indè laceffitum primò mare, cùm rudis Argo

Miscuit ignotas temerato littore gentes,

Primâque cùm ventis, pelagique furentibus undis

Composuit

This useful Science did we understand,
 Man's chief Concern would be to till the Land:
 War would not rage, nor crashing Forests fall,
 Storms wreck the Ship, nor Engines break the Wall.

NAVIGATION. See PILOT. SAILING.

OAK was his Heart, his Breast with Steel
 Thrice mail'd, that first the brittle Keel
 Committed to the murd'rous Deep:
 Nor dreaded battling Winds, that sweep
 The Flood, the *Hyads* stormy Train,
 Nor the fierce South, of *Adria's* Main
 The lawless Monarch, be his Will
 T' enrage the gulfy Wave, or still,
 All Fear of Death did he repel,
 Who, fearless, saw the Billows swell;
 Saw the fell Monsters floating by,
 And Rocks, deaf to the Seaman's Cry!
 Vain has Almighty Wisdom plac'd,
 For Earth's fixt Borne, the watry Waste:
 If impious Men the Art have found
 T' o'erleap the inviolable Mound.—

Welford.

Who in a Ship began to plow the Main,
 And ruffled with rude Oars the watry Plain:
 Tim'rous at first, the Sea's calm Billows try'd,
 And row'd, securely, by the Shore's known Side.
 Then, vent'ring on, thro' wide-stretch'd Bays he sails,
 And spreads his Canvas to the gentle Gales:
 At length, by often daring, bolder grown,
 Scorning the Fears which he before had known,
 The Deep he takes, Heav'n his sole Guide, and braves
Egean Storms, and the *Ionian* Waves.—

From thence, e'er yet the Seaman's Art was taught,
 Rude *Argo* thro' the Deep a Passage sought:
 She first explor'd the distant foreign Land,
 And shew'd her Strangers to the wond'ring Strand:
 Then Nations Nations knew, in Leagues were join'd,
 And universal Commerce mix'd Mankind,

By

Composuit mortale genus, fatisque per illam
Accessit mors una ratem.

Lucan. Lib. III.

Doctus ad hæc fatur taciti servator Olympi:
Signifero quæcunque fluunt labentia coelo,
Nunquam stante polo, miseros fallentia nautas
Sidera non sequimur: sed qui non mergitur undis
Axis inocciduus geminâ clarissimus Arcto,
Ille regit puppes.

Lucan. Lib. VIII.

Ille
Iusto vela modo pendentia cornibus æquis
Torfit.

Æquora fenserunt motus, aliterque secante
Jam pelagus rostro, nec idem spectante carinâ,
Mutavere sonum. Non sic moderator equorum,
Dexteriore rotâ, lævum cum circuit axem,
Cogit inoffensæ currus accedere metâ.

Ibid.

—————Densis fremuit niger imbribus Auster
In sua regna furens: tentatum classibus æquor
Turbine defendit, longæque à Syrtibus undas
Egit.

Tum quarum recto deprendit carbasa malo,
Eripuit nautis, frustra que rudentibus ausis
Vela negare Noto, spatium vicere carinæ,
Atque ultra proram tumuit sinus: omnia siquis
Providus antennæ suffixit lintea summæ,
Vincitur, & nudis avertitur armamentis.

Sors melior classi, quæ fluctibus incidit altis,
Et certo jactata mari: quæcunque levatæ
Arboribus cæsis flatum effudere frementem,

Abstulit

By her made bold, the daring Race defy'd
 The Winds tempestuous, and the swelling Tide :
 Much she enlarg'd Destruction's ample Pow'r,
 And open'd Ways to Death, unknown before. — *Rowe.*

The Heav'n instructed Ship-man thus replies :
 Of all yon Multitude of golden Stars,
 Which the wide rounding Sphere incessant bears,
 The cautious Mariner relies on none,
 But keeps him to the constant Pole alone. — *Id.*

——— Strait the Master veer'd ; ——
 The working Waves the Course inverted feel,
 And dash, and foam, beneath the winding Keel :
 Not with such Skill, on rapid Chariots born,
 Around the Column skilful Racers turn :
 While the near Wheels bear nicely on the Goal,
 The farther, wide, in distant Circles roll. — *Id.*

The cloudy Skies a gathering Storm preface,
 And *Auster* from the South began to rage :
 Full from the Land the sounding Tempest roars,
 Repels the swelling Surge, and sweeps the Shores.
 Spight of the Seaman's Toil the Storm prevails :
 In vain with skilfull Strength he hands the Sails :
 In vain the cordy Cables bind 'em fast,
 At once it rips, and rends 'em from the Mast :
 At once the Winds the flutt'ring Canvas tare,
 Then whirl, and whisk it, thro' the sportive Air.
 Some, timely for the rising Rage prepar'd,
 Furl the loose Sheet, and lash it to the Yard :
 In vain their Care : sudden the furious Blast
 Snaps by the Board, and bears away the Mast :
 Of Tackling, Sails, and Mast, at once bereft,
 The Ship a naked helpless Hull is left.
 But, happier some, a steady Course maintain,
 Who stand far out, and keep the deeper Main :
 Their Masts they cut, and driving with the Tide,
 Safe o'er the Surge, beneath the Tempest ride.

In

Abstulit has ventis liber contraria volvens,
Æstus, & obnixum victor detruisit in Austrum.

Lucan. Lib. IX.

NEPTUNUS.

INterea magno misceri murmure pontum,
Emisâmq; hyemem sensit Neptunus, & imis
Stagna refusa vadis: graviter commotus, & alto
Prospiciens; summâ placidum caput extulit undâ,
Disjectam Æneæ toto videt æquore classem,
Fluctibus oppressos Troas, cœlique ruinâ.

Eurum ad se Zephyrûmq; vocat: dehinc talia fatur:
Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri?
Jam cœlum terrâmq; meo sine numine, venti,
Miscere, & tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego. Sed motos præstat componere fluctus.
Post mihi non simili poena commissa luetis.
Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro:
Non illi imperium pelagi, sævûmq; tridentem:
Sed mihi sorte datum: tenet ille immania saxa,
Vestras, Eure, domos: illa se jactet in aula
Æolus, & clauso ventorum carcere regnet.

Sic ait, & dicto citiùs tumida æquora placat,
Collectâsq; fugat nubes, Solémque reducit.
Cymothoë simul, & Triton adnixus, acuto
Detrudunt naves scopulo: levat ipse tridenti:
Et vastas aperit Syrtes, & temperat æquor,
Atque rotis summas levibus perlabitur undas. — Æn. I.

Jungit equos curru genitor, spumantlaque addit

Fræna

In vain, did from the southern Coast, their Foe,
 All black with Clouds, outrageous *Auster* blow ;
 Lowly secure amidst the Waves they lay, [*Idem.*
 Old Ocean heav'd his Back, and roll'd 'em on their Way.—

NEPTUNE.

MEAN while the Noise and Tumult of the Main
Neptune perceives : the Bottom of the Deep
 Turn'd upwards, and the Storm's licentious Rage.
 Highly provok'd, and careful for his Realms,
 Above the Waves, serene, he rears his Head :
 He sees the *Trojan* Fleet o'er all the Sea
 Dispers'd : *Aeneas*, and his Ships o'erpow'r'd
 With Surges, and the Ruin of the Sky.
 East and West Winds he hails : and then proceeds :—
 From your high Birth does this Presumption rise ?
 And dare You thus, without my Sov'reign Leave,
 Mix Earth, and Heav'n, and such vast Billows raise ?
 Whom I :—But first 'tis fit we should compose
 The troubled Ocean. For your next Offence
 A more severe Correction you shall find.
 Hence, fly : and bear this Message to your King :
 To Me, not Him, the Empire of the Main,
 And awful Trident fell : Huge rocky Caves
 Are his Dominions : *Eurus*, your Abodes :
 Proud in that Palace *Aeolus* may reign,
 But bid him bar the Prison of his Winds.—

So spoke the God : and sooner than he spoke,
 Appeas'd the tossing of the Waves, dispell'd
 The Clouds collected, and restor'd the Sun.
Cymotboë too, and *Triton* join their Strength
 To clear the Vessels from the pointed Rock :
 Himself his Trident plies, to heave them off,
 Levels the Banks of Sand, and calms the Sea,
 And with light Wheels o'er the smooth Surface rides.—*Trap.*

—Father *Neptune*

His wild Sea-Horses joins in Harness, adds

The

Fræna feris, manibûsque omnes effundit habenas.
 Cœruleo per summa levis volat æquora curru:
 Subsidunt undæ, tumidûmque sub axe tonanti
 Sternitur æquor aquis: fugiunt vasto æthere nimbi.
 Tum variæ comitum facies: immania cete,
 Et senior Glauci chorus, Inoûsque Palemon,
 Tritonésque citi, Phorcique exercitus omnis.
 Læva tenent Thetis & Melite, Panopeaque virgo,
 Nefæe, Spióque, Thaliæque, Cymodoceque.

Æn. Lib. V.

Nec cœlo contenta suo Jovis ira: sed illum
 Cæruleus frater juvat auxiliariis undis.
 Convocat hic amnes. Qui postquam tecta tyranni
 Intravere sui, non est hortamine longo
 Nunc, ait, utendum: vires effundite vestras.
 Sic opus est. Aperite domos: ac mole remota
 Fluminibus vestris totas immittite habenas.
 Jusserat: Hi redeunt, ac fontibus ora relaxant:
 Et defrænato volvuntur in æquora cursu.
 Ipse tridente suo terram percussit: at illa
 Intremuit, morûque sinus patefecit aquarum.
 Jamque mare & tellus nullum discrimen habebant.
 Omnia pontus erant. Deerant quoque littora ponto.—

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

Nec maris ira manet. Positôque tricuspile telo
 Mulcet aquas rector pelagi, supraque profundum
 Extantem, atque humeros innato murice tectum
 Cæruleum Tritona vocat: conchæque sonaci
 Inspirare jubet: fluctûsque & flumina signo
 Jam revocare dato. Cava buccina sumitur illi

Tortilis,

NEPTUNE.

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The foaming Bridles, and diffuses all
The flowing Reins : In his cerulean Car
Lightly He skims the Surface of the Deep :
The Waves subside : The swelling Sea lies smooth
Beneath the thund'ring Axle : And the Clouds
Fly from the vast Horizon. Various then
The Forms of his Retinue : Monstrous Whales,
Old *Glaucus*' Train, *Palemon* *Ino*'s Son,
The nimble *Tritons*, and all *Phorcus*' Band :
Tbetis, and *Melise* upon the Left,
Nisæa, *Spio*, and *Cymodoce*,
Thalia, and the Virgin *Panopea*.——

Id.

Nor from his patrimonial Heav'n alone,
Is *Jove* content to pour his Vengeance down :
Aid from his Brother of the Sea, he craves,
To help him with auxiliary Waves,
Neptune the Rivers summons to his Court,
To whom, when there obedient they resort,
And with their swelling Streams his Palace fill,
He thus, in brief, declares his mighty Will.
Small Exhortation needs : your Pow'rs employ :
And this bad World, so *Jove* requires, destroy :
All Banks, all Lets, all Obstacles remove,
At large let all your Floods unbridled rove.
Thus charg'd, in haste, their Fountains all set free,
Headlong they roll, impetuous, to the Sea.
Then, with his Mace he struck : the trembling Earth,
Broke up her hidden Springs, and gave a Deluge Birth.
The Land and Sea seem'd diff'rent now no more,
For all was Sea, but Sea without a Shore.—*Dryd.* alter'd.

Calm grows the Sea, while *Neptune* lays his Mace
O'er the wide Surface of it's furrow'd Face :
Already *Triton* at his Call appears
Above the Waves : a purple Robe he wears,
And in his Hand a crooked Trumpet bears.
The Sov'reign bids him peaceful Sounds inspire,
And give the Waves the Signal to retire.

His

Tortilis, in latum quæ turbine crescit ab imo :
 Buccina, quæ medio concepit ut aera ponto,
 Littora voce replet utrôque jacentia Phœbo.
 Omnibus audita est telluris & æquoris undis,
 Et quibus est undis audita coercuit omnes.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

N o x. Vide V E N E F I C A.

— **R** Oseus fessos jam gurgite Phœbus Ibero
 Tingit equos, noctemque die labente reducat.——
Æn. XI.

Sidera prima poli Phœbo labente sub undas
 Exierant, & Luna suas jam fecerat umbras.——
Lucan. Lib. V.

Vertitur interea cœlum, & ruit Oceano nox,
 Involvens umbrâ magnâ terramque polumque.——
Æn. II.

Sol ruit interea, & montes umbrantur opaci.——
Æn. III.

Nox ruit, & fuscis tellurem amplectitur alis.——
Ibid.

—— Et jam nox humida cœlo
 Præcipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.—— *Æn. II.*
 Jamque per emeriti surgens confinia Phœbe
 Titanis, latè mundo subvecta silenti
 Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.
 Jam pecudes volucrèsque tacent : jam Somnus avaris
 Inserpit curis, pronusque per aëra nutat
 Grata laboratæ referens obliviam vitæ.——

Stat. Theb. Lib. I.

Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus ægris
 Incipit, & dono Divûm gratissima serpit.—— *Ibid.*

Merferat unda Diem : sparsa nox humida somno
 Languida cæruleis invexerat otia bigis.——

Claud. Rapt. Prof.

Nox erat, & terris animalia somnus habebat.——

Æn. III

— Jam

His writhen Shell he takes, whose narrow Vent
Grows by Degrees into a large Extent,
And gives it Breath: The Blast with doubling Sound,
Runs the wide Circuit of the World around,
From the Sun's Rising to it's Ev'ning Fall,
'Twas heard by ev'ry Wave, and was obey'd by All.—
Dryden alter'd.

NIGHT. See ENCHANTRESS.

—THE rosy Sun in western Waves
(The Day declining) plung'd his weary Car,
And brought returning Night.— *Trap.*

Low in the West the setting Sun was laid,
Up rose the Night with glitt'ring Stars array'd,
And silver *Cynthia* cast a lengthning Shade.— *Rowe.*

Mean while the Hemisphere rolls round, and Night
Swift rushes from the Sea: in dusky Shade
Involving Earth, and Heav'n.— *Trap.*

Now the descending Sun roll'd down the Light,
The Hills lie cover'd in the Shades of Night.—

Now Night had shed her silver Dews around,
And with her sable Wings embrac'd the Ground.— *Dryd.*

And now the dewy Night is hast'ning swift
From Heav'n: and setting Stars perswade to Sleep. *Trap.*

The Moon now rising, in her stately Car
With Dew besprinkled, did the Sun succeed;
And o'er the silent World her Round began.
Nor Beast, nor Bird is heard: ev'n carking Care
Sleep overcomes; as, nodding, thro' the Skies
On Earth it falls, and every where bestows
A sweet Forgetfulness of Labours past.—

'Twas now the Season, when the first Repose,
Sweet Gift of Gods, on weary Mortals creep.— *Trap.*

Sunk in the western Ocean was the Day:
And dewy Night shed from her azure Car,
Repose, and Slumber, o'er the weary World.—

'Twas Night, when ev'ry Creature void of Cares,
The common Gift of balmy Slumber shares.— *Dryden.*

— Jam Nox jungit equos, currumque sequuntur
Matris lascivo sidera fulva choro.
Postque venit tacitus fulvis circumdatus alis
Somnus, & incerto somnia nigra pede. —

Tibul. Lib. II. El. I.

Nox erat, & terras animalia fessa per omnes
Alituum pecudumque genus sopor altus habebat. —

Æn. Lib. VIII.

Jamque dies cœlo concesserat, almaque curru
Noctivago Phœbe medium pulsabat Olympum. — *Æn. X.*

Jamque fere mediam cœli nox humida metam
Contigerat. — *Æn. V.*

Tempus erat quo cuncta silent : intèrque Triones
Flexerat obliquo plaustrum temone Boötes. — *Ovid. Met. X.*

Noctis erat medium, curasque, & pectora somnus
Solvarat. — *Ibid.*

Nox erat, & placidum carpebant fessa soporem
Corpora per terras, sylvaque & sæva quierant
Æquora : cùm medio volvuntur sidera lapsu :
Cùm tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aspera dumis
Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti
Lenibant curas, & corda oblita laborum. —

Æn. IV.

Nox, quæ terrarum cœlique amplexa labores
Ignea multivago transmittis sidera lapsu,
Indulgens reperare animum, dum proximus ægris
Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus. — *Stat. Theb. L. I.*

NOBILITAS.

STemmata quid faciunt ? quid prodest, Pontice, longo
Sanguine cenferi, pictosque ostendere vultus

Majorum,

Now Night her Counters to her Chariot joins,
 Whilst all the starry shining Train advance,
 And round their Mother's Wheels in Chorus dance:
 Then follows silent Sleep, with dusky Wings
 Involv'd, and fleeting Midnight Visions brings.— *Dart.*

'Twas Night, and weary Nature lull'd asleep
 The Birds, and Beasts, and Fishes of the Deep,
 And every Creature else. — *Dryden.*

Now was the World forsaken by the Sun,
 And *Phaë* half her nightly Race had run. — *Id.*

— And now the dewy Night
 Had almost reach'd Heaven's middle Arch. — *Trapp.*

Deep Silence reign'd: *Arctophylax* had driv'n
 His lazy Wain half round the northern Heav'n. — *Dryd. alt.*

'Twas now the Mid of Night, when Slumbers close
 Our Eyes, and sooth our Cares with soft Repose. — *Dryd.*

'Twas dead of Night, when weary Bodies close
 Their Eyes in balmy Sleep, and sweet Repose:

The Winds no longer whisper thro' the Woods,
 Nor murmur'ing Tides disturb the gentle Floods:

The Stars in silent Order mov'd around, [Ground.
 And Peace, with downy Wings, was brooding o'er the

The Flocks, and Herds, and parti-colour'd Fowl,
 Which haunt the Woods, or swim the weedy Pool,

Stretch'd on the quiet Earth securely lay,
 Forgetting the past Labours of the Day. — *Dryden.*

Night! friendly Pow'r, beneath whose gloomy Reign,
 Yon spangled Arch glows with the starry Train:

Who dost the Cares of Earth and Heav'n allay,
 Till Nature, quicken'd by th' inspiring Ray,

Wakes to new Vigour with the rising Day. — *Pope.* }

NOBILITY.

WHAT's the Advantage, or the real Good,
 In tracing from the Source our antient Blood?
 To have our Ancestors in Paint or Stone,
 Preserv'd as Relicks, or, like Monsters, shewn?

Majorum, & stantes in curribus Æmilianos,
Et Curios jam dimidios, nasumque minorem
Corvini, & Galbam auriculis, nasoque carentem?

Quis fructus generis tabulâ jactare capaci
Corvinum, posthac multâ contingere virgâ
Famosos Equitum cum Dictatore Magistros,
Si coram Lepidis malè vivitur? ———

Juv. Sat. VIII.

Tota licet veteres exornent undique ceræ
Atria, Nobilitas sola est, atque unica, Virtus. ———

Ibid.

Prima mihi debes animi bona, sanctus haberi,
Justitiæque tenax factis, dictisque mereris:
Agnosco procerem: salve Getulice, seu tu
Sylvanus, quocunque alio de sanguine rarus
Civis & egregius. ———

Ibid.

Quis enim Generosum dixerit hunc, qui
Indignus genere, & præclaro nomine tantum
Insignis? Nanum cujusdam Atlanta vocamus:
Æthiopem cygnum: pravam, extortamque puellam,
Europen. ———

Ibid.

Malo Pater tibi sit Therfites, dummodo tu sis
Æacidæ similis, Volcaniæque arma capeffas,
Quam te Therfitæ similem producat Achilles. ———

Ibid.

—— Sed te cenferi laude tuorum,
Pontice, noluerim, sic ut nihil ipse futuræ
Laudis agas. Miserum est aliorum incumbere famæ,

Ne

The brave *Emilii*, as in Triumph plac'd :
 The virtuous *Curii*, half by time defac'd :
Corvinus, with a mould'ring Nose, that bears,
 Injurious Scars, the sad Effect of Years :
 And *Galba* grinning, without Nose or Ears :

Vain are their Hopes, who fancy to inherit
 By Trees of Pedigree, or Fame, or Merit :
 Tho' plodding Heralds thro' each Branch may trace
 Old Captains, and Dictators of their Race,
 While their ill Lives that Family belie,
 And grieve the Brass which stands dishonour'd by. — *Stepny.*

Long Galleries of Ancestors, and all
 The Follies which ill grace a Country-Hall,
 Challenge no Wonder or Esteem from me :
 Virtue alone is true Nobility. — *Id.*

Convince the World that you're devout and true,
 Be just in all you say, and all you do :
 Whatever be your Birth, you're sure to be
 A Peer of the first Magnitude to me. — *Id.*

But who will call those Noble, who deface,
 By meaner Acts, the Glories of their Race :
 Whose only Title to their Father's Fame
 Is couch'd in the dead Letters of his Name ?
 A Dwarf as well may for a Giant pass :
 A Negro for a Swan : a crook'd-back'd Lass
 Be call'd *Europa*. — *Id.*

If You have Strength *Achilles'* Arms to bear,
 And Courage to sustain a ten Years War,
 Tho' foul *Thersites'* Offspring, You shall be
 More lov'd by all, and more esteem'd by me,
 Than if by Chance You from some Hero came,
 In Nothing like your Father but his Name. — *Id.*

But, *Ponticus*, I would not you should raise
 Your Credit by hereditary Praise :
 Let your own Acts immortalize your Name :
 'Tis poor relying on another's Fame :

Ne collapsa ruant subductis testa columnis. ———

Ibid.

Quid juvat admotam per avorum nomina coelo,
Inter cognatos posse referre Jovem? — *Ovid. Epist. XI.*
Nam genus, & proavos, & quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco. ——— *Ovid. Met. Lib. XIII.*

Non vetera patriæ jura possideo domus
Ignavus hæres : nobiles non sunt mihi
Avi, nec altis inclytum titulis genus :
Sed clara virtus. Qui genus jactat suum,
Aliena laudat. ——— *Sen. Her. furens.*

——— Referre negas, quali sit quisque parente
Natus, dum ingenuus : persuades hoc tibi verè,
Ante potestatem Tulli, atque ignobile regnum,
Multos sæpe viros nullis majoribus ortos,
Et vixisse probos, amplis & honoribus auctos. ———

Hor. Lib. I. Sat. 6.

Plebeia Deciorum animæ, plebeia fuerunt
Nomina : pro totis legionibus hi tamen, & pro
Omnibus auxiliis, atque omni plebe Latinâ
Sufficiunt diis infernis, terræque parenti :
Pluris enim Decii, quam qui servantur ab illis. ———

Juv. Sat. VIII.

——— Æqua tellus
Pauperi recluditur
Regumque pueris. ——— *Hor. Lib. II. Ode 18.*

——— Præsto est mihi Manius hæres.
Progenies terræ? — Quære ex me, quis mihi quartus
Sit pater, haud promptè, dicam tamen. Adde etiam u-
Unum etiam : terræ est jam filius : & mihi ritu {num,
Manius hic generis propè major avunculus existat. ———

Pers. Sat. VI.

——— Sed

For take the Pillars but away, and all
The Superstructure must in Ruins fall. — *Id.*

Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,
That in their Number I can reckon *Jove*! —

A long Descent, and boasted Ancestors,
And Acts not done by Us, I count not ours. — *Theobald.*

No slothful Heir am I to an Estate,
Possessing, by Descent, paternal Lands:

Nor nobly born, nor with proud Titles grac'd,
Were any of my humble Ancestors';

But Virtue, fair, and shining, is my boast. —
The Man that vaunts his Race, but trumpets forth

The Praise of Others. —

For You believe, and You are right in this,
No matter what his Race, but what he is:

Before King *Tullius* time, by Birth a Slave,
Innumerable low-born Men were brave;

For Virtue and strict Probity renown'd, *[alt.*
Rever'd they liv'd, with ample Honours crown'd. — *Creecb*

From a mean Stock the pious *Decii* came,
Small their Estates, and vulgar was their Name:

Yet such their Virtue, that their Loss alone,
For *Rome* and all our Legions could atone:

Their Country's Doom they by their own retriev'd,
Themselves more Worth than all the Host they sav'd — *Stepny.*

—— Impartial Earth

Wraps in her Lap with equal Care

The High and Low: nor royal Birth

Preserves it's poor Distinction there. —

—— For my Heir

Manius I'll chuse. — What him, of humble Birth,
Obscure, a Fondling, and a Son of Earth? —

Obscure! why prythee what am I? I know
My Father, Grandfire, and great Grandfire too:

If farther I derive my Pedigree,
I can but guess beyond the fourth Degree.

The rest of my forgotten Ancestors,
Were Sons of Earth like him, or Sons of Whores. — *Dryd.*

Sed rurē paterno
Est tibi far modicum, purum, & sine labe salinum.
Quid metuas? cultrixque foci secura patella est.
Hoc satis? an deceat pulmonem rumpere ventis,
Stemmata quod Thusco ramum millefimo ducis,
Censorēve tuum vel quod trabeate salutas? —

Perf. Sat. III.

His ego quem monui? tecum est mihi sermo, Rubelli
Plaute, tumes alto Drusorum sanguine, tanquam
Feceris ipse aliquid, propter quod nobilis esses:
Ut te conciperet, quæ sanguine fulget Iūli,
Non quæ ventoso conducta sub aggere textit.

Vos humiles, inquis, vulgi pars ultima nostri,
Quorum nemo queat patriam monstrare parentis:
Ast ego Cecropides. — Vivas, & originis hujus
Gaudia longa feras! — tamen imā ex plebe Quiritem
Facundum invenies: solet hic defendere causas
Nobilis indocti; veniet de plebe togatā,
Qui juris nodos, & legum ænigmata, solvat.

Hic petit Euphraten Juvenis, domitique Batavi
Custodes aquilas, armis industrius: at tu
Nil nisi Cecropides, truncōque simillimus Hermae.

Nulla

But Thou hast Land: a Country Seat secure
 By a just Title: costly Furniture:
 A burning Pan thy *Lares* to appease:
 What can be wanting when a Man has these?
 If this be not enough to swell thy Soul,
 Then please thy Pride, and search the Herald's Roll:
 Where thou shalt find thy famous Pedigree,
 Drawn from the Root of some old *Tuscan* Tree:
 And Thou, a thousand off, a Fool of long Degree:
 Who clad in Purple, can't thy Censor greet,
 And loudly call him Cousin, in the Street.—— *Dryden.*

To whom is this Advice and Censure due?

Rubellius Plantus, 'tis apply'd to You;
 Who think your Person second to divine,
 Because descended from the *Drusian* Line:
 Tho' yet you no illustrious Act have done,
 To make the World distinguish *Julia's* Son,
 From the vile Offspring of a Trull, who sits
 By the Town Wall, and for her living knits.
 You are poor Rogues, You cry, the baser Scum,
 The inconsiderable Dregs of *Rome*:
 Who know not from what Corner of the Earth,
 The Wretch obscure, who got you, stole his Birth:
 Mine I derive from *Cecrops*.——May your Grace
 Live, and enjoy the Splendor of your Race!
 Yet of these base Plebeians we have known
 Some, who, by charming Eloquence, have grown
 Great Senators, and Honours to that Gown:
 Some, at the Bar, with Subdety defend
 The Cause of an unlearned noble Friend:
 Or on the Bench the knotty Laws untye.
 Others their stronger Youth to Arms apply:
 Go to *Euphrates*, or those Forces join
 Which garrison the Conquests near the *Rhine*.
 While You, *Rubellius*, on your Birth rely:
 Tho' You resemble your Great Family,
 No more than those rough Statues on the Road,
 (Which we call *Mercuries*,) are like that God.

Your

Nulla quippe alio vincis discrimine, quam quòd
 Illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivit imago.

Ergo ut miremur te, non tua, primum aliquid da,
 Quod possim titulis incidere præter honores,
 Quos illis damus, & dedimus, quibus omnia debes. —

Juv. Sat. VIII.

Omne animi vitium tantò conspectius in se
 Crimen habet, quantò major, qui peccat, habetur. — *Ibid.*

Quid genus, & proavos strepitis?

Si primordia vestra

Auctoremque Deum spectes,

Nullus degener extat,

Ni vitiis pejora fovens

Proprium deserat ortum. —

Boët. III. 6.

MERIDIES.

— **M** Edios cum Sol accenderit æstus,
 Cum sitiunt herbæ, & pecori jam gravior um-
 bra est. —

Georg. Lib. IV.

Jam rapidus torrens sitientes Sirius Indos
 Ardebat cœlo, & medium Sol igneus orbem
 Hauserat: arebant herbæ, & cava flumina siccis
 Faucibus ad limum radii tepesfacta coquebant. —

Ibid.

Æstibus at mediis umbrosam exquirere vallem:

Sicubi magna Jovis antiquo robore quercus

Ingentes tendat ramos, aut sicubi nigrum

Illicibus crebris sacra nemus accubet umbrâ. — *Georg. III.*

Sol medium cœli conscenderat igneus orbem. — *Æn. VIII.*

Fecerat exiguas jam Sol altissimus umbras. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. III.

Jamque dies rerum medias contraxerat umbras:

Et Sol ex æquo meta distabat utraque. —

Ibid.

Jamque ferè medius Titan venientis & actæ

Noctis erat, spatiumque pari distabat utrimque. — *Ov. Met. X.*

Æstus

Your Highness that excells in this alone,
You are a living Statue, they of Stone.

That we may therefore You, not Your's, admire,
First, Sir, some Honour of your own acquire:
Add to that Stock, which justly we bestow, [Stepny.
On those blest Shades to whom You all Things owe.—
On ev'ry Vice more public Shame attends,
As he is Great, and Noble, who offends.—— Id.

Why vaunt you thus of Pedigree?
Consider whence you really rise,
To God, your Maker, lift your Eyes:
No Man ignoble is, but He,
Who basely can to Guilt submit,
And his high Origin forget.——

NOON.

WHEN the bright Sun in his Meridian burns,
When the Grass thirsts, and Cattle most enjoy
The cooling Shade.—— Trap.

Now torrid *Sirius* from the *Zenith* scorch'd
The thirsty *Indians*: and the fiery Sun
Parch'd the mid Globe: the withering Herbage burn'd:
The fervid Rays the shallow Rivers dry'd,
And in their empty Channels bak'd the Mud.—— Id.

Amidst the Noon-tides sultry Fervour seek
A shady Vale; where *Jove's* tall aged Tree
Extends its Length of Boughs: and thick with Oaks
A gloomy Grove lets fall its sacred Shade.—— Id.

Now in it's full Meridian blaz'd the Sun.—— Id.
The Sun, now in its full Meridian, made
The Clouds disperse, and shorten'd ev'ry Shade.——

High Noon had now withdrawn the Shades of Things:
The midmost Sky bright *Phœbus* now possess'd,
At equal Distance from the East and West.——

The mid-Day Sun now shone with equal Light,
Between the past, and the succeeding Night.——

'Twas

Æstus erat, medióque dies, Solisque vapore
Concava littorei fervebant brachia cancri. — *Ov. Met. XI.*

Medio cum Sol altissimus orbe
Tantum respiceret, quantum superesse videret. — *Ov. Met. XI.*

JURAMENTUM. Vide PERJURIUM.

— **U** Traque coelo
Brachia porrexit: spectansque ad lumina Solis,
Per jubar hoc, inquit, radiis insigne coruscis,
Nate, tibi juro, quod nos auditque videtque:
Hoc te, quem spectas, hoc te, qui temperat orbem,
Sole satum. Si ficta loquor, neget ipse videndum
Se mihi: sitque oculis lux ista novissima nostris. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

Tum pius Æneas stricto sic ense precatur:
Esto nunc Sol testis, & hæc mihi terra precanti,
Quam propter tantos potui perferre labores:
Et pater omnipotens, & tu Saturnia Juno:
Jam melior, jam, Diva, precor: tuque, inclyte Mavors,
Cuncta tuo qui bella pater sub numine torques:
Fontesque, fluviósque voco, quæque ætheris alti
Religio, & quæ cœruleo sunt numina ponto.

— Sequitur sic deinde Latinus,
Suspiciens cœlum, tenditque ad æthera dextram:
Hæc eadem, Ænea, terram, mare, sidera juro,
Latonæque genus duplex, Janúque bisontem,
Vimque Deum infernam, & diri sacraria Diris.
Audiat hæc genitor, qui fœdera fulmine sancit.
Tango aras, medióque ignes, & numina testor. —

Æn. Lib. XII.

Horrendos etenim latice, Stygia æquora fratris

Obtestor,

'Twas when the Summer Sun, at Noon of Day,
Thro' glowing Cancer shot his burning Ray.—*Congreve!*

The mid-Day Sun Heav'n's highest Point had gain'd,
And half his Way was past, and half remain'd.—

OATH. See PERJURY.

—SHE spreads abroad
Her Hands to Heav'n, and to the blazing God.
By those bright Beams, * she cry'd, thy Mother swears:
By Him who Us, and all Things sees, and hears
That *Phæbus* whom thou seest, who blesses Earth
And Heav'n with cheering Influence, gave Thee Birth:
If not, may I this Light for ever lose,
And view that God no more, whose Name I use!—*Trag.*

Then good *Aeneas* with his Sword unsheath'd,
Thus prays.—Thou Sun! be witness to my Vows!
And Thou *Ausonian* Land, for which I bore
Such mighty Toils! Thou Heav'n's Almighty King!
And Thou, *Saturnian Juno*! Goddess! hear,
Now more propitious! And Thou, potent *Mars*!
Whose Deity controuls, and turns all Wars:
You, Fountains! and You, Rivers! I invoke:
And whatsoe'er Divinity resides,
Or in high Heav'n above, or Seas below.

—Then thus reply'd
Latinus, with his Eyes erect to Heav'n,
And his Right Hand extended to the Stars.
By the same Pow'rs! by Earth! by Heav'n! and Sea!
I swear, *Aeneas*: by *Latona's* Twins!
And two-fac'd *Janus*! by th' infernal Gods!
And grievously *Pluto's* Court! Hear Thou this Oath,
Great *Jove*! whose Thunder ratifies our Leagues,
Upon the Altars, and the middle Fires
I lay my Hand, and thus attest the Gods.—*Id.*
For by the black infernal *Styx* I swear,
(That dreadful Oath which binds the Thunderer,)

* *Clymenè* to her Son *Phaeton*.

'Tis

158 OBEDIENTIA. PERTINACIA.

Obtestor, mansurum & non revocabile verum
Nil fore quo dictis flectar. *Stat. Lib. I.*

OBEDIENTIA.

TUUS, ô regina, quid optes, *[Æn. I.]*
Explorare labor: mihi iussa capeffere fas est.—

Nec civis meus est, in quem tua classica, Cæsar,
Audiero: per signa decem felicia castris,
Pérque tuos juro quocunque ex hoste triumphos,
Pectore si fratris gladium, jugalóque parentis
Condere me jubeas, plenæque in viscera partu
Conjugis, invitâ peragam tamen omnia dextrâ.—
Lucan. Lib. I.

PERTINACIA. Vide ADMONITIO.

Hunc avas, hunc Athamas, hunc cætera turba suorum
Corripiunt dictis: frustra que inhibere laborant,
Acrior admonitu est: irritatúrque retenta
Et crescit rabies: remoraminaque ipsa nocebant.

Sic ego torrentem, qua nil obstabat eunti,
Lenius, & modico strepitu decurrere vidi:
At, quacunque trabes obstructaque saxa tenebant,
Spumens, & fervens, & ab objice sævior ibar.—
Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

Multaque, ut excuteret diros, si posset, amores,
Addidit. At virgo scit se non falsa moneri;
Certa mori tamen est, si non potiarur amato.—
Ovid. Met. Lib. X.

ECONOMIA.

O B E D I E N C E. O B S T I N A C Y. 159

'Tis fix'd: th' irrevocable Doom of *Love*;
No Force can bend me, no Perswasion move.— *Pope.*

O B E D I E N C E.

TIS your's, great Queen, replies the Pow'r, to lay
The Task, and mine to listen and obey.— *Pitt.*
No Friend, no Fellow-Citizen I know,
Whom *Cesar's* Trumpet once proclaims a Foe.
By the long Labours of the Sword, I swear,
By all thy Fame acquir'd in ten Year's War,
By thy past Triumphs, and by those to come,
(No Matter where the Vanquish'd be, nor whom,)
Bid me to strike my dearest Brother dead,
To bring my aged Father's hoary Head,
Or stab the pregnant Partner of my Bed:
Tho' Nature plead, and stop my trembling Hand,
I swear to execute thy dread Command.— *Rowe.*

O B S T I N A C Y. See A D V I C E.

HIS Father, Granfire, all his Friends dissuade,
But their good Counsel no Impression made:
More obstinate he grew for what they said.
Fury increases when it is withstood,
And their Intreaties did more Harm than Good.
So, unobstructed, with a gentle Tide,
Have I observ'd a murm'ring River glide,
But when fall'n Trees, or Stones, oppos'd it's Course,
It foam'd, and roar'd along, with unresisted Force.—
Much she advis'd, and many Things she said,
To cure the Madness of the * Love-sick Maid,
But all in vain: for tho' convinc'd of Ill
Her Reason was, unchang'd remains her Will:
Perverse of Mind, unable to reply,
She stands resolv'd, or to possess or dye.— *Dryden* alter'd.

* *Myrrha*, in Love with her Father *Cinyras*.

E C O N O M Y.

• **ECONOMIA.** Vide **Prodigalitas.** **Luxuria.**

Tricus exemiè si cœnat, laupus habetur :

A Si Rutilus, demens : quid enim majore cacinno
Excipitur vulgi, quam pauper Apicius ?

— Illum ego jure
Despiciam, qui scit quantò sublimior Atlas
Omnibus in Libyâ scit montibus, hic tamen idem
Ignoret, quantum ferratâ distet ab arcâ
Sacculus.

Non minor est Virtus, quam querere, parva tueri
Casus inest illic, hic erit artis opus. — *Or. Art. Am. Lib. II.*

SENECTUS. Vide **VITA HUMANA.**

— **Q**UAM continuis & quantis longa Senectus [tum,
Plena malis ! deformem, & tetrum ante omnia vul-
Diffimilêmque, deformem pro cute pellem,
Pendentésque genas, & tales aspice rugas,
Quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca saltus,
In vetulâ scalpit jam mater simia buccâ.

Plurima sunt Juvenum discrimina, pulchrior ille
Hoc, atque hoc alio : multùm hic robustior illo :
Una senum facies, cum voce trementia membra,
Et jam læve caput, madidique infantia nâsi.
Frangendus misero gingivâ panis inermi :

Usque

ECONOMY. See Extravagance. **Luxury.**

IF noble *Atticus* make plenteous Feasts,
 And with luxurious Food indulge his Guests:
 His Wealth and Quality support the Treat,
 In him nor is it Luxury; but State.
 But when poor *Rutilus* spends all he's worth,
 In Hopes of setting one good Dinner forth,
 'Tis downright Madnes: for what greater Jest,
 Than begging Gluttons, or than Beggar's Feasts?
 Strange Ignorance! that the same Man, who knows
 How far yond' Mount above this Mole-hill shows,
 Should not perceive a Difference as great,
 Between a little and a vast Estate.—*Congreves.*
 Not less the Praise to keep than to obtain:
 'Tis Wisdom keeps, but Accident may gain.—

OLD-AGE. See **LIFE.**

A Las! what Ills continually a-wait
 Helpless Old-Age, that miserable State!
 How dismal is it's Looks! a Visage rough,
 Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff:
 A stich-fall'n Cheek, that hangs below the Jaw:
 Such Wrinkles as a skilful Hand would draw,
 For an old Grandame Ape, when, with a Grace,
 She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern Face.—*Dryd.all.*
 In Youth, Distinctions infinite abound;
 No Shape, or Feature, just alike are found:
 The Fair; the Black, the Feeble, and the Strong;
 But the same Foulness does to Age belong:
 The self-same Palsy, both in Limbs and Tongue.
 The Skull and Forehead one bald barren Plain:
 And Gums unarm'd, that mumble Meat in vain,
 Besides th' eternal Drivel, that supplies
 The dropping Beard, from Nostriis, Mouth and Eyes.

VOL. II.

M

His

Usque aded gravis uxori, gnatifque, sibique.

Quæ cantante voluptas,
Sit licet eximius, citharædo, sitve Seleuco,
Et quibus auratâ mos est fulgere lacernâ?
Quid refert, magni sedeat quâ parte Theatri,
Qui vix cornicines exaudiat, atque tubarum
Concentus? Clamore opus est, ut sentiat auris,
Quem dixit venisse puer, quot nuntiet horas.

Præterea minimus gelido jam corpore sanguis
Febre calet solâ: circumfilit agmine facto
Morborum omne genus, quorum si nomina quaras,
Promptius expediam, quot amaverit Hippiæ meechos,
Quot Themison ægros autumno occiderit uno. —

Ille humero, hic lumbis, hic coxâ debilis, ambos
Perdidit ille oculos, & luscis invidet: hujus
Pallida labra cibum capiunt digitis alienis.
Ipse ad conspectum coenæ diducere rictum
Suetus, hiat tantum, ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem
Ore volat pleno mater jejuna. —

Omni
Membrorum damno major dementia, quæ nec
Nomina servorum, nec vultum agnoscit amici,
Cum quo præteritâ coenavit nocte, nec illos,
Quos genuit, quos eduxit. —
Ut vigeant sensus animi, ducenda tamen sunt
Funera gnatorum, rogos aspiciendus amatae
Conjugis, & fratris, plenæque sororibus urnæ.

Hæc

His Wife and Children loath him, and, what's worse,
Himself does his offensive Carrion curse. — *Dryden*

What Music, or enchanting Voice can cheer
A stupid, old, impenetrable Ear?

No Matter in what Place, or what Degree
Of the full Theatre he sits to see:

Cornets, and Trumpets, cannot reach his Ear;
Under an Actor's Nose, he's never near.

His Boy must bawl to make him understand
The Hour o'th' Day, or such a Lord's at Hand:

The little Blood that creeps within his Veins,
Is but just warm'd in a hot Fever's Pains:

He wears no Limb about him that is sound,
With Sores, and Sickneses, beleagu'rd round.

Ask me their Names, I sooner could relate
How many Lovers on lewd *Hippia* wait:

What Crowds of Patients the *Pill-Doctor* kills:
Or how, last Fall, he rais'd the weekly Bills. — *Dryd. alt.*

One Dotard of his feeble Back complains,
His Shoulder one, and one his Bowels pains:

Another is of both his Eyes bereft,
And envies who has One for aiming left.

A Fifth with trembling Lips expecting stands,
As in his Childhood, cramm'd by Others Hands:

One, who at Sight of Supper open'd wide
His Jaws before, and whetted Grinders try'd,

Now only gapes, and waits to be supply'd:
Like a young Swallow when with weary'd Wings,

Expected Food her fasting Mother brings.
The Loss of Members is a grievous Curse:

But all the Faculties decay'd, is worse.
His Servants Names he has forgotten quite:

Knows not his Friend, who supp'd with him last Night:
Nor ev'n the Children he begot and bred. —

But we'll suppose his Senses are his own,
He lives to be chief Mourner for his Son:

Before his Face his Wife and Brother burns:
He numbers all his Kindred in their Urns.

Hæc data poena diu viventibus : ut renovatâ
Semper clade domûs, multis in luctibus, inque
Perpetuo mœrore, & nigra veste senescant.——

Juv. Sat. X.

Rex Pylius,——
Exemplum vitæ fuit à cornice secundæ :
Quique novum toties mustum bibit : oro, parumpèr
Attendas, quantum de legibus ipse queratur
Fatorum, & nimio de stamine, cum videt acris
Antilochi barbam ardentem : nam quærit ab omni,
Quisquis adest, socio, cur hæc in tempora duret :
Quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit ævo.——

Ibid.

Vivere si rectè nescis, decede peritis.
Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti :
Tempus abire tibi est : ne potum largiûs æquo
Rideat, & pulset lasciva decentiûs ætas.——

Hor. Lib. II. Epist. 2.

OMINA. Vide COMETÆ. PORTENTA.

SÆPE malum hoc nobis, si mens non læva fuisset,
De cœlo tactas memini prædicere quercus :
Sæpe sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix.——

Virg. Ecl. I.

Lucus in urbe fuit media, lætissimus umbrâ.
Quo primum jactati undis & turbine Pœni
Effodere loco signum, quod regia Juno
Monstrarat, caput acris equi : sic nam fore bello
Egregiam, & facilem victu per sæcula gentem.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. I.

Vidit,

These are the Fines he pays for living long,
And dragging tedious Age in his own Wrong:
Griefs always green, a Household still in Tears,
Sad Pumps, a Threshold throng'd with daily Biers,
And Liveries of Black for Length of Years.—*Dryden.*

Next to the Raven's Age, the * *Pylian* King
Was longest liv'd of any mortal Thing:
Three hundred Seasons guzzling Must of Wine:
But hold a while, and hear himself repine
At Fate's unequal Laws, and at the Clew,
Which merciless in Length, the midmost Sister drew.
When his brave † Son upon the fun'ral Pyre
He saw extended, and his Beard on Fire:
He turn'd, and weeping, ask'd his Friends, what Crime
Had curs'd his Age to that unhappy Time?— *Id.*

Learn to live well, or fairly make your Will:
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your Fill:
Walk sober off: before a sprightlier Age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves You from the Stage.
Leave such to trifle with more Grace and Ease,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.— *Pope.*

O M E N S. See C O M E T S. P O R T E N T S.

—T O me this dire Mishap,
(For now I recollect, tho' thoughtless then)
Oaks struck from Heav'n by Light'ning oft foretold:
And oft, ill-boding, from a hollow Holm
The Raven croak'd.— *Trap.*

Full in the Center stood a shady Grove,
Where first the *Tyrians*, toss'd by Waves and Winds,
Digging, an *Omen* found, which *Juno* shew'd,
A sprightly Horse's Head:—'Twas hence foretold,
The Nation should thro' Ages be renown'd
For War, and Conquest.— *Id.*

* *Nestor*, who according to *Homer's* Account, liv'd three hundred Years.
† *Antilochus*.

Vidit, thuricremis cum dona imponeret aris,
 Horrendum dictu! latices nigrescere sacros:
 Fusaque in obscenum se vertere vina cruorem.

Præterea, fuit in tectis de marmore templum
 Conjugis antiqui, miro quod honore colebat,
 Velleribus niveis & festa fronde revinctum,
 Hinc exaudiri voces & verba vocantis
 Visa viri, nox cum terras obscura teneret:
 Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
 Sæpe queri, & longas in fletum ducere voces.

Multaque præterea vatum prædicta priorum
 Terribili monitu horrificant. Agit ipse furentem
 In somnis ferus Æneas: semperque relinqui
 Sola sibi, semper longam incommitata videtur
 Ire viam, & Tyrios desertâ quærere terrâ.—

Æn. Lib. IV.

Laurus erat tecti medio, in penetralibus altis,
 Sacra comam, multosque metu servata per annos.
 Hujus apex summum densæ, mirabile dictu!
 Stridore ingenti liquidum trans æthera vestæ,
 Obsedere apicem: & pedibus per mutua nexis
 Examen subitum ramo frondente pependit.
 Continuo vates: externum cernimus, inquit,
 Aventare virum: & partes petere agmen eandem
 Partibus ex istdem, & summâ dominarier arce.

Præterea castis adolet dum altaria tædis,
 Et juxta genitorem astat Lavinia virgo:
 Visa, nefas, longis comprehendere crinibus ignem,
 Atque omnem ornatum flammâ crepitante cremari:

Regalésque

When pious Gifts * she on the Altars laid
Smoking with Incense, (horrid to relate)
She saw the Liquors sacred to the Gods
Turn black: and as the holy Wine was pour'd,
It chang'd to putrid Gore.

Besides, within her Court a marble Dome
There stood, devoted to her former Lord:
Which with uncommon Honour she rever'd,
With snowy Fleeces, and fresh Garlands crown'd.
Hence Groans are heard, and her dead Husband's Voice
Seeming to call aloud, when gloomy Night
Obscures the World; and, on her Palace-Top,
The lonely Owl with oft-repeated Scream
Complains, and spins into a dismal Length
Her baleful Shrieks. Nor less the Warnings, giv'n
By ancient Augurs, fright her restless Mind
With terrible Predictions. In her Dreams
Cruel *Aeneas* persecutes her Soul
To Madness. Still abandon'd to herself,
Cheerless, without a Guide, she seems to go
A long, a tedious Journey, and to seek
Her *Tyrian* Subjects on deserted Coasts. —

Id.

Just in the Center of the most retir'd
And secret Court an holy Lawrel stood,
For many Years religiously preserv'd:
Here Bees, thick flying thro' the liquid Air,
With humming Noise (surprizing to relate!)
Beset its Top, and with their mutual Feet
Connected, on the leafy Branches hung
A sudden Swarm. Immediately the Sage
Prophetic cries, a foreign Prince we see,
From the same Quarter, on the Coasts arrive,
And Sovereign in the lofty Palace reign.

Besides, as chaste *Lavinia*, royal Maid,
Stood by her Father, and with holy Brands
Kindled the Altars: with her flowing Hair,
(Wondrous!) she seem'd to catch the Flame, and all
Her Head-Attire to crackle in the Blaze:

* *Dido.*

M 4

Her

Regalésque accensa comas, accensa coronam
 Insignem gemmis: tum fumida lumine fulvo
 Involvi, ac totis Vulcanum spargere testis.
 Id vero horrendum ac visu mirabile ferri:
 Namque fore illustrem famâ fatisque canebant.
 Ipsam, sed populo magnum portendere bellum. —

Virg. Æn. Lib. VII.

De cœlo Delphicus ales
 Omina læta dedit, pepulitque meatibus auras.
 Nec non horrendi nemoris de parte sinistra
 Insolita voces flamma sonare sequenti.
 Ipse nitor Phœbi vulgato lætior orbe
 Crevit, & aureto præcinxit fulgure vultus. — *Petron. Arb.*

OCCASIO. Vide Mora. Utendum est Ætate.

U Dum & molle lutum est, nunc, nunc properandus,
 & acri
 Fingendus sine fine rota. — *Perf. Sat. III.*

In Simulachrum OCCASIONIS & POENI-
 TENTIÆ.

C Ujus opus? Phidiæ, qui signum Palladis, ejus,
 Quique Jovem fecit, tertia palma ego sum,
 Sum Dea quæ rara, & paucis OCCASIO nota.
 Quid rotulæ insistis? Stare loco nequeo.
 Quid talaria habes? Volucris sum. Mercurius quæ
 Fortunare solet, tardo ego, quum volui.
 Crine tegis faciem. Cognosci nolo. Sed heus tu
 Occipiti calvo est. Ne tenear fugiens.
 Quæ tibi juncta comes? Dicat tibi. Dic rogo quæ sis. —

Her regal Tresses, and her Crown enrich'd
With Gems, involv'd in ruddy Vapour glar'd,
And all the Palace round diffus'd the Fire,
That Omen of a strange and dire Portent
Was rumour'd: For 'twas said, that she herself,
By Fate, in Glory should illustrious rise,
But to the People menac'd dreadful War. — *Id.*

Now swift descending thro' the Sky,
The Bird of *Jove* wing'd his auspicious Flight:
Strange Voices in the left Hand Woods were heard,
And issuing Flames flash'd thro' the Sylvan Gloom:
Phabus himself assum'd his brightest Beams,
And with unusual Splendors deck'd the Sky. — *Addison jun.*

OPPORTUNITY. See Delay. Time to be used.

THE Clay is moist and soft, now, now make haste
And form the Pitcher, for the Wheel turns fast. —

On the Statute of OPPORTUNITY and
REPENTANCE.

Quest. **I** Mage, who made thee? *Answ.* *Phidias*: the same
Whose Artist Hand did *Jove* and *Pallas* frame:
I'm his third Labour, in the Form you see:
And, tho' but seldom met, and known to few I be,
Yet I'm a Goddess, and my Name is OPPORTUNITY.

Quest. What! Wings upon thy Feet? *Answ.* Yes: they
My Swiftnefs, and how ready I'm to fly: [imply
Whene'er I will I baffle *Mercury*.

Quest. Hair covers all thy Face! — *Answ.* Thereby is
How much I am unwilling to be known. [shown

Quest. But Thou art bald behind! — *Answ.* 'Tis true, I be:
That none, behind may seize me, as I flee.

Quest. Who hast Thou got for thy Companion there?

Answ. Herself can speak: Quest. Friend, what Thou
art declare.

Repen.

170 OPPRESSION T ORACULA

Sum Dea, quæ facti, non factique exigo pœnat. *l'agez tel*
 Nempe ut pœniteat, sic MÏTANOEÆ vocor. *With O*
 Tu modo dic, quid agat tecum? Si quando volavi, *And la*
 Hæc manet: hæc retinent, quos ego præterii. *l'agez tel*
 Tu quoque, dum rogitas, dum percontando moraris, *With*
 Elapsam dices me tibi de manibus. *By Force, in*

duſon. Epig. XII.

OPPRESSIO.

Curandum imprimis, ne magna Injuria fiat.
 Fortibus & Miseris: tollas licet omne quod usquam
 Auri & argenti: Scutum, gladiumque relinques, *[est]*
 Et jacula, & galeam: Spoliatis arma superflunt. —

Juv. Sat. VIII.

ORACULA. Vide SEBYLLA.

ORACULA FAUNI.

AT Rex sollicitus monstros Oracula Fauni
 Adit. —
 Hinc Italc gentes omnisque CEnotria tellus
 In dubiis responsa petunt: huc dona sacerdos
 Cum tulit, & caesarum ovium sub nocte silenti
 Pellibus incubuit stratis, somnósque petivit:
 Multa modis simulacra videt volitantia miris,
 Et varias audit voces, fruíturque Deorum
 Colloquio, atque imis Acheronta affatur Avernis. —

Virg. Æn. Lib. VII.

ORACULA

Repen. My Name's REPENTANCE: I'm a Goddess,
And punish **Homankind**, ——— [too:]
For what They 'ave done, or what forborn to do.

Quest. But, prithee, tell me, OPPORTUNITY,
What this Tormentor has to do with Thee.

Answ. When I am flown, She always lags behind:
And Her, instead of me, my vain Pursuer's find.
You too, who with your Questions thus delay,
Will find that thro' your Hands I'm slipt away. ———

OPPRESSION.

BUT above all, be careful to with-hold
Your Talons from the Wretched and the Bold:
Tempt not the Brave and Needy to despair:
For tho' your Violence shou'd leave 'em bare
Of Gold and Silver, Swords and Darts remain,
And will revenge the Wrongs which they sustain.
The plunder'd still have Arms. ——— *Stepny.*

ORACLES. See SIBYL.

ORACLE of FAUNUS.

U Neasy at these Prodigies, the King
Repairs to *Faunus*' Oracle. From hence
All the *Italian* and *Ænotrian* Realms
In Doubts seek Answers: Hither when the Priest
Has brought his Off'rings, and in silent Night
Sleeps on spread Skins of fleecy Victims slain:
Unnumber'd Fantoms flut'ring round He sees
In wondrous Forms, and various Voices hears:
These he consults, the future Fates to know,
From the superior Gods, and from the Pow'rs below, —
Trap.

ORACULA DELPHICA.

—————Tum torta priores

Stringit vitta comas, crinésque in terga solutos
Candida Phocaicâ complectitur infula lauro.

—————Vastisq̃ adducta cavernis

Hæsit, & insueto concepit pectore numen,
Quod non exhaustæ per tot jam secula rupis
Spiritus ingessit vati : mentémque priorem
Expulit, atque hominem toto sibi cedere jussit
Pectore.

—————Bacchatur demens aliena per antrum

Colla ferens, vittasque dei, Phœbæaque ferta
Erectis discussa comis, per inania templi
Ancipiti cervice rotat, spargitque vaganti
Obstantes tripodas, magnóque exæstuat igne,
Iratum te, Phœbe, ferens : nec verbere solo
Uteris : & stimulos, flammâsque in viscera mergis.
Accipit & frænos : nec tantum prodere vati,
Quantum scire, licet.

—————Venit ætas omnis in unam

Congeriem : miserúmque premunt tot secula pectus,
Tanta patet rerum series, atque omne futurum
Nititur in lucem : vocémque petentia fata
Luctantur : non prima dies, non ultima mundi,
Non modus Oceani : numerus non deerat arena.

DELPHIC ORACLE.

The Priestess every sacred Rite prepares.
 A Fillet gathers up her formost Hairs,
 While the white Wreath and Bays her Temples bind,
 And knit the looser Locks which flow behind.
 Close to the holy breathing Vent she cleaves,
 And largely the unwonted God receives :
 Nor Age the potent Spirit had decay'd,
 But with full Force he fills the heaving Maid.
 The mortal Mind, driv'n out, forsook her Breast,
 And the sole Godhead ev'ry Part possess'd.

Now swell her Veins, her turgid Sinews rise,
 And, bounding frantick, thro' the Cave she flies :
 Her bristling Locks the wreathy Fillet scorn,
 And her fierce Feet the tumbling *Tripods* spurn.
 Now wild she dances o'er the vacant Fane,
 And whirls her giddy Head, and bellows with the Pain.
 Nor yet the less, th' avenging wrathful God,
 Pours in his Fires, and shakes his sounding * Rod :
 He lashes now, and goads her on amain,
 And now He checks her stubborn to the Rein,
 Curbs in her Tongue, just lab'ring to disclose
 And speak that Fate which in her Bosom glows.

Ages on Ages throng, a painful Load,
 Myriads of Images, and Myriads croud :
 Men, Times, and Things, or present, or to come,
 Work lab'ring in her Breast, and urge for room.
 Whatever is, shall be, or e'er has been,
 Rolls in her Thought, and to her Sight is seen.
 The Ocean's utmost Bounds her Eyes explore,
 And number ev'ry Sand on ev'ry Shore :
 Nature, and all her Marks, at once they see,
 Know when she first began, and when her End shall be.

* In these divine Furies the Priestess seem'd to be driv'n along with Whips.

Spumea tunc primùm rabies vefana per ora
Effluit, & gemitus, & anhelo clara meatu
Murmura : tunc mœstus vastis ululatus in antris,
Extremæque sonant domici jam virgine voces.

Cætera fuppreffit, faucésque obstruxit Apollo,

————— Tunc pectore Vatis
Impactæ cessere fontes, exclusæque templis
Profiluit : perstat rabies, nec cuncta locuta est.
Quem non emisit, fupereft Deus. illa seroces
Torquet adhuc oculos, totòque vagantia celo
Lumina, nunc vultu pavido, nunc torya minaci.
Stat nunquam facies : rubor igneus inficit ora,
Liventésque gemas : nec qui solet esse timenti
Terribilis, sed pallor inest : nec fessa quiescunt
Corda : — Sed multi levant Suspria vatem.

Dumque à luce sacrâ, quâ vidit fata, refertur
Ad vulgare jubar, mediæ venere tenebræ.
Immisit Stygiam Patam in viscera Lethæ,
Quæ raperet secreta deùm : tum pectore verum
Fugit, & ad Phœbi tripodas rediere futura :
Vixque resecta cadit. ————— *Lucan. Lib. V.*

Quis latet hic superùm ? quod nutien ab æthere pressum
Dignatur cæcas inclusum habitare cavernas ?
Quis terram cœli patitur Deus, omnia cursus
Æterni secreta tenens, mundique futuri
Conscius, ac populis sese proferre paratus,
Contactûsque ferens hominum, magnûsque, poténsque,
Sive canit fatum, seu quod jubet ille canendo,
Fit fatum ? fonsan terris inserta regendis,
Aërè libratum vacuo quæ sustinet orbem,
Totius pars magna Jovis Cyrrhæa per antra
Exit, & ætherio trahitur connexa Tonanti.

Hoc

At length her foamy Mouth begins to flow,
Groans more distinct, and Murmurs plainer grow;
A doleful Howl the roomy Cavern shook,
And thus the Maid in fainting Accents spoke.—

She said: the God her lab'ring Tongue suppress'd,
And in eternal Darkness veil'd the rest.
Now thro' the Gates, with all her Force display'd,
Impetuous falls the prophetick Maid;
Nor yet the holy Rage was all suppress'd,
Part of the God still heaving in her Breast:
Urg'd by the *Demon*, still she rolls her Eyes,
And wildly wanders o'er the spacious Skies.
Now horrid Purple flushes in her Face,
And now a livid Pale supplies the Place:

A double Madness paints her Cheeks by turns,
With Fear she freezes, and with Fury burns:
Nor can her weary Breast it's Heavings cease,
But bursting Sighs rise fast to give her Ease.

Now, by Degrees, the Fire *Ethereal* fail'd,
And the dull human Sense again prevail'd:
Mean while, the God, in an eternal Shade,
Hides the past Visions from the mortal Maid.
Thick Clouds of dark Oblivion rise between,
And snatch away at once the wondrous Scene.
Stretch'd on the Ground the fainting Priestess lies,
While to the *Tripod*, back, th' informing Spirit flies.—*Rowe.*

What Pow'r Divine forsakes the Heav'n's fair Light,
To dwell with Earth, and everlasting Night?
What is this Spirit, potent, wise, and great,
Who deigns to make a mortal Frame his Seat?
Who the long Chain of secret Causes knows:
Whose Oracles the Years to come disclose:
Who thro' Eternity at once foresees,
And tells that Fate which He himself decrees?
Part of that Soul, perhaps, which moves in All,
Whose Energy informs the pendant Ball,
Thro' this dark Passage seeks the Realms above,
And strives to re-unite itself to *Jove*.

Whate'er

Hoc ubi virgineo conceptum est pectore numen,
Humanam feriens animam sonat, oraque vatis
Solvit. —————

Hoc tamen expositum cunctis, nullique negatum
Numen, ab humani solum se labe furoris
Vindicat: haud illuc tacito mala vota fufurto
Concipiunt: nam fixa canens, mutandaque nulli
Mortales optare vetat: justisque benignus
Sæpe dedit sedem totas mutantibus urbes,
Ut Tyriis dedit ille minas impellere belli,
Ut Salaminia cum meminit mare. Suffulit iras
Telluris sterilis, monstrato sine: resolvit
Aëra tabificum. ————— *Bid.*

Ille deo plenus, tacitâ quem mente gerebat,
Effudit dignas adytis è pectore voces.
Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes? an liber in armis
Occubuisse velim potius, quàm regna videre?
An sit vita nihil, vel longa? an differat ætas?
An noceat vis ulla bono? fortunâque perdat
Oppositâ virtute minas? laudandâque velle

Whate'er the *Demon*, when He stands confess'd
Within his raging Priestess' panting Breast,
Dreadful his Godhead from the Virgin breaks,
And thund'ring from her foamy Mouth He speaks.—*Id.*

The gracious God, still ready with Replies,
To none his Aid, or Oracle denies :
Yet wise, and righteous ever, scorns to hear
The Fool's fond Wishes, or the Guilty's Pray'r :
Tho', vainly, in repeated Vows they trust,
None e'er find Grace before him, but the Just.
* Oft to a banish'd, wandring, houseless Race,
The sacred Dictates have assign'd a Place :
Oft from the Strong He saves the Weak, in War :
This Truth, ye *Salaminian* Seas declare !
And heals the barren Land, and pestilential Air.— *Id.*

Full of the God that harbour'd in his Breast,
Thoughts worthy of a God great *Cato* thus express'd.

† Whither, O *Labienus*, wouldst Thou go ?
What mighty Secrets dost Thou want to know ?
Is it a Doubt if Death should be my Doom,
Rather than live till Kings and Bondage come :
Rather than see a Tyrant crown'd in *Rome* ?
Or wouldst Thou know if Life itself be aught ?
Or what the Difference 'twixt the long and short ?
Wouldst Thou be told if all the World conjoyn'd,
Can shake, or hurt, the brave and honest Mind ?
If stable Virtue can her Ground maintain,
While Fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain ?

* The *Phœnicians*, driven by Earthquakes from their Habitations, were advised by the *Delphic Oracle*, to settle first at *Sidon*, and afterwards at *Tyre*. When *Greece* was invaded by *Xerxes*, the *Athenians* were advised by the same Oracle, to trust to their wooden Walls, (their Ships) and, so doing, destroyed the *Persians* at Sea, at the Engagement of *Salamis*. A Famine in *Egypt*, and the Plague at *Thebes*, were likewise remov'd by consulting this Oracle.

† *Cato*, in his March thro' *Lybia*, being solicited by *Labienus*, in the Name of the whole Army, to consult the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon*, whose Temple they were then approaching, declares his Sentiments of such Enquiries in a Manner becoming a brave and unshaken Mind.

Sit satis, & nunquam successu crescat honestum?

Scimus, & hoc nobis non altiùs inserit Ammon.

Hæremus cuncti superis, temploque tacente
Nil agimus nisi sponte dei : non vocibus ullis
Numen eget : dixitque semel nascentibus autor,
Quicquid scire licet : sterileis nec legit arenas,
Ut caneret paucis, mersitque hõc pulvere verum,

Estne dei sedes nisi terra, & pontus, & aër,
Et cœlum, & virtus ? superos quid quærimus ultra ?
Jupiter est, quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.

Sortilegis egeant dubii, semperque futuris
Casibus ancipites : me non oracula certum,
Sed mors certa facit : pavido, fortique cadendum est.
Hoc satis est dixisse Jovem.———

——— Sic ille profatur :
Servatque fide templi discedit ab aris,
Non exploratum populis Ammona relinquens.———

Lucan. Lib. IX.

ORION.

If Truth and Justice with Uprightness dwell,
 And Praise be due for but intending well?
 Whether our Loss, or whether our Success,
 Can make our Honesty, or more, or less.

If These the Secrets are You wou'd unfold,
 These may without an Oracle be told,
 Unsought, for These, be *Ammon's* sacred Ground,
 A nearer Temple of the God is found:
 From God deriv'd, to God by Nature join'd,
 We act the Dictates of his mighty Mind:
 And tho' the Priests and Oracles be still,
 God never wants a Voice to speak his Will:
 All that for us to know He thought was fit
 Is by himself within our Bosoms writ.
 Canst Thou believe the vast eternal Mind,
 To barren Plains of scorching Sands confin'd?
 That He would chuse this waste, this desert Ground,
 To teach the thin Inhabitants around,
 And let his Truth in Wilds alone be found?
 Is there a Place that God would chuse to love,
 Beyond this Earth, and Sea, yon' Heav'n above,
 And virtuous Minds, the noblest Throne of *Jove*?
 Why seek we farther then?—Behold around,
 Whate'er Thou seest dost with the God abound:
 He's ev'ry where, and always to be found.
 Let those weak Minds who live in Doubt and Fear,
 To juggling Priests for Oracles repair:
 The Oracles no Certainty can give,
 But Death will surely all our Woes relieve:
 One common Fate must wait upon Us all,
 The Coward, and the Brave, are doom'd to fall.
 This solves all Doubts, this leaves no room to fear:
Jove told Us this, and needs no more declare.—

So spoke the Hero: and to keep his Word,
 Nor *Ammon*, nor his Oracle explor'd:
 But left the Crowd at Freedom to believe, [a't.
 And take such Answers as the Priest should give.—Rowe

ORION.

— **Q**UIS fata putaret
 Scorpion, aut vires maturæ mortis habere?
 Ille minax nodis, & recto verbere sævus,
 Teste tulit cœlo victi decus Orionis. —

Lucan. Lib. IX.

Cernere vicinum Geminis licet Oriona
 In magnam cœli tendentem brachia partem.
 Nec minus extento surgentem ad sidera passu,
 Singula fulgentes humeros cui lumina signant,
 Et tribus obliquis demissus ducitur ensis.
 Ad caput Orion excelso immensus Olympo
 Per tria subducto signantur lumina vultu;
 Non quod clara minus, sed quod magis alta recedant.
 Hoc duce per totum decurrunt sidera mundum. —

Man. Lib. I.

OSIRIS. Vide BACCHUS.

Primus aratra manu solerti fecit Osiris,
 Et teneram ferro sollicitavit humum.
 Primus inexpertæ commisit semina terræ,
 Pomaque non notis legit ab arboribus.
 Hic docuit teneram palis adjungere vitem,
 Hic viridem dura cedere falce comam.
 Ille jucundos primum matura saporis
 Expressa incultis uva dedit pedibus.
 Ille liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu,
 Movit & ad certos nescia membra modos.
 Bacchus & agricolæ magno confecta labore
 Pectora tristitiæ dissoluenda dedit.
 Bacchus & afflictis requiem mortalibus affert,
 Crura licet dura compede pulsa sonent.

Non

O R I O N.

W H O that the Scorpion's Insect Form surveys,
 Would think how ready Death his Call obeys?
 Threat'ning, he rears his knotty Tail on high :
 The vast *Orion* thus he doom'd to die,
 And fix'd him, his proud Trophy, in the Sky.—*Rowe.*

Next the bright Twins, see great *Orion* rise :
 His Arms extended, stretch o'er half the Skies :
 His Stride as large : and, with a stately Pace,
 He marches on, and measures a vast Space.
 On each broad Shoulder a bright Star's display'd,
 And three obliquely, grace his shining Blade.
 In his vast Head, immerst in boundless Spheres,
 Three Stars less bright, but yet as great, he bears :
 Tho' farther off remov'd, their Splendor's lost.
 Thus grac'd, and arm'd, he leads the starry Host.—*Creech.*

O S I R I S. See B A C C H U S.

O *SIRIS* first, to frame the Plow-share found,
 And first with Steel tore up the tender Ground :
 First in th' unpractic'd Earth the Seed he threw,
 And first, from Trees unknown, ripe Apples drew.
 First prop'd the bending Branches of the Vine,
 And taught the clasping Tendrils where to twine :
 To prune the shooting Trees with timely Care,
 And stop the wild Luxuriance of the Year.
 He to express the Wine first taught the Use,
 And made the Vat o'erflow with gen'rous Juice.
 Wine tun'd the Voice to chant the charming Song,
 And taught the Feet to bound in measur'd times along.
Bacchus to Country Swains oppress'd with Cares,
 Gives Courage, and dissolves invading Fears.
Bacchus gives Respite to the Wretch's Pains,
 Altho' with Fetters gall'd, and rattling Chains.

Non tibi sunt tristes curæ nec luctus, Osiri ;
 Sed chorus, & cantus, & levis aptus amor.
 Sed varii flores, & frons redimita corymbis,
 Fusa sed ad teneros lutea palla pedes.
 Et Tyrii vestes, & dulcis tibia cantu,
 Et levis occultis conscia cista sacris.—*Tibul. l. Eleg. 8.*

REGIA. Vide CONVIVIUM.

TECTUM augustum, ingens, centum sublime columnis,
 Urbe fuit summa, Laurentis regia Pici,
 Horrendum sylvis, & religionem parentum,
 Hinc sceptrâ accipere, & primos attollere fasces
 Regibus omen erat : hoc illis curia templum,
 Hæc sacris sedes epulis : hic ariete cæso
 Perpetuis soliti patres considerare mensis.
 Quinetiam veterum effigies ex ordine avorum
 Antiqua è cedro, Italûsque patérque Sabinus
 Vitisator, curvam servans sub imagine falcem :
 Saturnûsque senex, Janique bifrontis imago,
 Vestibulo astabant : aliique ab origine reges,
 Martia qui ob patriam pugnando vulnere passi.
 Multaque præterea sacris in postibus arma,
 Captivi pendent currus, curvæque secures,
 Et cristæ capitum, & portarum ingentia claustra,
 Spiculæque, clypeique, creptæque rostra carinis.

Æn. Lib. VII.

—————Cereris——recta nitebant
 Cyclopum firmata manu. Stant ardua ferro
 Moenia : ferrati postes : immensaque necit
 Claustra chalybs. Nullum tanto sudore Pyracmon,
 Nec Steropes, construxit opus : nec talibus unquam
 Spiravere notis animæ : nec flumine tanto

Incoctum

Nor Cares, nor Woes, *Osiris*, Thee annoy;
 But thine the Song, the Dance, and Love's endearing Joy;
 The flowry Chaplet, and the Ivy Crown,
 The Saffron Mantle flowing loosely down,
 The purple Vest, the Flute's melodious Sound,
 And mystic Rites in sacred Silence bound.— *Dart. alt.*

PALACE. See BANQUET.

A Spacious Structure in the City's Height,
 Sublime upon an hundred Pillars stood,
 With gloomy Groves religiously obscure,
Laurentian Picus' Palace: Where the Kings
 The first Inauguration of their Sway,
 The Scepters, and the regal Fasces took:
 This Court their Temple: Here the sacred Feasts:
 And here the Fathers, by th' accustom'd Rite,
 Killing a Victim Ram, in order sat
 Along the Forms. Before the stately Doors
 Th' Effigies of their Ancestors stood rang'd
 In Rows of antique Cedar: *Italus*,
 Father *Sabinus*, Planter of the Vine,
 Holding in Imag'ry his crooked Scythe,
 And aged *Saturn*, and the double Front
 Of *Janus*: and the other antient Kings,
 Who for their Country suffer'd Wounds in War.
 Besides: thick Arms upon the sacred Posts,
 Curve Scymiters, and captive Chariots hung;
 And Crests of Helmets: massy Bars of Gates:
 And Darts, and Shields, and Beaks from Vessels torn.—
Trap.

Here *Ceres'* Palace, by the *Cyclops* rear'd,
 A stately Pile! in glitt'ring Pomp appear'd.
 It'n were the Posts and Walls: the spacious Door,
 With Sheets of stubborn Steel was plated o'er.
 The drudging Brethren, ne'er with equal Toil,
 Labour'd so vast a Work, or rais'd so firm a Pile:
 Nor the huge Bellows with their hollow Frame,
 Swell'd with such gather'd Blasts to urge the Flame:

Incoctum maduit lassâ fornace metallum.
 Atria vestit ebur : trabibus solidata aënis
 Culmen, & in celsas surgunt electra columnas.——

Claud. de Rapt. Prof.

Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti,
 Exultatque habitante Deo, potioraque Delphis
 Supplicibus latè populis oracula pandit.
 Non alium certè decuit rectoribus orbis
 Esse Larem, nulloque magis se colle potestas
 Æstimat, & summi sentit fastigia juris.
 Attollens apicem subjectis regia rostris
 Tot circum delubra videt, tantisque Deorum
 Cingitur excubiis.——— *Claud. de sexto Cons. Hon.*

PANICUS TERROR. Vide TIMOR.

VAna quoque ad veros accessit fama timores,
 Irrupitque animos populi, cladémque futuram
 Intulit, & velox properantis nuntia belli
 Innumeras solvit falsa in præconia linguas.

Ipsum omnes aquilas, collatâque signa ferentem
 Agmine non uno, densisque incedere castris.
 Nec, qualem meminere, vident; majorque ferusque
 Mentibus occurrit.———

——— Sic quisque pavendo
 Dat vires famæ: nulloque autore malorum,

——— Quæ

Nor ever such a rolling Flood before,
 Of molten Metal the hot Furnace bore.
 The Hall with Ivory was cover'd round,
 And Beams of Brass the lofty Summit bound :
 Amber in tow'ring Columns rose on high,
 And with it's golden Splendor charm'd the Eye.—
Hughes alter'd.

The *Palatine*, proud *Rome's* imperial Seat,
 (An awful Pile!) stands venerably Great :
 Thither the Kingdoms and the Nations come,
 In supplicating Crouds to learn their Doom :
 To *Delphi* less th' enquiring Worlds repair,
 Nor does a greater God inhabit there.
 This sure the pompous Mansion was design'd
 To please the mighty Rulers of Mankind :
 Inferior Temples rise on either Hand,
 And on the Borders of the Palace stand,
 While o'er the rest her Head she proudly rears,
 And lodg'd amidst her Guardian Gods appears.— *Addison.*

PANIC FEAR. See FEAR.

Meanwhile the busy Messenger of Ill,
 Officious Fame, supplies new Terror still :
 A thousand Slaughters, and ten thousand Fears
 She whispers in the trembling Vulgar's Ears :
 But when approaching *Cæsar* they would paint,
 The stronger Image makes Description faint.
 No Tongue can speak, with what amazing Dread,
 Wild Thought presents him at his Army's Head :
 Unlike the Man familiar to their Eyes,
 Horrid he seems, and of gigantic Size :
 Unnumber'd Eagles rise amidst his Train,
 And Millions seem to hide the crowded Plain.
 Thus Fear does half the Work of lying Fame,
 And Cowards thus their own Misfortunes frame :
 By their own feigning Fancies are betray'd,
 And groan beneath those Ills themselves have made.

Nor

Quæ finxere, timent: nec solum vulgus inani
Perculsum terrore pavet: sed curia, & ipsi
Sedibus exiliere patres.

Tunc quæ tuta petant, & quæ metuenda relinquunt,
Incerti: quò quemque fugæ tulit impetus, urgent
Præcipitem populum, serièque hærentia longâ
Agmina prorumpunt. Credas aut tecta nefandas
Corripuisse faces, aut jam quatiente ruinâ
Nutantes pendere domos.

Nullum jam languidus ævo
Evaluit revocare parens, conjuxve maritum
Fletibus: haud patrii (dubiæ dum vota salutis
Conciperent) tenere Lares: nec limine quisquam
Hæsit, & extremo tunc forsitan urbis amatae
Plenus abit visu: ruit irrevocabile vulgus.

Lucan. Lib. I.

Urbem
Attonitam terrore subit: namque ignibus atris
Creditur, ut captae, rapturus moenia Romæ,
Sparsurusque Deos: fuit hæc mensura timoris.
Velle putant, quodcunque potest.

Lucan. Lib. III.

PARENTES. Vide Educatio. Exemplum.

Servius Oppidius Canus duo prædia, dives
Antiquo censu, gnatis divisisse duobus
Fertur, & hoc moriens pueris dixisse vocatis
Ad lectum: Postquam te talos, Aule, nuncisque
Ferre

Nor these Alarms the Crowd alone infect,
 But ran alike thro' ev'ry beating Breast :
 With equal Dread the grave Patrician's shook,
 Their Seats abandon'd, and the Court forsook.
 Resolv'd on Flight, yet still unknowing where
 To fly from Danger, or for Aid repair,
 Hasty, and headlong, diff'rent Paths they tread,
 As blind Impulse and wild Distraction lead :
 The Crowd, a hurrying, heartless Train, succeed.
 Who that the lamentable Sight beheld,
 The wretched Fugitives that hid the Field,
 Would not have thought the Flames, with rapid haste
 Destroying wide, had laid their City waste :
 Or groaning Earth had shook beneath their Feet,
 While threatening Buildings nodded o'er the Street.
 Then Sons forsook their Sires unnerv'd and old,
 Nor weeping Wives their Husbands could with-hold :
 Each left his Household *Lares* unador'd,
 Nor with one parting Pray'r their Aid implor'd :
 None stopp'd, or sighing turn'd for one last View,
 Or bid the City of his Birth adieu.
 The headlong Crowd, regardless, urge their Way,
 Tho' e'en their Gods and Country ask their Stay,
 And pleading Nature begs 'em to delay. —

Rowe.

— The City then he enter'd :
 The City with Confusion wild was fraught,
 And trembling shook with ev'ry dreadful Thought.
 They think he comes to ravage, sack, and burn :
 Religion, Gods, and Temples to o'eturn,
 Their Fears suggest him willing to pursue,
 Whatever Ills unbounded Pow'r can do, —

Id.

P A R E N T S . See Education. Example.

OPIDIUS did, as Story goes, divide
 His Farms between his Sons before he dy'd :
 And said, and as he said he gravely smil'd,
 My *Aulus*, I observ'd Thee from a Child :

And

Ferre sinu laxo, donare, & ludere vidi:
 Te, Tiberi, numerare, cavis abscondere tristem?
 Extimui, ne vos ageret vefania discors:
 Tu Nomentanum, tu ne sequerere Cicutam.

Quare per Divos oratus uterque Penates,
 Tu cave ne minuas: tu ne majus facias id,
 Quod satis esse putat pater, & natura coërect.

Præterea ne vos titillet gloria, jure——
 Jurando obstringam ambo: uter Ædilis fuerit, vel
 Vestrum Prætor, is intestabilis, & sacer esto.——

Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 3.

Vivite contenti casulis & collibus istis,
 O Pueri, Marsus dicebat——olim:
 ——Panem quæramus aratro,
 Qui satis est mensis.

Hæc illi veteres præcepta minoribus: at nunc
 Post finem autumnî mediâ de nocte supinum
 Clamosus juvenem pater excitat: accipe ceras,
 Scribe, puer, vigila, causas age, perlege rubras
 Majorum leges, aut vitem posce libello.

——Sed grandes miretur Lælius alas.
 Dirue Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantâm,
 Ut locupletem aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus
 Afferat:——aut longos castrorum ferre labores
 Si piget, & trepido solvunt tibi cornua ventrem
 Cum lituis audita, pares, quod vendere possis
 Pluris dimidio, nec te fastidia mercis
 Ullius subeant ablegandæ Tiberim ultra,

—Lucrî

And when I saw thee careless of thy Toys,
 And freely give thy Nuts to other Boys:
 And You, *Tiberius*, count them o'er and o'er,
 And hoard them up, increasing still your Store:
 I fear'd, both mad, would different Vices chuse,
 And One be covetous, and One profuse.
 Wherefore I charge You both, by all that's dear,
 As You my Blessing hope, or Curses fear,
 That neither You consume your small Estate,
 Nor You increase, but live content on That:
 Since all your proper Wants it will supply,
 And Nature thinks enough as well as I.
 And lest You be Ambitious, hear my Oath:
 Observe, I leave this Curse upon You both:
 He that of You shall be *Ædilis* first,
 Or ev'n a *Prætor*, let him be accurs'd!— *Creech* alter'd.

Observe, how ancient *Marsus* did advise:
 My Sons! let these small Cotts and Hills suffice:
 Let Us the Harvest of our Labour eat:
 'Tis Labour makes the coarsest Diet sweet.

The wiser Antients these Instructions gave:
 But now a covetous old crafty Knave,
 At dead of Night, shall rouse his Son, and cry,
 Turn out, You Rogue! how like a Beast You lie:
 Go, buckle to the Law: is this an Hour
 To stretch your Limbs!—You'll ne'er be Chancellor.
 Or else, yourself to *Lelius* recommend,
 To such broad Shoulders *Lelius* is a Friend:
 Fight under him, there's Plunder to be had:
 A Captain is a very gainful Trade:
 And when in Service your best Days are spent,
 In time You may command a Regiment.
 But if the Trumpet's Clangor You abhor,
 And cannot undergoe the Toils of War,
 Take to a Shop, behind a Counter lie,
 Cheat half in half: none thrive by Honesty.
 Never reflect upon the sordid Ware
 Which You expose: be Gain your only Care.

He

Lucri bonus est odor ex re
Quâlibet. Illa tuo sententia semper in ore
Versetur, Dis atque ipso Jove digna, Poetae:
Unde habeas querit nemo: sed oportet habere.

Juv. Sat. XIV.

—Hoc est patrem esse! aut hoc est filium esse!
Si frater aut sodalis esset, qui magis morem gereret?
Hic non amandus! hicine non gestandus in sinu est! hem,
Itaque adeo magnam mihi iniecit sua commoditate curam,
Nè fortè imprudens faciam, quod nolit, sciens cavebo.—

Terent. Adelph.

VALEDICTIO. DISCESSUS.

TUM pater Evandrus dextram complexus cunctis
Hæret inexpectum lachrymans, ac talia fatur:
O mihi præteritos referat si Juppiter annos!
Qualis eram, — Precesse sub ipsa,
Non ego nunc dulci amplexu divellerer usquam,
Nate, tuo.

At vos, o superi, & Divam tu maxime rector
Juppiter, Arcadii queso miserescite regis,
Et patrias audite preces. Si numina vestra
Incolumem Pallanta mihi, si fata reservant:
Si visurus eum vivo, & venturus in unum:
Vitam oro: patiar quemvis durare laborem.
Sin aliquem infandum casum, Fortuna, minaris:
Nunc o, nunc liceat crudelem abrumpere vitam:
Dum curæ ambiguae, dum spes incerta futuri:
Dum te, care puer, mea sera & sola voluptas,
Complexu teneo: gravior ne nuncius aures
Vulneret. — Hæc genitor digressu dicta supremo

Fundebat:

He that grows rich by scouring of a Sink,
Gets wherewithal to justify the Stink.

This Sentence, worthy *Jove* himself, record
As true, and take it on a * Poet's Word :

" That you get Money, is a needful Task,

" But how you get it, none will ever ask.——

Dryden jun.

Would any one think now that he's my Father, or that
I am his Son!—If he had been a Friend or a Brother,
could he have shewn more Kindness or Complaisance?
Ought I not to love him! ought I not to wear him next
my Heart!—This wonderful Goodness of his engages me
to be always upon my Guard, lest I should imprudently
do any thing to disoblige him.——

PARTING.

THEN old *Evander*, with a close Embrace, [Face:
Strain'd his departing Son, while Tears o'erflow'd his
Would Heav'n, said He, my Strength and Youth recal,
Such as I was beneath *Preneſte's* Wall;
Such if I stood renew'd, not these Alarms,
Nor Death, should rend me from my *Pallas's* Arms.
Ye Gods! and mighty *Jove!* in pity bring
Relief, and hear a Father and a King!
If Fate and You reserve these Eyes to see
My Son return with joyful Victory:
If the lov'd Boy shall bless his Father's Sight:
If we shall meet again with more delight:
Then draw my Life in Length: let me sustain,
In Hopes of his Embrace, the worst of Pain!
But, if your hard Decrees, which,—Oh!—I dread,
Have doom'd to Death his undeserving Head:
This, O this very Moment, let me die!
While Hopes and Fears in equal Ballance lie:
While, yet possess'd of all his youthful Charms,
I strain him close within these aged Arms:

* The Poet *Ennius* who wrote the Sentence that follows.

Before

Fundebat : famuli collapsum in recta ferebant. —

Virg. Æn. VIII.

Tu quoque quamprimum —

Si pictas ulla est, ad me, Philomela, redito.

Mandabat : pariterque suæ dabat oscula natæ :

Et lachrymæ mites inter mandata cadebant.

Supremumque Vale, pleno singultibus ore,

Vix dixit : timuitque suæ prælagia mentis. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

Parat ire, — protinus intima frigus

Ossa receperunt : buxoque simillimus ora

Pallor obit : lachrymisque genæ maduere profusis.

Ter conata loqui, ter fletibus ora rigavit :

Singultuque pias interrumpente querelas. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. XI.

Protinus eductam navalibus æquore tingi,

Aptarique suis pinum jubet armamentis.

Quæ rursus visa, veluti præfaga futuri,

Horruit Halcyone : lachrymasque emisit obortas :

Amplexusque dedit : tristisque miserrima tandem

Ore, Vale, dixit : collapsaque corpore tota est.

Ast juvenes, quærente moras Ceyce, reducunt

Ordinibus geminis ad fortia pectora remos :

Æqualique ictu scindunt freta. — Sustulit illa

Humentes oculos : stantemque in puppe recurva,

Concussaque manu dantem sibi signa maritum

Prima videt : redditque notas. Ubi terra recessit

Longius, atque oculi nequeunt cognoscere vultus :

Dum licet, insequitur fugientem lumine pinum.

Hæc quoque ut haud poterat spatio submota videri,

Vela tamen spectat summo fluitantia malo.

Ut nec vela videt, vacuum petit anxia Lectum :

Seque toro ponit. Renovat lectusque locusque

Halcyones

Before that fatal News my Soul shall wound! —
The Servants bear him fainting to his Court. — *Dryden.*

My *Philomel*,

If any Sense of Duty sways your Mind,
Let me from You the shortest Absence find.
He wept: then kiss'd his Child: and while he speaks,
The Tears fall gently down his aged Cheeks:
While, in a Voice, with dire Forebodings broke,
Sobbing, and faint, the last Farewel was spoke. — *Croxall.*

But when * she saw her Lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly Cold ran shiv'ring to her Heart:
Her faded Cheeks are chang'd to boxen Hue,
And in her Eyes the Tears are ever new:
She thrice essay'd to speak, but thrice in vain,
For Sobs and Sighs her falt'ring Voice restrain. — *Dryd. alt.*

He soon equips the Ship, supplies the Sails,
And gives the Word to launch. — She trembling views
This Pomp of Death, and parting Tears renews:
Then clasp'd him round, and took a long Farewel,
Sigh'd with a sad Presage, and swooning fell.

While *Ceyx* seeks Delays, the lusty Crew,
Rais'd on their Banks, their Oars in order drew
To their broad Breasts: — away the Vessel flew.
The Queen, recover'd, rears her humid Eyes,
And first her Husband on the Poop espies,
Shaking his Hand, at Distance, on the Main:
She took the Sign, and shook her Hand again.
Still as the Ground recedes, contracts her View
With sharpen'd Sight, till she no longer knew
The much lov'd Face: that Comfort lost supplies
With less, and now the Galley feeds her Eyes:
The Galley, born from view, by rising Gales,
She follows with her Sight the flying Sails:
When ev'n the flying Sails are seen no more,
Forfaken of all Sight she leaves the Shore:
And on her lonely Bed her Body throws,
Hoping to gain some Respite from her Woes:

* *Alcyone.*

VOL. II.

O

Her

Halcyones lachrymas ; & quæ pars admonet abfit.

Undique collatis in robur Cæsaris armis,
Summa videns duri magnus discrimina Martis
Jam castris instare suis, seponere tutum
Conjugii decrevit onus, Lesbóque remotâ
Te procul à sævi strepitu, Cornelia, belli
Occulere.—————

—————Mentem jam verba paratam
Destituunt, blandæque juvat ventura trahentem
Indulgere moræ, & tempus subducere fatis.

Nocte sub extremâ, pulso torpore quietis
Dum fovet amplexu gravidum Cornelia curis
Pectus, & averſi petit oscula grata mariti,
Humientes mirata genas, percussâque cæco
Vulnere, non audet flentem deprendere magnum.

Ille gemens, non nunc, vitâ mihi dulcior, inquit,
Cum tædet vitæ, læto sed tempore, conjux,
Venit mœsta dies, & quam nimiûmque, parûmque
Distulimus : jam totus adest in proelia Cæsar.

Cedendum est bellis, quorum tibi tuta latebra
Lesbos erit : desiste preces tentare : negavi
Jam mihi.—————

—————Vix tantum infirma dolorem
Cepit, & attonito ceſſerunt pectore sensus.

Tandem

Her Husband's Pillow there, and widow'd Part
Which once he press'd, again torment her Heart. — *Dryd.*

While thus united *Caesar's* Arms appear,
And *Pompey* finds the great Decision near,
Uneasy Thoughts his manly Soul infect,
And dear * *Cornelia* pains his anxious Breast:
To distant *Lesbos* fain he would remove,
Far from the War, the Partner of his Love.

Oft he prepares to speak, but knows not how;
Knows they must part, but cannot bid her go:
Defers the killing News with fond Delay,
And ling'ring, puts off Fate from Day to Day.

The fleeting Shades began to leave the Sky,
And Slumber soft forsook the drooping Eye,
When, with fond Arms, the fair *Cornelia* press'd
Her Lord, reluctant, to her snowy Breast:
Wond'ring she found he shunn'd her just Embrace,
And felt warm Tears upon his manly Face.
Heart-wounded with the sudden Woe, she griev'd,
And scarce the weeping Warrior yet believ'd. —
When with a Groan, thus He. My faithful Wife,
To say how much I love Thee more than Life,
Poorly expresses what my Heart would show,
Since Life, alas! is grown my Burden now.
That long, too long delay'd, that dreadful Doom,
That cruel parting Hour at length is come.
Fierce, haughty, and collected in his Might,
Advancing *Caesar* calls me to the Fight.

Haste then, my gentle Love, from War retreat,
The *Lesbian* Isle attends, thy peaceful Seat.
Nor seek, Oh! seek not to increase my Cares,
Seek not to change my Purpose with thy Prayers:
My self, in vain, the fruitless Suit have try'd,
And my own pleading Heart has been deny'd.

Stunn'd, and astonish'd, at the deadly Stroke,
All Sense, at first, the Matron sad forsook.

* *Pompey's* Wife.

Tandem ut vox mœstas potuit proferre querelas,
 Nil mihi de fatis thalami, superisque relictum est,
 Magne, queri: nostros non rumpit funus amores,
 Nec diri fax summa rogi: sed sorte frequenti
 Plebeiâque nimis careo dimissa marito.

————— Sic est tibi cognita, Magne,
 Nostra fides? credisne aliquid mihi tutius esse,
 Quàm tibi? nōne olim casu pendemus ab uno?

————— Sic fata, relictis
 Exiit stratis amens, tormentaque nullâ
 Vult differre morâ: non mœsti pectora Magni
 Sustinet amplexu dulci, non colla tenere:
 Extremusque perit tam longi fructus amoris:
 Præcipitâque suos luctus: neuterque recedens
 Sustinuit dixisse vale: vitamque per omnem
 Nulla fuit tam mœsta dies. —————

Labitur infelix, manibusque excepta suorum
 Fertur ad æquoreas, ac se prosternit, arenas,
 Littorâque ipsa tenet, tandemque illata carinæ est. ———

Lucan. Lib. V.

ANIMI AFFECTUS. Vide FLUCTUATIO.

UT ridentibus arident, ita flentibus adsunt
 Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est
 Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent. ———

————— Tristia mœstum
 Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum:

Ludentem,

Motion, and Life, and Speech at length returns,
And thus, in Words of heaviest Woe she mourns,
No, *Pompey*! 'tis not that my Lord is dead,
'Tis not the Hand of Fate has robb'd my Bed:
But like some base Plebeian I am curst,
And by my cruel Husband stand divorc'd.

Is thy *Cornelia*'s Faith so poorly known,
That Thou shouldst think her safer whilst alone?
Are not our Loves, our Lives, our Fortunes one?

This said, the Matron start'd from her Bed,
And, wild with Sorrow, from her Husband fled:
She sees all ling'ring, all Delays are vain,
And rushes, headlong, to possess the Pain:
Nor will the Hurry of her Grievs afford
One last Embrace from her forsaken Lord.

How piteous was the parting of these two!
After a Love so lasting and so true,
Neither could bear to speak the Word—*Adieu*.
In all the woeful Days that cross'd their Bliss,
Sure never Hour was known so sad as this!

Low on the Ground the fainting Dame is laid:
Her Train officious hasten to her Aid:
Then gently rearing, with a careful Hand,
Support her, slow-descending o'er the Strand.
There, while with eager Arms she grasp'd the Shore,
Scarcely the Mourner to the Bark they bore.— *Rowe alt.*

PASSIONS. See DOUBT.

AS Grief grows mutual, Joy produces Joy,
For Face to Face conveys strong Sympathy.
Wouldst Thou have me with Tears thy Sorrow share?
Weep first thyself, and let thy Woes appear:
'Tis then to soft Compassion I incline,
Then Fancy works, and thy Misfortune's mine.
The Cholerick must rage, the Sad complain,
The Grave be serious, and the Frolick vain:

Ludentem, lasciva : severum, seria dictu,
 Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem
 Fortunarum habitum : juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
 Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, & angit :
 Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.——

Hor. Art. Poet.

Nisi purgatum est pectus, quæ prælia nobis,
 Atque pericula tunc ingratis insinuandum !
 Quantæ conscindunt hominem Cupidinis acres
 Sollicitum curæ ! Quantique perinde timores !
 Quidve superbia, spurcities, petulantia, quantas
 Efficiunt cladeis ! Quid luxus, desidiésque !——

Lucret. Lib. V.

Latius regnes avidum domando
 Spiritum, quàm si Lybiam remotis
 Gadibus jungas, & uterque Pœnus

Serviat uni,——

Hor. Lib. II. Ode 2.

Luctantur : pectusque leve in contraria ducunt
 Hac amor, hac odium : sed puto vincet amor.

Odero, si potero : si non, invitus amabo.
 Nec juga taurus amat : quæ tamen odit, habet,

Nequitiam fugio : fugientem forma reducit ;
 Aversor morum crimina, corpus amo.

Sic ego nec sine te, nec tecum vivere possum ;
 Et videor voti nescius esse mei.
 Aut formosa fores minus, aut minus improba vellem:

Non

For Nature ever doth the Change begin,
 The Mind inclines, and models Us within :
 According to the various Turns of Fate,
 She screws the Soul to an unusual Height,
 And swells Us into Rage ; or bending low,
 She sinks us to the Dust with weighty Woe :
 Then, as the Passions diff'rently prevail,
 She makes the Tongue declare what inwardly we feel.—

Ames alter'd.

Unless the Mind be purg'd, what Storms arise !
 What Dangers still appear before our Eyes !
 The Man that's covetous how many Cares
 Gall and torment, how many anxious Fears !
 What Mischiefs, what dire Murders shall we find,
 Where Pride, and Lust, —————
 Where Luxury, and Sloth, possess the Mind ! —

}
}

The Man a nobler Empire gains,
 That his own craving Will restrains,
 Than he whose Sword and wide Command
 Join distant *Spain* and *Lybia's* Land :
 Than he whose far extended Sway,
Carthage both old and new obey. — *Creech alter'd.*

Alas ! by diff'rent Passions I'm oppress'd !
 Fierce Love and Hate contend within my Breast :
 My Bosom they divide, but Love I fear
 Will prove too strong, and gain a Conquest there.
 I'll strive to hate Thee ; but if that should prove
 A fruitless Strife, spite of myself I'll love.
 The Bull dislikes the galling Yoke, but still
 He bears the Thing he hates, against his Will.
 I hate, I fly Thee, faithless Fair ! in vain,
 Thy Beauty ever brings me back again,
 Thou in my Heart wilt always find a Place :
 I hate thy Humour, but I love thy Face.
 No Rest I to my tortur'd Soul can give,
 Nor with Thee, nor without Thee, can I live.
 Oh ! that thy Mind We in thy Face could view !
 Less lovely that Thou wer't, or else more true !

200 PATIENTIA. PATRIÆ AMATOR.

Non facit ad mores tam bona forma malos.
Facta merent odium : facies exorat amorem :
Me miserum, vitiis plus valet illa suis !——

Ovid. Amor. Lib. III. El. 10.

PATIENTIA. Vide CONSOLATIO.

— Q UO fata trahunt retrahuntque, sequamur :
Quicquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo
est.—— *Virg. Æn. Lib. V.*

——— Levius fit Patientiâ,
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.—— *Hor. Lib. I. Ode 14.*
Perfer & obdura : dolor hic tibi proderit olim :
Sæpe tulit lassus succus amarus opem.——

Ovid. III. Amor. 10.

——— Gaudet patientia duris.—— *Ibid.*
Quod fuit durum pati
Meminisse dulce est.—— *Seneca.*

Ponamus nimios gemitus : flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor esse viri, nec vulnere major.——
Juv. Sat. XIII.

PATRIÆ AMATOR.

U N I quippe vacat studiisq; odiisq; carenti,
Humanum lugere genus.——

——— Hi mores, hæc duri immota Catonis
Secta fuit, fervare modum finemque tenere,
Naturamque sequi, patriæque impendere vitam,

Nec

How diff'rent are thy Manners, and thy Sight?
 Thy Deeds forbid Us, but thy Eyes invite.
 Thy Actions shock Us, while thy Beauty moves:
 And He who hates thy Faults, thy Person loves.
 Ah! happy, ever happy should I be,
 If I no Charms, or no Defects could see.— *Anon. alter'd.*

PATIENCE. See CONSOLATION.

— **W** Here-e'er the Fates
 Call, or recall Us, let Us follow still:
 Whate'er it be, all Fortune is subdu'd
 By Patience. —————

Trap.

Evils, for which we no Redress can find,
 Patience makes less afflictive to the Mind. —
 With Patience suffer. What You now endure,
 In time to come may Happiness ensure:
 By bitter Draughts the Sick oft find a Cure. —
 Patience delights with Evils to contend.
 Misfortunes that are grievous to support,
 Are in Remembrance sweet. —————

Let's curb our Passions, nor too much complain:
 Grief should be check'd, and it becomes a Man
 To let it rise no higher than his Pain. —————

Creech.

PATRIOT.

NO Stings of private Hate his Peace molest,
 Nor partial Favour grew upon his Breast:
 But safe from Prejudice * he kept his Mind,
 Free, and at Leisure to lament Mankind.
 These were the stricter Manners of the Man,
 And this the stubborn Course in which they ran:
 The golden Mean, unchanging, to pursue:
 Constant to keep the purpos'd End in view:
 Religiously to follow Nature's Laws,
 And die, with Pleasure, in his Country's Cause:

* *Cato.*

To

Nec sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo.
 Huic epulæ vicisse famem, magnique penates
 Submovisse hyemem tecto, pretiosaque vestis
 Hirtam membra super Romano more Quiritis
 Induxisse togam : Venerisque huic maximus usus,
 Progenies : urbi pater est, urbique maritus,
 Justitiæ cultor, rigidi servator honesti,
 In commune bonus : nullósque Catonis in actus
 Subrepsit, partemque tulit sibi nata voluptas.—

Lucan. Lib. II.

—————Patriam tutore carentem
 Excipit, & populo trepidantia membra resovit.
 Ignavis manibus projectos reddidit enses :
 Nec regnum cupiens gessit civilia bella,
 Nec servire timens : nil causâ fecit in armis
 Ipse sua, —————

Lucan. Lib. IX.

P A X.

A Sperâ tum positis mitescent sæcula bellis.
 Cana Fides, & Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus,
 Jura dabunt : diræ ferro & compagibus arctis
 Claudentur belli portæ : Furor impius intus
 Sæva sedens super arma, & centum vinctus ahenis
 Post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.—

Virg. Æn. Lib. I.

—————Pax

To think he was not for himself design'd,
 But born to be of Use to all Mankind.
 To him 'twas Feasting, Hunger to repress :
 And home-spun Garments were his costly Dress.
 No marble Pillars rear'd his Roof on high,
 'Twas warm, and kept him from the Winter Sky :
 He sought no End of Marriage, but Increase :
 Nor wish'd a Pleasure, but his Country's Peace :
 That took up all the tend'rest Parts of Life,
 His Country was his Children and his Wife,
 From Justice' righteous Rules he never swerv'd,
 But rigidly his Honesty preserv'd :
 On universal Good his Thoughts were bent,
 Nor knew what Gain, or Self-affection meant :
 And while his Benefits the Publick share,
 Cato was always last in Cato's Care.——

Rowe.

His helpless Country like an Orphan left,
 Friendless and poor, of all Support bereft,
 He took and cherish'd with a Father's Care,
 He comforted, he bad her not to fear,
 And taught her feeble Hands once more the Trade of [War. }
 Nor Lust of Empire did his Courage sway,
 Nor Hate, nor proud Repugnance to obey :
 Passions and private Int'rest he forgot :
 Nor for himself, but Liberty he fought,—— Id.

P E A C E.

— A G E S mild
 Shall next succeed, and War no more be heard :
 Then *Faith*, and *Vesta*, and *Quirinus*, joyn'd
 With *Remus*, shall give Laws : strong massy Bars,
 And Bolts of solid Iron, fast shall close
 War's dreadful Portals : impious * Rage within
 Sitting on horrid Armour, and behind
 Bound with an hundred brazen Knots, shall roar
 With bloody Mouth, and foaming bite his Chains.—*Trap.*

* The Picture of War was painted in this manner by *Apelles*; and
Vergil is supposed to have taken this Description from thence.

She

— Pax arva colat : Pax candida primum
 Duxit araturos sub juga curva boves.
 Pax aluit vites, & succos condidit uvæ,
 Funderet ut nato testa paterna merum.
 Pace bidens, vomérque vigent : at tristitia duri
 Militis in tenebris occupat arma situs. — *Tibul. L. I. El. 10.*

— Nobis Pax alma veni, spicámque teneto :
 Perfluat & pomis candidus ante sinus. — *Ibid.*

— Pax optima rerum,
 Quas homini novisse datum est : Pax una triumphis
 Innumeris potior : Pax custodire salutem,
 Et cives æquare potens. — *Silius Ital. Lib. II.*

— Trahimur sub nomine pacis.
 Non chalybem gentes penitus fugiente metallo
 Eruerent, nulli vallarent Oppida muri,
 Non sonipes in bella ferox, non iret in æquor
 Turrigeras Classis pelago sparsura carinas,
 Si bene libertas unquam pro pace daretur. — *Lucan. L. IV.*

— Jam respice canos,
 Invalidásque manus, & inanes cerne lacertos.
 Usus abit vitæ : bellis consumpsimus ævum.
 Ad mortem dimitte senes : en improba vota;
 Non duro liceat morientia cespite membra
 Ponere, non animâ galeam fugiente ferire,
 Atque oculos morti clausuram quærere dextram,
 Conjugis illabi lachrymis, uníque paratum
 Scire rogum : liceat morbis finire senectam :
 Sit præter gladios aliquod sub Cæsare fatum. —

Lucan. Lib. V.

— Ipsa tubarum
 Armorúmque potens, dextram, qua fortia turbat
 Agmina, qua stabiles portas & mœnia vellit,
 Jam levibus laxat studiis, hastámque reponit;
 Insolitísque docet galeam mitescere fertis.

Ferratus

She first, white Peace, the Earth with Plough-shares
 And bent the Oxen to the crooked Yoke : [broke,
 First rear'd the Vine, and hoarded first with Care
 The Father's Vintage for his drunken Heir.— *Addison.*
 Peace plies the Prong, and brights the shining Share ;
 Let eating Rust destroy the Tools of War.— *Dart.*

Come, fost'ring Peace, to Us, and kindly bear
 In thy fair Hand the Harvest's golden Ear :
 And from thy Lap with lavish Plenty pour
 Ripe Apples, and the Garden's bounteous Store.— *Dart.*

Peace is the greatest Good Mankind can know :
 Peace, Peace alone, outweighs a thousand Triumphs :
 Peace, the dear Blessing of Security,
 To all impartial, gives.—

By the fair Name of Peace we are betray'd.—
 None deep in Mines would dig the brazen Ore,
 Mark out the French, or raise the lofty Tow'r ;
 Ne'er would the Steed in Armour seek the Plain,
 Or Fleets encounter on th' unstable Main,
 If Liberty could well be chang'd for Peace.—

Oh see at length ! with Pity, *Cæsar*, see
 These with'ring Arms, these Hairs grown white for Thee.
 In painful Wars our joyless Days have pass'd,
 Let weary Age lie down in Peace at last :
 Give Us, on Beds, our dying Limbs to lay,
 And sigh, at home, our parting Souls away :
 Let our poor Babes, and weeping Wives be by,
 To close our drooping Eye-lids when we die.
 Be merciful, and let Disease afford
 Some other Way to die, beside the Sword :
 Let us no more a common Carnage burn,
 But each be laid in his own decent Urn.— *Rowe.*

The Maid Armipotent, that dreadful Pow'r,
 Who drives th' embattl'd Host, and shakes the solid Tow'r,
 Laid by her Spear, and all her War-attire,
 Now mildly mixes with the softer Quire :
 The Horror of her Helm, the Warrior's Pride,
 Wreaths of fair Roses innocently hide :

She

Ferratus lascivit apex, horrorque recessit
Martius, & cristæ pacato fulgure vernant. —

Claud. Rapt. Prof.

C O L O N U S. Vide Vita Rustica.

O Fortunatos nimicum, sua si bona norint,
Agricolæ! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilè victum justissima tellus.
Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam:
Nec varios inhiant pulchra testudine postes,
Illusæque auro vestes, Ephyræique æra:
Alba neque Assyrio fucatur lana veneno.
At secura Quies, & nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; at latiss otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus: at frigida Tempè,
Mugitusque boum, mollisque sub arbore somni
Non absunt. Illic saltus, ac lustra ferarum,
Et patiens operum parvoque affueta juvenus,
Sacra Deum, sanctique patres: extrema per illos
Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit. —

Virg. Geor. II.

Fortunatus & ille Deos qui novit agrestes,
Panæque, Sylvanumque senem, Nymphasque sorores!
Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
Flexit, & infidos agitans discordia fratres,
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro:
Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna: neque ille
Aut doluit miserans inopem, aut invidit habenti.
Quos rami fructus, quos ipsa volentia rura
Sponte tulere suâ, carpsit: nec ferrea jura,
Insanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit. —

Ibid.

Agricola

She shines with peaceful Decorations dress'd,
And Flow'rs nod harmless from her lofty Crest.—

Hughes.

PEASANT. FARMER. See Country Life.

O! More than fortunate, did they but know
Their Happiness, the Country-Village Swains!
For whom, at distance from discordant Arms,
The Earth, just Parent, pours forth easy Food.
What, tho' with them no Palace, rais'd to Heav'n,
From it's proud Portals vomits out a Tide
Of Morning-Visitants? Nor do they gape
For Luxury of Buildings: Pillars grac'd
With Spoils of Tortoises, in various Hue:
For 'broider'd Garments, and *Corinthian* Brass?
Tho' their white Wool imbibes no *Syrian* Teint:
Yet safe Repose, Sincerity of Life,
Riches of various Kinds, large Farms, and Ease,
Lowing of Herds, and Grots, and living Lakes,
Cool Vallies, and sweet Sleep beneath the Shades,
They want not.—Lawns are there, and Haunts of Beasts;
Youth patient of Fatigue, and train'd to live
On Little: Rites divine, and holy Sires:—
When Justice left the World, she left them last.— *Trap.*

Blest too is He, who knows the rural Gods,
Pan, old *Sylvanus*, and their Sister Nymphs!
Him nor the *Fasces* of the State can move,
Nor regal Purple: nor the Hate which reigns
'Twixt faithless Brothers: nor the *Dacian* Pow'rs,
Descending from the *Danube* leagu'd in Arms:
Nor *Rome's* Affairs, nor Kingdoms doom'd to fall:
The Poor his Pity moves not, nor the Rich
His Envy. Whate'er Fruits the Trees, and Fields,
Spontaneous, and without Compulsion give,
He gathers: nor e'er sees the Iron Laws,
The publick Registers, or noisy Bar.—

The

Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro :
 Hinc anni labor, hinc patriam, parvósque nepotes
 Sustinet : hinc armenta boum, meritósque juvencos.
 Nec requies : quin, aut pomis exuberet annus,
 Aut foetu pecorum, aut Cerealis mergite culmi :
 Proventúque oneret fúlcos, atque horrea vincat.
 Venit hyems : teritur Sicyonia bacca trapetis :
 Glande sues læti redeunt : dant arbuta sylvæ :
 Et varios ponit foetus autumnus : & alte
 Mitis in apricis coquitur vindemia faxis.

Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati :
 Casta pudicitiam servat domus : ubera vaccae
 Lactea demittunt : pinguésque in gramine læto
 Inter se adversis luctantur cornibus hoedi. — *Ibid.*

Nil vetitum fecisse volet, quem non pudet alto
 Per glaciem perone tegi : qui summovet Euros
 Pellibus inverfis. Peregrina, ignotæque nobis
 Ad scelus atque nefas, quodcunque est, purpura ducit. —
Juv. Sat. XIV.

Cespes Tyrio mollior ostro,
 Solet impavido, ducere somnos.
 Aurea rumpunt tecta quietem,
 Vigilésque trahit purpura noctes.
 Tenet è patula pocula fago,
 Sed non trepida tenet ipsa manu.
 Carpit faciles vilésque cibos,
 Sed non strictos respicit enses.
 Conjux modico nupta marito
 Non disposito clara monili
 Gestat pelagi dona rubentis,
 Nec gemmiferas detrahit aures
 Lapis Eoa lectus in unda :

Nec

The Farmer with the crooked Plow upturns
The Glebe: from hence his annual Labour: hence
His Children, and his Country He sustains,
His lowing Herds, and well-deserving Steers.
No Pause, but still with Fruit the Year abounds:
With Apples, or th' Increase of Ewes and Kine,
Or with full Sheaves of Corn, the Gift of *Ceres*:
He loads the Furrows, and o'erpow'rs the Barns.
Winter comes on: the Presses bruise the Fruit
Of *Sicyonian* Olives: Fat with Mast
The Swine return: the Woods their Berries yield:
Autumn it's various Product too resigns:
And Summer on high Rocks the Vintage swells.
Mean-while their tender Parents Kisses round
Hang the sweet Babes: the Family all chaste,
Virtue and spotless Modesty preserves.
The Kine their Dugs with Milk distended bring:
And the fat sportive Kids in Pastures green
Frisk on the Turf, and push with butting Horns.— *Id.*

The Country Peasant meditates no Harm,
When clad with Skins of Beasts to keep him warm,
In Winter Weather, unconcern'd he goes
Almost Knee-deep thro' Mire, in clumsy Shoes:
Vice dwells in Palaces, is richly drest,
There glows in Scarlet, and the *Tyrian* Vest.— *Dryd. jun.*

Stretch'd on the Turf in Sylvan Shades,
No Fear the Peasant's Rest invades:
While gilded Roofs, and Beds of State,
Perplex the Slumbers of the Great.

Secure, he rears the beachen Bowl,
With steady Hand, and fearless Soul.
Pleas'd with his plain and homely Meats,
No Swords surround him as He eats.

His modest Wife, of Virtue try'd,
Knows not th' expensive Arts of Pride:
Her Neck no circling Jewels wears,
No Pearls depending load her Ears:

Nec Sidonio mollis abeno
 Repetita bibit lana rubores :
 Nec Mæonia distinguit acu
 Quæ Phœbeis subditus Euris
 Legit Eois Ser arboribus.
 Quælibet herbæ tinxere colos,
 Quas indoctæ nevere manus :
 Sed non dubios fovet illa toros.
 Sequitur dira lampade Erynnis
 Quorum populi coluere diem. — *Senec. Herc. Cæl.*

HOMINES Primævi. Vide Ætas Aurea.

Necdum res igni scibant tractare, nec uti
 Pellibus, & spoliis corpus vestire ferarum :
 Sed nemora, atque cævos monteis, sylvasque colebant,
 Et frutices inter condebant squalida membra,
 Verbera ventorum vitare, imbreisque coacti.

Nec commune bonum poterant spectare, nec ullis
 Moribus inter se scibant, nec legibus uti.

Quod cuique obrulerat prædæ fortuna, ferebat,
 Sponte sua sibi quisque valere & vivere doctus.

Et manuum mira freti virtute, pedumque,
 Consectabantur silvestria sæcla ferarum
 Missilibus saxis, & magno pondere clavæ,
 Multaque vincebant, vitabant pauca latebris :
 Setigerisque pares suis silvestria membra
 Nuda dabant terræ nocturno tempore capti,
 Circum se foliis ac frondibus involventes.

Inde casas postquam, ac pelleis, ignemque parârunt,
 Et mulier conjuncta viro concessit in unum :

Castaque privatae Veneris connubia læta
 Cognita sunt, prolémque ex se videre creatam :
 Tum genus humanum primum mollescere cœpit.

Tunc & amicitiam cœperunt jungere habentes
 Finitima inter se, nec lædere, nec violare.

Inde

No Silks she boasts from *India* brought,
 Rich by the painting Needle wrought :
 Nor proud, allures each wanton Eye,
 In Stuffs of double *Tyrian* Dye.
 Her easy With, the home-spun Fleece,
 Plain in it's native Hue, can please :
 And, happy in her nuptial Bed,
 No jealous Doubts disturb her Head :
 Unlike the Dame, whose Day of Birth,
 Is solemniz'd thro' half the Earth.——*Ward* alter'd.

PEOPLE First. See Golden Age.

MEN did, as yet, no use of Fire know,
 To dress their Food ; nor round their Bodies throw
 The Skins of Beasts for Cloths : but, then confin'd,
 In Woods and Caves they liv'd,——
 To save them from the stormy Rains and Wind.

No fixt Society, no steddy Laws,
 No publick Good was known, no common Cause :
 But every one laid hold on what he cou'd,
 By Nature taught to seek his private Good.——

Then, strong and swift, they did the Beasts pursue,
 And many, arm'd with Stones and Clubs, they slew :
 But to their Caves from some they cautiously withdrew.
 When Night came on, wrapt round with Boughs they lay,
 Upon the Ground like Hogs, and rough as they.——

Creech alter'd.

After, when Cots were built, and Fire began,
 And Skins of Beasts afforded Cloths for Man :
 When one to one confin'd, in chaste Embrace
 Enjoy'd sweet Love, and saw a num'rous Race,
 Then Men grew soft : the Temper of his Mind
 Was chang'd from rough to mild, from fierce to kind.

Then Neighbours, by Degrees familiar grown,
 Made Leagues and Bonds, and each secur'd his own.

Inde magistratum partim docuere creare,
 Juraque constituere, ut vellent legibus uti :
 Nam genus humanum defessum vi colere ævum,
 Ex inimiciis languebat : quò magis ipsum
 Sponte sua cecidit sub leges, arctaque jura. — *Lucret. V.*

Condere cœperunt tum urbes, arcemque locare
 Præsidium reges ipsi sibi, perfugiûmque :
 Et pecudes, & agros divisere, atque dedere
 Pro facie cujusque, & viribus, ingenioque :
 Nam facies multum valuit, virisque vigeant. — *Ibid.*

Nam rudis ante illos, nullo discrimine vita
 In speciem conversa operum ratione carebat,
 Et stupefacta novo pendebat lumine mundi :
 Tum velut amissis mœrens, tum læta renatis
 Syderibus, variòsque dies, incertaque noctis
 Tempora, nec similes umbras jam sole regresso
 Jam proprio, suis poterat discernere causis.

Necdum etiam doctas solertia fecerat artes,
 Terræque sub rudibus cessabat vasta colonis.
 Tuncque in desertis habitabat montibus aurum,
 Ignotusque novos pontus subduxerat orbes.
 Nec vitam pelago, nec ventis credere vota
 Audebant, sed quisque satis se nosse putabat. —
Mamil. Lib. I.

PERJURIUM.

QUAM facile & primum est superos contemnere testes,
 Si mortalis idem nemo sciat ! aspice quantâ

Vocce

This made them Laws enact, and led their Choice
To Rulers: Power was giv'n by public Voice:
For Men, worn out, and tir'd by constant Strife,
Began at last to wish a quiet Life:
And so submitted, of their own accord,
To rigid Laws, and their elected Lord.—— *Creech.*

Kings then began to build them Towns and Forts,
Wherein to live secure, and keep their Courts:
'Mongst all they shar'd the Cattle and the Ground,
And round each Portion mark'd the steady Bound.
Each his Allotment had, as seem'd most fit,
According to his Beauty, Strength, or Wit:
For Beauty, then, and Strength were most esteem'd.——
Creech alter'd.

Before that Time Life was an artless State,
Of Reason void, and thoughtless in Debate:
Nature lay hid in deepest Night below:
None knew her Wonders, and none car'd to know.
Men Upwards look'd, they saw the circling Light,
Pleas'd with the Fires, and wonder'd at the Sight:
The Sun, when Night came on, withdrawn, they griev'd,
As dead: and joy'd next Morn, when he reviv'd.
But why the Nights grew long, or short, the Day
Was chang'd, and Shadows varied with the Ray,
Shorter at his Approach, and longer grown
At his Remove, the Causes were unknown.
Arts were not then found out, the desert Plains
Were unmanur'd, nor fed the idle Swains:
Ev'n Gold in Hills lay hid, then none resign'd
Their Lives to Seas, or Wishes to the Wind:
Confin'd their Search, they knew themselves alone,
And thought that only worthy to be known.—— *Creech.*

PERJURY.

HOW ready now is every Wretch to swear:
How fearless to affront the conscious Gods,
If so from Man he may his Guilt conceal!

Voco neget! quæ sit ficti constantia vultûs!

Per Solis radios, Tarpeiâque fulmina jurat,
Et Martis frameam, & Cirrhæi spicula vatis:
Per calamos venatricis, pharetrâque puellæ,
Perque tuum, pater Ægæi Neptune, tridentem:
Addit & Herculeos arcus, hastâque Minervæ,
Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli.
Si verò pater est, comedam, inquit, flebile ignati
Sinciput elixi, Pharióque madentis aceto. —

Juv. Sat. XIII.

— Tunc te sacra ad delubra vocantem
Præcedit, trahere imò ultrò, ac vexare paratus.
Nam cùm magna malæ superest audacia causæ,
Creditor à multis fiducia. —

Ibid.

Postquam cupidæ mentis satiata libido est,
Verba nihil metuere, nihil perjuria curant, —

Catull.

PHILOSOPHIA.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas:
Atque metus omnis & inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari! —

Virg. Georg. Lib. II.

Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem:
Non quia vexari quemquam 'st jucunda voluptas,
Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave 'st.
Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri,
Per campos instructa, tua sine parte pericli:
Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena:

Despicere

Observe, how clear his Voice, when he denies:
 How steady! how like Innocence his Look!
 By the bright Sun! he swears, by *Jove's* red Bolts!
 By *Mars* his Lance! and by *Apollo's* Shafts!
 By the sharp Arrows of the *Huntress-Maid*,
 And by her Quiver! by thy mighty Trident,
Neptune, great Father of the vast *Ægeon*!
 To these, he adds, the Bow of *Hercules*,
Minerva's Spear, and whate'er dreadful Arms
 Beside the Magazines of Heav'n contain.
 If he a Father is, may I, he cries,
 My Son, You Gods! my dearest Son devour,
 Dipping each mangled Morsel in the Sauce,
 If I'm not innocent.

Dare him to swear, he with a chearful Face,
 Flies to the Shrine, and bids Thee mend thy Pace:
 He urges, goes before Thee, shews the Way,
 Nay, pulls Thee on, and chides thy dull Delay:
 For Confidence in Sin, when mixt with Zeal,
 Seems Innocence, and looks to most as well.— *Creech.*

When once our lustful Wishes sated are,
 For Promises, or Vows, we little care.

PHILOSOPHY.

Happy the Man, who, studying Nature's Laws,
 Thro' known Effects can trace the secret Cause:
 Who, without Fear, his certain Fate can meet,
 And trample Death itself beneath his Feet.— *Dryden.*

'Tis pleasant, when the Seas are rough to stand,
 And view another's Danger, safe at Land:
 Not 'cause he's troubl'd, but 'tis sweet to see
 Those Cares and Fears from which Ourselves are free.
 'Tis also pleasant, to behold, from far,
 Armies engage: secure Ourselves from War.— *Creech.*

But much more sweet, thy lab'ring Steps to guide
 To Virtue's Heights, with Wisdom well supply'd,
 And all the Magazines of Learning fortify'd:

Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ,
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Nocteis atque dies niti præstante labore
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.—

Lucret. Lib. II.

Nam veluti pueri trepidant, atque omnia cæcis
In tenebris metuunt: sic nos in luce timemus
Interdum nihilo quæ sunt metuenda magis, quàm
Quæ pueri in tenebris pavitant, finguntque futura.
Hunc igitur terrorem animi, tenebrasque necesse 'st
Non radii solis, neque lucida tela dici
Discutiant: sed naturæ species, ratioque,— *Ibid.*

Si possent homines, proinde ac sentire videntur,
Pondus inesse animo quod se gravitate fatiget,
E quibus id fiat causis quoque noscere, & unde
Tanta mali tanquam moles in pectore constet:
Haud ita vitam agerent, ut nunc plerumque videmus:
Quid sibi quisque velit, nescire, & quærere semper,
Commutare locum, quasi onus deponere possit.

Exit sæpe foras magnis ex ædibus ille,
Esse domi quem pertæsum 'st, subitoque revertit:
Quippe foris nihilo melius qui sentiat esse.

Currit agens mannos ad villam hic præcipitanter,
Auxilium testis quasi ferre ardentibus instans:
Oscitat extemplo, tetigit cum limina villæ:
Aut abiit in somnum gravis, atque obliviam quærir,
Aut etiam properans urbem petit, atque revisit.

Hoc se quisque modo fugit: at, quem scilicet, ut fit,
Effugere haud potis est, ingratis hæret, & angit,
Propterea, morbi quia causam non tenet æger:

Quam

From thence to look below on Humankind,
 Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind :
 To see vain Fools ambitiously contend,
 For Wit and Pow'r ; their last Endeavours bend
 T' outshine each other, waste their Time and Health
 In search of Honour, and pursuit of Wealth.— *Dryden.*

—As Children are surpriz'd with Dread,
 And tremble in the dark : so riper Years,
 Ev'n in broad Day-light, are possess'd with Fears,
 And shake at Shadows : fanciful and vain
 As those which in the Breast of Children reign.
 These Bugbears of the Mind, this inward Hell,
 No Rays of outward Sunshine can dispell :
 But Nature and right Reason must display
 Their Beams abroad, and bring the darksome Soul to
 Day.— *Ibid.*

Oh ! if the foolish Race of Man, who find
 A Weight of Cares, still pressing on their Mind ;
 Could find as well the Cause of their Unrest,
 And all this Burden lodg'd within the Breast,
 Sure they would change their Course : not live as now,
 Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow :

Uneasy both in Country, and in Town,
 They search a Place to lay their Burden down :
 One restless in his Palace walks abroad,
 And vainly thinks to leave behind the Load :
 But straight returns : for he's as restless there,
 And finds there's no Relief in open Air.
 Another to his *Villa* would retire,
 And spurs as hard as if it were on Fire ;
 No sooner enter'd at his Country-Door,
 But he begins to yawn, and stretch, and snore ;
 Or seeks the City, which he left before.

Thus ev'ry Man o'er-works his weary Will,
 To shun himself, and to shake off his Ill ;
 The shaking Fit returns, and hangs upon him still :
 No Prospect of Repose, nor Hope of Ease :
 The Wretch is ignorant of his Disease ;

Which

Quam benè si videat : jam, rebus quisque relictis,
Naturam primùm studeat cognoscere rerum.

Lucret. Lib. III.

Fervet avaritiâ, miserôque Cupidine pectus ?
Sunt verba, & voces, quibus lenire dolorem
Possis, & magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes ? sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello.
Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, amator :
Nemo adeò ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modò culturæ patientem commendet aurem.

Hor. Lib. I. Epist. 1.

Felices Animæ, quibus hæc cognoscere primis,
Inque domos superas scandere cura fuit.
Credibile est, illos pariter vitissque locisque
Altius humanis exeruisse caput.
Non Venus, & vinum sublimia pectora fregit :
Officiûmque Fori, Militiæque labor.
Nec levis Ambitio, perfusæque gloria furo,
Magnarûmque fames sollicitavit opum.
Admovere oculis distantia sidera nostris :
Ætherâque ingenio supposuere suo.
Sic petitur cœlum : non ut ferat Ossan Olympus :
Summâque Peliacus sidera tangat apex.

Ovid. Fast. Lib. I.

MEDICUS.

Which known would all his guiltless Trouble spare,
 For he would know the World not worth his Care :
 Then would he search more deeply for the Cause,
 And study Nature well, and Nature's Laws. ——— *Id.*

Doth creeping Avarice thy Mind engage?
 Or doth it boil with fiery Lust and Rage?
 Why there are Rules and Precepts that can ease
 Thy Pain, and cure great part of thy Disease.
 Or art Thou vain?—Books yield a certain Spell,
 To stop thy Tumour : thou shalt cease to swell,
 When thou hast read them thrice, and studied well.
 The Man that's envious, or to Anger prone,
 Slothful, or drunk, in Love, or all in one :
 There's none so void of Reason, none so wild,
 As not to be reclaim'd, and render'd mild,
 If he consults true Wisdom's Rules with Care,
 And to Instruction lends a patient Ear. — *Creech alter'd.*

Thrice happy They, who first, with Souls refin'd,
 To these Pursuits their gen'rous Care confin'd :
 Who, nobly spurning Earth's impure Abodes,
 Essay'd to climb the Mansions of the Gods.
 Such Minds sublime, Intemperance never broke :
 Such ne'er submitted to Love's shameful Yoke ;
 Such fled the Wrangling of the noisy Bar,
 The hideous Din of Arms, and painful Toils of War.
 Foes to Ambition and her idle Lure,
 From thirst of Fame, from thirst of Gold, secure :
 Such Souls, examining the distant Skies,
 Unveil'd it's hidden Lights to mortal Eyes.
 Let huge *Olympus* lofty *Ossa* bear :
 Let *Pelion* tow'r on *Ossa* high in Air :
 Mountains on Mountains short of Heav'n must rise ;
 This only Ladder reaches to the Skies. ——— *Anon.*

MEDICUS & ÆGROTUS.

Inspice : nescio quid trepidat mihi pectus, & ægris
Faucibus exuberat gravis halitus : inspice, sodes :

Qui dicit medico, jussus requiescere, postquam
Tertia compositas vidit nox currere venas,
De majore domo, modicè sitiente lagenâ,
Lenia loturo sibi furrentina rogavit.

Heus bone, tu palles. Nihil est. Videas tamen istud,
Quicquid id est : surgit tacitè tibi lutea pellis.

At tu deterius palles : ne sis mihi tutor,
Jampridem hunc sepeli : tu restas ? perge, tacebo.

Turgidus hic epulis, atque albo ventre lavatur,
Guttur sulphureas lentè exhalante mephites :
Sed tremor inter vina subit, calidùmque triental

PHYSICIAN and PATIENT.

THUS a sick Man to his Physician said:
 Methinks I am not right in ev'ry Part:
 I feel a kind of trembling at my Heart:
 My Pulse unequal, and my Breath is strong,
 Besides a filthy Fur upon my Tongue.

The Doctor heard him, exercis'd his Skill:
 And, after, bid him for four Days be still.
 Three Days he took good Counsel, and began
 To mend, and look like a recov'ring Man:
 The fourth, he could not hold from drink, but sends
 His Boy to one of his old trusty Friends:
 Adjuring him, by all the Pow'rs divine,
 To pity his Distress, who could not dine
 Without a Flaggon of his healing Wine.
 He drinks a swilling Draught, and lin'd within,
 Will supple in the Bath his outward Skin.

Whom should he find but his Physician there,
 Who, wisely, bad him once again, beware.
 Sir, you look wan: you hardly draw your Breath:
 Drinking is dang'rous, and the Bath is Death.

'Tis Nothing, says the Fool:—But, says the Friend,
 This Nothing, Sir, will bring You to your End.

Do I not see your Dropsy-Belly swell?

Your yellow Skin?—No more of that, I'm well,

One of your Tribe I've bury'd, Sir, and He

Talk'd just as You do now:—

And, Doctor, I may live to bury Thee.

Thou tell'st me, I look ill: and Thou look'st worse.

I've done, says the Physician;—take your Course.

The laughing Sot, like all unthinking Men,

Bathes and gets drunk: then bathes and drinks again.

His Throat half throttled with corrupted Phlegm,

And breathing thro' his Jaws a belching Steam,

Amidst his Cups with shiv'ring Faintness seiz'd,

His Limbs disjoyned, and all o'er diseas'd,

His

222 PIETAS. PYGMALION & Simulachrum.

Excudit è manibus : dentes crepuère resecti,
Uncta cadunt laxis tunc pulmentaria labris.

Perf. Sat. III.

Nam, quoniam variant animi, variabimus artes :

Mille mali species : mille salutis erunt.

Corpora vix ferro quædam sanantur acuto :

Auxilium multis succus & herba fuit. — *Ovid, Rem. Amor.*

PIETAS.

Summa Deum Pietas ! cujus gratissima cœlo

Rara profanatas inspeçant numina terras :

Huc vittata comam, niveoque insignis amictu,

Qualis adhuc præsens, nullaque expulsa nocentum

Fraude, rudes populos, atque aurea regna colebas :

Mitibus exequiis ades, & lugentis Hetrusci

Cerne pios fletus, laudatæque lumina terge. —

Stat. Sylv. III.

PYGMALION & Simulachrum.

— **P**Ygmalion —

— Offensus vitiis, quæ plurima menti

Fœminæ Natura dedit, sine conjuge Coelebs

Vivebat : thalamique diu consorte carebat.

Interea niveum mira felicitèr arte

Sculpit ebur : formamque dedit, qua fœmina nasci

Nulla potest : operisque sui concepit amorem.

Virginis est veræ facies : quam vivere credas :

Et, si non obstat reverentia, velle moveri :

Ars adeò latet arte sua. Miratur, & haurit

Pectore

PIETY. PIGMALION and the Statue. 223

His Hand refuses to sustain the Bowl,
And his Teeth chatter, and his Eyeballs roll,
Till, with his Meat, he vomits out his Soul.—*Dryd. alt.*

Diseases in a thousand Forms are rang'd :
As Tempers alter, Med'cines must be chang'd,
The cutting Steel some Bodies must endure,
A simple Drug on many works a Cure.—

PIETY.

CHIEF of the Skies, Celestial Piety!
Whose Godhead, priz'd by those of heav'nly Birth,
Revisits rare these tainted Realms of Earth :
Mild, in thy milk-white Vest, to sooth my Friend,
With holy Fillets on thy Brows descend :
Such as of old (e'er chac'd by Guilt and Rage)
A Race unpolish'd, and a golden Age,
Beheld Thee frequent. Once more come below :
Mix in the sad Solemnities of Woe :
See, see, thy own *Hetruscus* wastes the Day
In pious Grief, and wipe his Tears away.— *Addison.*

PIGMALION and the Statue.

LONG time *Pigmalion* led a single Life :
Women were so bad he durst not take a Wife :
But hating Idleness, the Source of Ill,
In curious Sculpture exercis'd his Skill :
And carv'd a Maid of Ivory, so fair,
That Nature could not with his Art compare.
With Admiration struck *Pigmalion* stands,
And doats on Beauties made by his own Hands.
The Statue wore a real Virgin's Face,
And seeming Life did ev'ry Feature grace :
It cou'd have mov'd, (one would have thought,) but strove
With Modesty, and was asham'd to move.
Art hid with Art, so well perform'd the Cheat,
It caught the Carver with his own Deceit.

Pleas'd

224 PYGMALION & Simulachrum.

Pectore Pygmalion simulati corporis ignes.
Sæpe manus operi tentantes admovit, an sit
Corpus, an illud ebur : nec ebur tamen esse fatetur.

Oscula dat, reddique putat : loquiturque, tenetque :
Et credit tactis digitos insidere membris :
Et metuit, pressos veniat ne livor in artus.

Et modo blanditias adhibet : modo grata puellis
Munera fert illi conchas, teretesque lapillos,
Et parvas volucres, & flores mille colorum,
Liliæque, pictasque pilas, & ab arbore lapsas
Heliadum lachrymas. Ornat quoque Vestibus artus :
Dat digitis gemmas : dat longa monilia collo :
Aure leves baccæ, redimicula pectore pendent.

Cuncta decent : nec nuda minus formosa videtur.

Collocat hanc stratis concha Sidonide tinctis :
Appellatque tori sociam : acclinatque colla
Mollibus in plumis, tanquam sensura, reponit.

Testa dies Veneri, tota celeberrima Cypri,
Venerat : & pandis inductæ cornibus aurum
Conciderant ictæ nivea cervice juvencæ :
Thuræque fumabant : cum munere functus ad aras
Constitit, & timidè, Si Dii dare cuncta potestis :

Pleas'd with Surprize his Eyes her Charms explore,
And still, the more he looks, he loves the more.
With curious Hand he feels it oft, to try
If Flesh it be, or only Ivory :
Nor that 'tis Iv'ry can himself perswade,
But courts and clasps it like a living Maid :
Kisses, and thinks that she returns the Kiss,
Grasps, and believes her Fingers twin'd in his.
But when he strain'd her hard, he was afraid
His Hands had made a Dint, and bruise'd his Maid.

With Flatt'ry now her Mind he seeks to move,
And now with Gifts, the pow'ful Bribes of Love :
Her Closet first he furnishes, and fills
The crowded Shelves with Rarities of Shells :
And orient Pearls, which from the Conchs he drew,
And all the sparkling Stones of various Hue :
And Parrots imitating human Tongue,
And singing Birds in silver Cages hung :
And ev'ry beauteous Flow'r, and fragrant Green,
And painted Toys, and Amber, shone between.
Rich fashionable Robes her Person deck,
Pendants her Ears, and Pearls adorn her Neck :
Her taper Fingers glitt'ring Diamonds grac'd,
And an embroider'd Zone surrounds her slender Waste :
But tho' with all this Cost and Trouble drest,
Lovely she look'd ; she look'd when naked best.

Along he lays her on a stately Bed,
With Cov'rings of *Sidonian* Purple spread :
Calls her his Bride, and, as of Sense possess'd,
Soft Pillows places for her Head to rest.

The Feast of *Venus* came : a solemn Day,
To which the *Cypriots* due Devotion pay :
With gilded Horns the Milk-white Heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the sacred Altars bled :
And Clouds of Incense o'er the Altar spread.

Pigmalion too with Gifts approach'd the Shrine,
And trembling thus implor'd the Pow'rs divine :
Almighty Gods ! if all we Mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant,

Sit conjux opto, non ausus, eburnea Virgo,
Dicere Pygmalion, similis mea, dixit, eburneæ.

Sensit, ut ipsa suis aderat Venus aurea festis,
Vota quid illa velint : & amici numinis omen
Flamma ter accensa est, apicemque per aëra duxit.
Ut rediit, simulachra suæ petit ille puellæ :
Incumbensque toro dedit oscula. Visa tepere est.

Admōvet os iterum : manibus quoque pectora tentat.
Tentatum mollescit ebur, positoque rigore
Subsidit digitis, ceditque, ut Hymettia sole
Cera remollescit, tractataque pollice multas
Flectitur in facies, ipsoque fit utilis usu.
Dum stupet, & timidè gaudet, fallique veretur,
Rursus amans, rursusque manu sua vota retractat.
Corpus erat : saliant tentatæ pollice venæ.

Tum verò Paphius plenissima concipit heros
Verba ; quibus Veneri grates agat : oraque tandem
Ore suo non falsa premit : dataque oscula Virgo
Sensit, & erubuit : timidumque ad limina lumen
Attollens, pariter cum cœlo vidit amantem.
Conjugio, quod fecit, adest Dea. Jamque coactis
Cornibus in plenum novis lunaribus orbem,
Illa Paphon genuit : de quo tenet insula nomen.—

Ovid. Met. Lib. X.

NAVIS RECTOR. Vide NAVIGATIO.

Necdum orbem medium nox horis acta subibat :
Haud segnis strato surgit Palinurus, & omnes
Explorat

Make this fair Statue mine, he would have said,
 But chang'd his Words for shame : and only pray'd,
 Give me a Wife just like my Iv'ry Maid !

The Golden Goddess present at the Pray'r,
 Well knew he meant th' inanimated Fair ;
 And gave the Sign of granting his Desire,
 For thrice in cheerful Flames ascends the Fire.
 To his dear Image home again he hies,
 And on the Bed close to her Bosom lies :
 His Lips to her's he press'd ; the Virgin's Kifs
 To him seem'd warm, and oft he prov'd the Bliss,
 Transported more, no longer now he stays,
 But his fond Hand on her hard Bosom lays :
 Hard tho' it was, beginning to relent,
 The Iv'ry Breast beneath his Fingers bent :
 The pleasing Task he fails not to renew,
 Soft, and more soft, at ev'ry Touch it grew :
 Like pliant Wax, when working Hands reduce
 The Mass to Form, and make it fit for Use.
 Amaz'd, he would believe, but still in Pain,
 He fondly wanders o'er her once again :
 And feels the soft'ning Flesh inform'd with Heat,
 And in each Vein the leaping Pulses beat.

Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his study'd Thanks and Praise,
 To her who made the Miracle he pays :
 His Lips to her's he joins, which seem to melt,
 For now the Virgin his warm Kisses felt :
 And as she, blushing, ope's her beauteous Eyes,
 At once her Lover, and the Light she spies.
 The Goddess bless'd the Marriage she had made :
 And when nine Crescents had at full display'd,
 Their joining Horns, repleat with borrow'd Flame,
 She *Paphos* bore : who gave that Isle a Name.—*Dryd.alt.*

. P I L O T. See NAVIGATION.

SCARCE half the Hours of silent Night were fled,
 When careful *Palinure* forsakes his Bed :

Q 2

And

Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat.
 Sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia cœlo,
 Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones,
 Armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona.

Postquam cuncta videt cœlo constare sereno,
 Dat clarum è puppi signum : nos castra movemus,
 Tentamusque viam, & velorum pandimus alas.——

Æn. Lib. III.

Ut pelagus tenuere rates, nec jam amplius ulla
 Occurrit tellus, cœlum undique & undique pontus.
 Olli cœruleus supra caput afflitit imber,
 Noctem hyememque ferens: & inhorruit unda tenebris.
 Ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab alta :
 Heu ! quianam tanti cinxerunt æthera nimbi ?
 Quidve, pater Neptune, paras ? Sic deinde locutus,
 Colligere arma jubet, validisque incumbere remis :
 Obliquatque sinus in ventum, ac talia fatur :
 Magnanime Ænea, non, si mihi Jupiter auctor
 Spondeat, hoc sperem Italiam contingere cœlo.
 Mutati transversa fremunt, & vespere ab atro
 Consurgunt venti : atque in nubem cogitur aër.
 Nec nos obniti contra, nec tendere tantum
 Sufficimus : superat quoniam fortuna, sequamur :
 Quoque vocat, vertamus iter.——

Æn. Lib. V.

Quâ nullam melius, pelago turbante, carinæ
 Audivere manum : nec lux est notior ulli

Craftina,

And ev'ry Breath explores that stirs the Seas,
 And watchful listens to the passing Breeze :
 Observes the Course of ev'ry Orb on high,
 That moves in silent Pomp along the Sky :
Arcturus, dreadful with his stormy Star,
 The watry *Hyads*, and the northern Car :
 In the blew Vault his piercing Eyes behold,
 The huge *Orion* flame in Arms of Gold.
 When all serene he saw th' *Ethereal* Plain,
 He gave the Signal to the slumb'ring Train :
 Our Tents we strike : the Canvas We display,
 And wing with spreading Sails the watry Way.— *Pitt.*

Now, on the full extended Main, the Land
 No more appear'd : but all was Sea, and Sky :
 A dusky Cloud hung gather'd o'er his Head,
 Bringing on Night, and Storm : upon the Waves
 Lay horrid Darkness : from the lofty Deck
 The Pilot's self, ev'n *Palinurus*, cries,
 What Clouds, alas ! envelop all the Heav'ns ?
 Or what, great *Neptune* ! does thy Will intend ?
 This said, he gives command to furl their Sails,
 And strongly ply their Oars : Then turns oblique
 His Canvas to the Wind, and Thus proceeds :
 Magnanimous *Aeneas*, should ev'n *Jove*
 By promising assure my Voyage safe,
 I could not in this Weather hope to reach
 The Coasts of *Italy*. The Winds transverse
 Roar chang'd, and from the low'ring West arise :
 And all the Air is thicken'd to a Cloud.
 Nor have We Strength to bear against the Strefs
 Of Sea, and Sky : Since Fortune all o'er-powers,
 Her let Us follow, and where-e'er she calls,
 Direct our Course.— *Trap.*

No Hand the Helm more skilfully could guide,
 Or stem the Fury of the boist'rous Tide :
 He knew what Winds would on the Morrow blow,
 And how the Sails for Safety to bestow :

Craſtina, ſeu Phoebum videat, ſeu cornua Lunæ,
Semper venturis componere carbaſa ventis.
Pila ſed in medium venere trementia peſtus,
Avertitque ratem morientis dextra magiſtri.—

Lucan. Lib. III.

T E R R A Ferax.

— **N**ymphæ quoque flere videntur
Siccatoſque queri fontes. Sine frondibus arboſ
Nuda ridet : rodunt arentia ſaxa capellæ.—

Ovid. Met. Lib. XIII.

— Quæcunque vagam Syrtim complectitur ora
Sub nimio porrecta die, vicina peruſti
Ætheris, exurit meſſes, & pulvere Bacchum
Enecat, & nullâ putris radice tenetur.
Temperies vitalis abeſt : & nulla ſub illâ
Cura Jovis terrâ eſt, naturâ deſide torpet
Orbis, & immotis annum non ſentit arenis.—

Lucan. Lib. IX.

Non hæc autumnò tellus viret, aut alit herbas
Cespitè lætus ager : non verno perſona cantu
Mollia diſcordi ſtrepitu virgulta loquuntur :
Sed chaos, & nigro ſquallentia pumice ſaxa
Gaudent ſerali circum tumultata cupreſſu.—

Petron. Arb.

Locus.

Celestial Signals well he could descry,
 Could read the radiant Lights that shine on high,
 And tell the coming Tempest of the Sky.
 When from some hostile Hand a fatal Dart,
 Deep piercing, trembled in his panting Heart:
 Yet still his careful Hand it's Task supplies,
 And turns the guiding Rudder as he dies. — *Rowe.*

PLACE (Barren.)

THeir Fountains dry'd, the weeping *Naiads* mourn'd,
 The Trees stood bare, with fearing Cankers burn'd:
 No Herbage cloth'd the Ground: a ragged Flock
 Of Goats half-famish'd lick'd the naked Rock. — *Catcott.*

Barren, and desolate, those Regions lie,
 That border on the *Syrts*, and feel too nigh
 The sultry Summer Sun, and parching Sky.
 No Harvest there the scatter'd Grain repays,
 But withering dies, and e'er it shoots decays.
 There never flourishes the mantling Vine,
 Nor round the Elm her wanton Tendrils twine:
 The thirsty Dust prevents the swelling Fruit,
 Drinks up the gen'rous Juice, and kills the Root.
 Thro' secret Veins no temp'ring Moistures pass,
 To bind with viscous Force the mould'ring Mass:
 But genial *Jove* averse, disdains to smile,
 Forgets, and curses the neglected Soil.
 Thence lazy Nature droops her idle Head,
 As ev'ry vegetable Sense were dead:
 Thence the wide dreary Plains one Visage wear:
 Alike in Summer, Winter, Spring appear,
 Nor feel the Turns of the revolving Year. — *Rowe.*

No Autumn here e'er cloths herself with Green,
 Nor joyful Spring the languid Herbage cheers:
 Nor feather'd Warblers chant their pleasing Strains,
 In vernal Consort to the rushing Boughs:
 But *Chaos* reigns, and ragged Rocks around
 With nought but baleful Cypress are adorn'd.

LOCUS Amœnus. Vide FONS. ITALIA.

— **A** Neas ingentem ex æquore lucum [no,
Prospicit: hunc inter fluvio Tyberinus amœ-
Vorticibus rapidis & multa flavus arena,
In mare prorumpit. Variæ, circumque, supràque,
Assuetæ ripis volucres, & fluminis alveo,
Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucòque volabant —

Æn. Lib. VII.

— **Curvata tumore**
Parvo planties, & mollibus edita clivis
Creverat in collem: vivo de pumice fontes
Roscida mobilibus lambebant gramina rivis:
Silvaque torrentes ramorum frigore Soles
Temperat, & medio brumam sibi vindicat æstu,

Apta fretis Abies, bellis accommoda Cornus,
Quercus amica Jovi, tumulos tectura Cupressus,
Ilex plena favis, venturi præscia Laurus.
Fluctuat hic densa crispata cacumine Buxus,
Hic ederae serpunt, hic Pampinus induit ulmos. —

Claud. Rapt. Prof. Lib. II.

Est sinus Hæmoniae curvos falcatus in arcus:
Brachia procurrunt, ubi si foret altior unda,
Portus erat: summis inductum est æquor arenis.
Littus habet solidum, quod nec vestigia servet.
Nec remoretur iter: nec opertum pendeat alga,
Myrtea silva subest bicoloribus obsita baccis.
Est specus in medio: natura factus, an arte,
Ambiguum: magis arte tamen. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. XI.

Nobilis

PLACE (Pleasant.) See FOUNTAIN. ITALY.

— **Æ** Neas from the Ocean spies [Stream
A spacious Wood : Thro' which the pleasant
Of gulphy *Tyber* rolls his yellow Sand,
And disembogues his Waves into the Sea.
Here various Birds, accustom'd to the Banks
And Chanel of the River, all around,
And all above, with sweet melodious Songs
Soften'd the Air, and flutter'd in the Grove. — *Trap.*

Smooth lay the verdant Plain, and all around
With mild Ascent swell'd slow the rising Ground.
By unperceiv'd Degrees the Mountain grew,
Easy to tread, and graceful to the View.
Here chrystal Fountains, from the living Stone,
In winding Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows run :
There ancient venerable Woods extend,
Which from the fierce meridian Beams defend :
These in the sultry Heat of Summer made
A welcome Coolness, and refreshing Shade.
Of various Kinds the Trees : the sailing *Fir* ;
The close-grain'd *Cornel*, tough, and fit for War :
Jove's fav'rite *Oak* ; the fun'ral *Cypress*' Height :
The honey'd *Ilex* wherein Bees delight :
And prescient *Lawrel*, lovely to the Sight :
With dancing Leaves the bushy *Box* appears :
Its creeping Trails the winding *Ivy* rears : [*Hughes* alt.]
And round the friendly *Elm* the purple *Vine* adheres. —

A pleasing Creek *Theffalia's* Coast can show,
Two Arms project, and shape it like a Bow :
'Twould make a Bay, but the transparent Tide
Does scarce the yellow-gravell'd Bottom hide :
For the quick Eye may thro' the liquid Wave
A firm unweedy level Beach perceive.
A Grove of fragrant *Myrtle* near it grows,
Whose Boughs, tho' thick, a beauteous Grot disclose :
The well-wrought *Fabrick*, to discerning Eyes,
Rather by Art than Nature seems to rise. — *Croxall.*

A Plain

Nobilis æstivas platanus diffuderat umbras,
 Et circumtonsa trepidanti vertice pinus,
 Et baccis redimita Daphne, tremulæque cupressus.
 Has inter ludebat aquis errantibus amnis
 Spumeus, & querulo versabat rore lapillos.
 Dignus amore locus.

Petron. Arb.

PESTIS. LUES.

P Rincipio cœlum spissa caligine terras
 Pressit : & ignavos inclusit nubibus æstus.
 Dumque quater junctis implevit cornibus orbem
 Luna, quater plenum tenuata retexit orbem,
 Letiferis calidi spirârunt flatibus Austri.
 Constat & in fontes vitium venisse, lacusque :
 Milliaque incultos serpentum multa per agros
 Errâsse, atque suis fluvios temerâsse venenis.
 Strage canum primo, volucrumque, oviûmque, boûmque,
 Inque feris subiti deprensa potentia morbi.
 Concidere infelix validos miratur arator
 Inter opus tauros, mediocumque recumbere sulco.
 Lanigeris gregibus balatus dantibus ægros,
 Sponte sua lanæque cadunt, & corpora tabent.
 Acer equus quondam, magnæque in pulvere famæ,
 Degenerat palmas : veterumque oblitus honorum,
 Ad præsepe gemit, morbo moriturus inert.
 Non aper irasci meminit : nec fidere cursu
 Cerva : nec armentis incurrere fortibus urfi.
 Omnia languor habet. Sylvisque, agrisque, viisque
 Corpora feeda jacent : Vitiantur odoribus auræ.
 Mira loquor. Non illa canes, avidæque volucres,
 Non cani terigere lupi : dilapsa liquecunt :
 Afflatûque nocent, & agunt contagia latè.

Pervenit ad miseros damno graviore colonos
 Pests, & in magnæ dominatur mœnibus urbis.

Viscera

A Plain diffus'd it's bow'ring Verdure wide,
With trembling Pines, which to the Zephyrs sigh'd :
Lawrels with Berries crown'd, the Boughs inwove,
And the soft Cypress ever whisp'ring Love.
Midst these a Brook in winding Murmurs stray'd,
Chiding the Pebbles over which it play'd.
'Twas Love's *Elysium*.

Addison junr.

PLAGUE. MURRAIN.

DARK Clouds, at first, hung heavy o'er the Earth,
Where sluggish Heat lay rip'ning into Birth.
While four pale Moons their growing Horns unite,
And did again withdraw their feeble Light,
Hot baneful Blasts the fatal South-wind blew :
The Lakes and Fountains thence infected grew :
Millions of Vipers trail'd the Fields untill'd,
And all the Rivers with their Venom fill'd.

Dogs, Sheep, and Oxen, first, the dire Disease,
And Birds, and savage Beasts, did sudden seize :
The forrowing Plowmen with Amazement, spy,
The lab'ring Oxen in the Furrows die.
The fleecy Flocks with Anguish faintly bleat,
Their Wool falls off, they pine away with Heat.
The warlike Steed, oppress'd with inward Pain,
Forgets his Honours on the dusty Plain :
Groans at the Manger, heedless of the Prize,
And by a lazy Fate inglorious dies.
The Stag forgets his Speed : his Rage the Boar :
The Bear insults the horned Herd no more :
A general Faintness ev'ry where is spread,
And Woods and Fields all labour with the Dead.
The Stench infects the Air : and, (strange to say,)
Nor Dogs, nor Birds, nor Wolves will touch the Prey.
Th' offensive Bodies rot upon the Ground,
And spread the dire Contagion all around.

The growing Plague gets next among the Swains :
Then to the City, where at large it reigns.

Internal

Viscera torrentur primò : flammæque latentis
 Indicium rubor est, & ductus anhelitus ægre.
 Aspera lingua tumet : tepidisque arentia ventis
 Ora patent : auræque graves captantur hiatu.
 Non stratum, non ulla pati velamina possunt:
 Dura sed in terra ponunt præcordia; nec fit
 Corpus humo gelidum, sed humus de corpore fervet.

Nec moderator adest: inque ipsos sæva medentes
 Erumpit clades: obsuntque auctoribus artes.
 Quo proprior quisque est, servitque fidelius ægro,
 In partem leti citius venit. Utque salutis
 Spes abiit, finemque vident in funere morbi:
 Indulgent animis: & nulla, quid utile, cura est:
 Utile enim nihil est. Passim positoque pudore,
 Fontibus, & fluviis, puteisque capacibus hærent.
 Nec prius est extincta sitis, quam vita, bibendo.
 Inde graves multi nequeunt consurgere, & ipsis
 Immoriuntur aquis: aliquis tamen haurit & illas.

Tantæque sunt miseris invisi tædia lecti,
 Profiliunt; aut, si prohibent consistere vires,
 Corpora devolvunt in humum: fugiuntque Penates
 Quisque suos; sua cuique domus funesta videtur:
 Et quia causa latet, locus est in crimine notus.
 Semianimes errare viis, dum stare valebant,
 Aspiceres: flentes alios, terræque jacentes,
 Laisæque versantes supremo lumina motu.
 Membræque pendentis tendunt ad sidera cœli,
 Hic, illic ubi mors deprænderat exhalantes.—

Quo se cunque acies oculorum flexerat, illic
 Vulgus erat stratum, Veluti cum putria motis

Internal Heats upon the Vitals seize,
And ruddy Spots declare the sad Disease.
Their scorching Breath with Pain they scarce expel,
Their Tongues turn furry, and with Blisters swell:
They gape for Air, believing 'twill abate
Their inward Flame: but that augments the Heat.
No Bed, no Garment can the Wretches bear,
On the hard Ground they lie, in open Air:
The Ground no Coolness to their Bodies gives,
But glows with Heat which it from them receives.

No Drug avails: the dreadful Pest invades
The learned Leech, nor Art the Artift aids:
Whoe'er most faithfully the Sick attends,
Hastes his own Fate, and dies before his Friends.
No Hope they have: the Anguish they endure,
In Death alone can find a certain Cure.
Wherefore from what they fancy none refrain,
Nor care what's good, since all their Cares are vain.
At Brooks and Streams, regardless of the Shame,
Each Sex, promiscuous, strives to quench their Flame:
Nor vainly do they strive to quench it there,
For Thirst and Life at once extinguish'd are.
Down in the Streams the dying Bodies sink,
And yet those tainted Waters others drink.

Their Beds so much th' unhappy Wretches hate,
From thence they fly, to struggle with their Fate:
Ev'n those who cannot stand, so weak they're found,
Their Bodies roll along upon the Ground:
Each from his Home, as Death were there, withdraws,
And blames the Place, unknowing of the Cause.
Poor ghastly half-dead Creatures may'st Thou meet,
Wand'ring they know not where, in ev'ry Street,
Untill they faint and fall: with mournful Cries,
Others lie on the Earth, their heavy Eyes
And Hands rais'd up to Heav'n: but whilst they pray,
By Death surpriz'd, they breathe their Souls away.

On ev'ry Side, turn where one will the Eye,
Spread o'er the Ground the wretched People lie:

Like

Poma cadunt ramis, agitataque ilicē glandes,
 Corpora missa neci nullis de more feruntur
 Funeribus: neque enim capiebant funera portæ.
 Aut inhumata premunt terras: aut dantur in altos
 Indotata rogos. Et jam reverentia nulla est.
 Qui lachryment, defunt: indefletæque vagantur
 Natorum, virumque animæ, juvenumque, senumque:
 Nec locus in tumulos, nec sufficit arbor in ignes,—
Ovid. Met. Lib. VII.

———— Morbo cœli misera coorta est
 Tempestas, totoque autumnū incanduit æstu,
 Et genus omne neci poculum dedit, omne ferarum,
 Corruptique lacus, infecit pabula tabo.

Sæpe in honore Deum medio stans hostia ad aram,
 Lanca dum niveâ circumdatur infula vittâ,
 Inter cunctantes cecidit moribunda ministros.

Hinc lætis vituli vulgo moriuntur in herbis,
 Et dulces animas plena ad præsepia reddunt.
 Hinc canibus blandis rabies venit, & quatit agros
 Tussis anhela fues, ac faucibus angit obesus.

Labitur infelix studiorum, atque immemor herbæ
 Victor equus, fontesque avertitur, & pede terram
 Crebra ferit: demissæ aures: incertus ibidem
 Sudor, & ille quidem moriturus frigidus: aret
 Pellis, & ad tactum tractanti dura resistit.
 Hæc ante exitium primis dant signa diebus.
 Sin in processu cœpit crudescere morbus,
 Tum vero ardentes oculi, atque attractus ab alto
 Spiritus interdum gemitu gravis: imaque longo
 Nîa singultu tendunt: it naribus ater
 Sanguis, & obsessas fauces premit aspera lingua.

———— Duro

Like Acorns scatter'd by too rude a Breeze,
Or mellow Apples from the shaken Trees.
The common fun'ral Honours are unpaid;
Nor can the Gates let out the num'rous Dead:
But un-interr'd upon the Ground they lie,
Or else without Regard to Decency,
All Rites of Burial lost, the Bodies burn:
Nor pious Tears are shed upon the Urn.
The Ghosts of Old and Young, of Sons and Sires,
All wander undeplor'd: ————— [Sewell. Gay alt.]
Nor Room for Tombs is left, nor Wood for fun'ral Fires. —

————— A Plague from tainted Air
Rose, and with all the Fires of Autumn burn'd:
Beasts, tame, and savage, of all Species, slew:
Poison'd the Rivers: o'er the Pastures spread
Contagious Juice. —————

Oft, standing at the Altar, and with Wreaths
And wooly Fillets bound, the Victim Bull,
In the mid Honour of the Gods, fell dead
Between the ling'ring Sacrificer's Hands.

In ev'ry Pasture, on the verdant Grass,
The Calves all die: and render their sweet Souls
Before the plenteous Racks: the gentle Dogs
Run mad: the wheezing Swine with rattling Coughs
Are torn, and strangled in their swelling Throats.

Unhappy of his Toils, the Victor Steed
Sinks, and forgets his Food: and loaths the Streams,
And paws the Ground, and hangs his flagging Ears;
Bedew'd with doubtful Sweats: and those, near Death,
Clammy and cold: his rigid Hide resists
The Touch, and harden'd no Impression takes.
These Symptoms first; but as the Evil grows
More obstinate, and gathers Strength from Time,
His Eyes are all inflam'd: from his deep Breast
His Breath with Labour heaves: long Sobs and Groans
Distend his Entrails: from his Nostrils drops
Black ropy Gore: and to his Jaws his Tongue,
Clotted with Filth and Putrefaction, cleaves,

Smoking

— Duro fumans sub vomere taurus
Concidit, & mixtum spumis vomit ore cruorem,
Extremósque ciet gemitus: it tristis arator,
Moerentem abjungens fraternâ morte juvencum,
Atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra.

Non Lupus insidias explorat ovilia circum,
Nec gregibus nocturnus obambulat: acrior illum
Cura domat: timidi damæ cervique fugaces
Nunc interque canes & circum tecta vagantur.

Jam maris immensi prolem, & genus omne natantum
Litore in extremo, ceu naufraga corpora, fluctus
Proluit: insolite fugiunt in flumina Phocæ.
Interit & curvis frustra defensa latebris
Vipera, & attoniti squamis astantibus hydri.
Iplis est ær avibus non æquis, & illæ
Præcipites altâ vitam sub nube relinquunt.

Balatu pecorum, & crebris mugitibus amnes
Arentésque sonant ripæ, collésque supini.
Jamque catervatim dat stragem, atque aggerat ipsis
In stabulis turpi dilapsa cadavera tabo:
Donec humo tegere, ac foveis abscondere discant.
Nam neque erat coriis usus: nec viscera quisquam
Aut undis abolere potest, aut vincere flammâ.
Nec tondere quidem morbo illuviéque peresa
Vellera, nec telas possunt attingere putres.
Verum etiam invisos si quis tentarat amictus:
Ardentes papulæ, atque immundus olentia fudor
Membra sequabatur: nec longo deinde moranti
Tempore, contactos artus sacer ignis edebat.—

Virg. Georg. Lib. III.

— Exhaustæ præbenda ad pabula terræ,
Quæ currens obrivit eques, gradibúsque citatis
Ungula frondentem discussit cornea campum.
Belliger attonsis sonipes defessus in arvis,
Adventos cùm plena ferant præsepia culmos,

Ore

Smoking beneath the Plow the sturdy Steer
Falls down, and spues a Flood of Gore and Foam,
And groans his last :—the pensive Hind unyokes
His mourning Fellow-Lab'rer, and amidst
Th' unfinish'd Furrow leaves the sticking Share.

The Wolf no longer, nightly roaming round,
Prouls, and explores the Cotts : a sharper Care
Subdues him. Now the tim'rous Hinds and Dear
Among the Dogs, and round the Houses, rove.

Now the vast Ocean's Progeny, and all
The finny Race, like Shipwreck'd Bodies thrown
Upon the Shore, lie beaten by the Waves :
The *Phocæ* to the wondring Rivers fly :
The Viper vainly by her winding Den
Defended, and the Snakes, with staring Scales
Amaz'd expire.—Ev'n to the Birds the Air
Is mortal : and beneath the Clouds aloft
They leave their Lives, and headlong fall to Earth.

With bleating Sheep and lowing Herds, the Streams,
The sloping Mountains, and dry Banks, resound.
Now Heaps on Heaps expire : ev'n in the Stalls,
And Stables, Carcasses promiscuous lie
Rotting in Gore : 'Till, urg'd by that Distress,
They learn'd to hide, and bury them in Earth :
For of their Skins no use was made : their Flesh
No Water could dilute, nor Fire subdue.
Nor could they sheer the Fleeces, by the Plague,
And running Sores, corrupted : nor ev'n touch,
Unhurt, the putrid Wool : or, if they try'd
Th' infectious Clothing, fiery Whelks and Blains,
And Sweats, of noisome Stench, their Bodies seiz'd :
And, in short Space, from that contagious Touch,
The sacred Fire their tainted Limbs devour'd. — *Trap.*

The rising Grass by trampling Hoofs repell'd,
Waste lie the Ruffet Fields : the gen'rous Steed
Seeks on the naked Soil, in vain, to feed :
Loathing, from Racks of husky Straw he turns,
And, pining for the verdant Pasture, mourns.

Ore novas poscens moribundus labitur herbas,
Et tremulo medios abruptit poplite gyros.

Corpora tum solvit tabes, & digerit artus.
Traxit iners cœlum fluidæ contagia Pests
Obscuram in nubem.

Indè labant populi, cœloque paratior unda
Omne pati virus duravit viscera coeno.

Jam riget atra cutis, distentâque lumina rumpit :
Igneaque in vultus, & sacro fervida morbo
Pestis abit, fessumque caput se ferre recusat.

Jam magis atque magis præceps agit omnia fatum :
Nec medii dirimant morbi vitamque, necemque :
Sed languor cum morte venit, turbâque cadentum
Aucta lues, dum mixta jacent incondita vivis
Corpora : nam miseros ultra tentoria cives
Spargere funus erat.

Lucan. Lib. VI.

Mortifer æstus

Finibu' Cecropiis funestos reddidit agros,
Vastavitque vias, exhaust civibus urbem.
Nam penitus veniens Ægypti è finibus ortus,
Æra permenfus multum, camposque natanteis,
Incubuit tandem populo Pandionis : omnes
Indè catervatim morbo mortique dabantur.

Principiò, caput incensum fervore gerebant,
Et duplicis oculos suffusa luce rubenteis,

Sudabant

No more his Limbs his dying Load sustain,
 Aiming a Stride, he falters in the Strain,
 And sinks, a Ruin, on the wither'd Plain:
 Dire Maladies upon his Vitals prey,
 Dissolve his Frame, and melt the Mass away.
 Thence mortal Plagues invade the lazy Air,
 Reek to the Clouds, and hang malignant there:
 Thence liquid Streams the mingling Plague receive,
 And deadly Potions to the thirsty give.
 To Man the Mischief spreads, the fell Disease
 In fatal Draughts does on his Entrails seize:
 A rugged Scurf, all loathsome to be seen,
 Spreads, like a Bark, upon his silken Skin:
 Malignant Flames his swelling Eye-balls dart,
 And seem, with Anguish, from their Seats to start:
 Fires o'er his glowing Cheeks and Visage stray,
 And mark, in crimson Streaks, their burning Way:
 Low droops his Head, declining from it's Height,
 And nods, and totters, with the fatal Weight.
 With winged Haste the swift Destruction flies,
 And scarce the Soldier sickens e'er he dies.
 Now falling Crowds, at once, resign their Breath,
 And doubly taint the noxious Air with Death.
 Careless their putrid Carcasses are spread,
 And on the Earth, their dank unwholesome Bed,
 The Living rest in common with the Dead.
 For none the last funeral Rites receive; [Rowe.
 To be cast forth the Camp is all their Friends can give.—

A Fatal Fever laid *Achaia* waste,
 Thro' ev'ry Street, in ev'ry Town it pass'd;
 From *Egypt's* Coasts the dire Distemper came,
 And with the Air diffus'd the deadly Flame:
 The raging Pest at last to *Athens* spread,
 Where Heaps on Heaps were number'd with the Dead:

First fierce unusual Heats attack'd the Head,
 The glowing Eyes, with blood-shot Beams, look'd red:

Sudabant etiam fauces intrinsecus atro
 Sanguine, & ulceribus vocis via septa coibat :
 Atque animi interpret manabat lingua cruore,
 Debilitata malis, motu gravis, aspera tactu :
 Indè, ubi per fauceis pectus complerat, & ipsum
 Morbida vis in cor mœstum confluxerat ægris :
 Omnia tum verò vitæ claustra lababant.
 Spiritus ore foras tetrumolvebat odorem,
 Rancida quo perolent projecta cadavera ritu.
 Intolerabilibusque malis erat anxius angor
 Assiduè comes, & gemitu commissa querela,
 Singultusque frequens noctem persæpe, diemque,
 Conripere assiduè nervos & membra coactans,
 Dissolvebat eos, defessos antè, fatigans,—*Lucret. Lib. VI.*

Qualis Erichthonios pestis populata colonos,
 Extulit antiquas per funera pacis Athenas,
 Alter in alterius labens cum fata ruebant.
 Nec locus artis erat medicæ : nec vota valebant.
 Cesserat officium morbis, & funera deerant
 Mortibus & lachrymæ : fessus defecerat ignis.
 Et coacervatis ardebant corpora membris.
 Ac tanto quondam populo vix contingit hæres.—

Manil. Lib. I.

—————Contagio labem
 Et dabit in plures : sicut grex totus in agris
 Unius scabie cadit,—————
 Uvaeque conspectâ livorem ducit ab uvâ.— *Juv. Sat. II.*

PLANETARUM Potestas.

—**S**O L tempora dividit anni,
 Mutat nocte diem, radiisque potentibus astra
 Ire vetat, cursusque vagos statione moratur.
 Luna suis vicibus Tethyn, terrenaque miscet.

Frigida

The Mouth and Jaws were fill'd with clotted Blood,
 Sore Ulcers seiz'd the Throat, ————— }
 And putrid Gore the speaking Tongue o'erflow'd : }
 Whence feeble, hard to move, and rough it grew. — }
 When from the Mouth, advancing thro' the Breast,
 The dire Disease the heaving Heart possess'd,
 Then Life began to fail : then too the Breath
 Stunk like a Corpse, and told approaching Death,
 With raging Pains were joyn'd tormenting Care,
 And racking Anguish, Groanings, and Despair :
 Complaints, continual Sobs, and deep-drawn Sighs,
 Fatigue beyond the Strength, dissolve the Ties }
 Of Soul and Body :—and the Patient dies.— *Creech alt.* }

Such Plagues *Achaia* felt ; the fierce Disease
 Laid *Athens* waste, and spoil'd the Town in Peace.
 It bore the helpless Nation to the Grave,
 No Physick could assist, no Vows could save :
 Heaps fell on Heaps, and while they gasp'd for Breath,
 Heaps fell on those, and finish'd half their Death.
 None nurs'd the Sick : the nearest Kinsmen fled ;
 None stay'd to bury, or to mourn the Dead.
 The Fires grown weary, dy'd beneath their Spoils,
 And heap'd-up Limbs supply'd the Place of Piles.
 Vast Emptiness and Desolation reign'd,
 And to a Nation scarce an Heir remain'd.— *Creech.*
 Infections, from one single Case begun,
 Soon spread their Poison, and thro' Numbers run.
 So one Sheep touch'd, few of the Flock escape :
 And the whole Bunch rots from one rotten Grape. —

PLANETS (their Influence.)

THE Sun the Seasons of the Year supplies,
 And bids the Ev'ning and the Morning rise :
 Commands the Planets with superior Force,
 And keeps each wand'ring Orb to it's appointed Course.
 The silver Moon o'er briny Seas presides,
 And heaves huge Ocean with alternate Tides.

246 VOLUPTAS. SPOLIA.

Frigida Saturno glacies, & Zona nivalis
Cessit. Habet ventos, incertaque fulmina Mavors.
Sub Jove temperies, & nunquam turbidus aër.
At fecunda Venus cunctarum semina rerum
Possidet. Immensæ Cyllenius arbiter undæ est.——

Lucan. Lib. X.

VOLUPTAS.

———V Oluptas

———Achæmenium spirabat vertice odorem,
Ambrosias diffusa comas, & veste refulgens,
Ostrum qua fulvo Tyrium suffuderat auro:
Fronte decor quæsitus acu, lascivæque crebras
Ancipiti motu jaciebant lumina flammæ,

Virtutis dispar habitus, frons hirta, nec unquam
Compositâ mutata comâ, stans vultus, & ore
Incessûque viro propior, lætisque pudoris,
Celsa humeris, niveæ fulgebat stamine pallæ.——

Sil. Ital. Lib. XV.

———Nulli sincera voluptas:
Sollicitique aliquid lætis intervenit.—— *Ovid. Met. L. VII.*

SPOLIA,

ET jam porticibus vacuis, Junonis asylo,
Custodes lecti Phoenix & diæus Ulysses
Prædam asservabant; huc undique Troia gaza
Incensis erepta adytis, mensæque Deorum,
Crateresque auro solidi, captivæque vestis
Congeritur; pueri & pavidæ longo ordine matres
Stant circum.———

Æn. Lib. II.

Protinus hostili statuit succedere vallo,
Dum Fortuna calet, cùm conficit omnia terror,

———Miles
In prædam ducendus erat. Victoria nobis

Plena,

PLEASURE. PLUNDER. 247

Saturn's cold Rays prevail beneath the Pole :
And o'er the Winds and Thunders *Mars* bears rule.
Where *Jove* ascends, the Skies are still serene :
And fruitful *Venus* is the genial Queen :
While ev'ry limpid Spring, and rolling Stream,
Submits to *Mercury's* o'er-ruling Beam.—*Rowe* alter'd.

PLEASURE.

Pleasure in Cloth of Gold and Purple Dye,
With glaring Lustre overwhelms the Eye :
Ambrosial Fragrance from her Locks exhales,
And in her Breath are all *Arabia's* Gales :
Her Beauty shines with ev'ry Help of Art,
That can allure, and captivate the Heart.
Her sparkling Eyes in sprightly Motions dance,
And dart lascivious Flames at ev'ry Glance.—*Addis.* alt.

—A different Dress did *Virtue* wear :
Rude from her Forehead fell th' unplaited Hair :
With dauntless Mein aloft she rear'd her Head,
And next to manly was the Virgin's Tread :
Her Height, her sprightly Blush, the Goddess show,
And Robes, unfullied, as the falling Snow.—

No mortal Bliss does ever come sincere,
Pleasure may lead, but Grief brings up the Rear.—

PLUNDER.

NOW in the empty Isles of *Juno's* Fane
Phoenix, and dire *Ulysses*, chosen Guards,
Watch o'er the Prey. There *Trojan* Treasure snatch'd
From burning Shrines, the Tables of the Gods,
Goblets of massy Gold, and captive Robes,
Lie pil'd in Heaps : Children, and trembling Dames,
Rank'd in long Rows, stand round.—*Trap.*

Then, while his glowing Fortune yet was warm,
And scatt'ring Terror spread the wild Alarm,
Swift to the hostile Camp he bent his Way,
And led the Soldier greedy to the Prey.

Plena, viri, dixit: superest pro sanguine merces,
 Quod monstrare meum est: nec enim donare vocabo,
 Quod sibi quisque dabit. Cunctis en plena metallis
 Castra patent: raptum Hesperis è gentibus aurum
 Hic jacet: Eoasque premunt tentoria gazas.

Tot regum fortuna simul, Magnique coacta
 Expectat dominos: propera præcedere, Miles,
 Quos sequeris: quascunque tuas Pharsalia fecit,
 A victis rapiantur opes. —————

—————Nec plura locutus
 Impulit amentes, aurique cupidine cæcos
 Ire super gladios, supraque cadavera patrum,
 Et cæsos calcare duces. Quæ fossa, quis agger
 Sustineat pretium belli, scelerumque petentes?

Invenere quidem spoliato plurima mundo,
 Bellorum in sumptus congestæ pondere massæ.
 —————Capit improba plebes
 Cespite patricio somnos: vacuumque cubile
 Regibus infandus miles premit. ————— *Lucan. Lib. VII.*

M E T R I C U S.

UT, mala quem scabies, aut morbus regius urget,
 Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana,
 Vesani tetigisse timent, fugiuntque Poëtam,
 Qui sapiunt. ————— *Hor. Art. Poet.*

Nec satis apparet, cur Versus factitet: utrum
 Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
 Moverit incestus. Certè furit: ac velut ursus,
 Objectos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros,
 Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbos:

Quem

Behold, he cries, our Victory compleat,
 The glorious Recompence attends You yet:
 Much have You done to Day for *Cæsar's* sake;
 'Tis mine to shew the Prey, 'tis your's to take:
 'Tis your's, whate'er the vanquish'd Foe has left,
 'Tis what your Valour gain'd, and not my Gift.
 Treasures immense yon wealthy Tents infold,
 The Gems of *Asia*, and *Hesperian* Gold.
 For You the once great *Pompey's* Store attends,
 With regal Spoils of his Barbarian Friends:
 Haste then, prevent the Foe, and seize that Good,
 For which you paid so well with *Roman* Blood.

He said: and with the Rage of Rapine stung,
 The Multitude tumultuous rush along.
 On Swords, and Spears, on Sires and Sons they tread,
 And all remorseless spurn the gory Dead.
 What Trench can intercept, what Fort withstand
 The brutal Soldier's rude rapacious Hand,
 When eager to his Crime's Reward he flies,
 And bath'd in Blood, demands the horrid Prize?

There Wealth collected from the World around,
 The destin'd Recompence of War, they found.
 Then in Patrician Tents Plebeians rest,
 And regal Couches are by Ruffians prefs'd.—— *Rowe.*

POETASTER.

·A Mad Dog's Foam, th' Infection of the Plague,
 And all the Judgments of the angry Gods
 Are not avoided more by Men of Sense,
 Than Poetasters in their raging Fits.—— *Roscommon.*

'Tis hard to say, whether for Sacrilege,
 Or Incest, or some more unheard-of Crime,
 The rhyming Fiend is sent into these Men:
 But they are all most visibly possess'd:
 And like a baited Bear when he breaks loose,
 Without Distinction seize on all they meet:
 Learn'd, or unlearn'd, none 'scape within their Reach,
 Sticking

Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Nec missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo. —

Ibid.

Suffenus iste, Varre, quem probe nosti,
Homo est venustus, & dicax, & urbanus,
Idemque longe plurimos facit versus.
Puto esse ego illi millia aut decem, aut plura,
Præscripta: nec sic, ut sit, in palimpsesto
Relata. chartæ regiæ, novi libri,
Novi umbilici, lora rubra, membrana
Directa plumbo, & pumice omnia æquata.

Hæc quum legas, tum bellus ille & urbanus
Suffenus, unus caprimulgus aut fossor
Rursus videtur: tantum abhorret, ac mutat.
Hoc quid putemus esse? qui modo scurra,
Aut si quid hac re tritius videbatur,
Idem inficeto est inficetior rure:
Simul poëmata attigit, neque idem unquam
Æque est beatus, ac poëma quum scribit.
Tam gaudet in se, tamque seipse miratur. —

Catul.

POESIS. CARMINA. Vide POETA. STYLUS.

Silvestres homines sacer interprésque Deorum
Cædibus, & victu sædo deterruit Orpheus,
Dictus ab hoc lenire tigres rabidósque leones.
Dictus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor arcis
Saxa movere sono testudinis, & prece blandâ
Ducere quò vellet. Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis:
Concubitu prohibere vago: dare jura maritis:
Oppida moliri: leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor & nomen divinis Vatibus, atque
Carminibus venit, —

Hor. de Art. Poet.
Ut

(Sticking like Leeches 'till they burst with Blood,) Without Remorse insatiably they read,
And never leave 'till they have read Men dead.— *Id.*

Suffenus, whom You know, the witty,
The gay, the talkative, and pretty:
And, all his Wonders to rehearse,
The Thing which makes a World of Verse:
I'm certain I should not belie him,
To say he 'as sev'ral Thousands by him,
Yet none deform'd with critic Blot,
Or wrote on Vellum to rub out.
Royal Paper! Scarlet Strings!
Gilded Backs! and such fine Things!
But—when you read 'em, then the witty
Gay *Suffenus*, and the pretty,
Is the dullest heavieft Clown,
So alter'd he can scarce be known.
This is strange, that He, who now,
Could so flatter, laugh, and bow,
So much Wit, such Breeding show,
Should be so ungenteel a Wight,
Whenever he attempts to write.
And yet the Wretch is ne'er so pleas'd,
As when he's with this Madness seiz'd.— *Anon.*

POETRY. See POET. STYLE.

O *Rpheus*, by Harmony divine, subdu'd
Man's savage Nature, and his Thirst of Blood:
For this the sacred Bard was said t'assuage
The Tyger's Fury, and the Lion's Rage:
And when *Ambion* built the *Theban* Wall,
'Twas feign'd the list'ning Stones obey'd his Musick's Call,
Verse was contriv'd then to make Folks wise,
To cherish Virtue, and discourage Vice:
To sep'rate Actions sacred and prophane,
Suppress wild Lust, and link the nuptial Chain:
Tow'rs it plann'd out, and instituted Laws.
Hence Bards were call'd divine, and Verse acquir'd Ap-
plause.— *Ames* alter'd.
Poems

Ut pictura, poësis erit : quæ, si proprius stes,
 Te capiet magis, & quædam, si longius abstes.
 Hæc amat obscurum : volet hæc sub luce videri,
 Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen. [*Hor. Art. Po.*
 Hæc placuit semel : hæc decies repetita placebit. —

Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
 Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,
 Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium : alterius sic
 Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amicè. —

Hor. Art. Poet.

At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse Poëma,
 Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti :
 Audebit quæcumque parum splendoris habebunt,
 Et sine pondere erunt & honore indigna feruntur,
 Verba movere loco : quamvis invita recedant,
 Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ.
 Obscurata diu populo, bonus eruet, atque
 Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum :
 Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus, atque Cethegis,
 Nunc situs informis premit, & deserta vetustas.
 Adscisset nova, quæ genitor produxerit usus :
 Vehemens & liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,
 Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua.
 Luxuriantia compescet : nimis aspera sano
 Lævabit cultu : virtute carentia tollet :
 Ludentis speciem dabit, & torquebitur. — *Hor. Lib. II. Ep. 2.*

Quis populi sermo est ? quis enim ? nisi carmina molli
 Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per lævè severos
 Effundat junctura unguis. Scit tendere versum
 Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.
 Sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia regum,

Dicere

Poems (like Pictures) are of diff'rent Sorts:
 Some better at a Distance, others near:
 Some love the Dark, some chuse the clearest Light,
 And boldly challenge the most piercing Eye:
 Some please for once, some will for ever please.—*Roscommon.*

* Now some dispute, to which the greatest Part
 A Poem owes, to *Nature*, or to *Art*:
 But Troth, to speak my Thoughts, I hardly know,
 What *wits Art*, or *artless Wit* can do.
 Each by itself is vain, I'm sure: but join'd, [*Greech.*
 Their Force is strong, each proves the other's Friend.—

Whoe'er would form a valuable Poem,
 Must rigorously discharge the Censor's Part,
 And dare reject whatever Words appear
 Or void of Elegance, or Weight, or Worth;
 Tho' fashionable, tho' rever'd they be.
 Words our Forefathers us'd, if apt and just,
 Tho' obsolete, and to our Ears uncouth,
 He must revive, and bring to Light again.
 Such new Expressions let him authorize
 As Custom shall produce: and with fresh Stores
 Enrich his Mother Tongue, till it becomes
 Like some fam'd River, flowing, full, and clear.
 Whate'er's redundant let him wisely prune:
 Soften what's harsh; reject what is unfit;
 And turn, and wind, and work them ev'ry Way.

What is the Verse in Vogue?—When Numbers flow,
 Soft without Sense, and without Spirit flow:
 So smooth and equal that no Sight can find
 The Passage where the polish'd Piece was join'd.
 So even all, with such a steady View,
 As if he shut one Eye to level true.
 Whether the vulgar Vice his Passion stings,
 The People's Riots, or the Rage of Kings:

* Some think that Poets may be form'd by Art,
 Others maintain that Nature makes them so:
 I neither see what Art without a Vein,
 Nor Wit, without the Help of Art, can do:
 But mutually they need each other's Aid.—

Roscommon.
 The

Dicere res grandes nostro dat Musa Poëtæ. — *Perf. Sat. I.*

P O E T Æ.

ILLE per extantum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire Poëta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus : & modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis. —
Hor. Lib. I. Epist. 2.

Ille bonis faveâtque, & consilietur amicis :
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes.
Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis : ille salubrem
Justitiam, legesque, & apertis otia portis.
Ille tegat commissa, Deóque precetur, & oret,
Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis. —
Hor. Art. Poet.

Quid petitur sacris, nisi tantum fama, Poëtis ?
Hoc votum nostri summa laboris habet.
Cura ducum fuerant olim, regumque Poëtæ :
Præmiâque antiqui magna tulere chori :
Sanctâque majestas, & erat venerabile nomen
Vatibus, & largæ sæpe dabantur opes.
Ennius emeruit Calabris in montibus ortus,
Contiguus poni Scipio magne tibi.
Nunc edera sine honore jacent : operatâque doctis
Cura vigil musis, nomen inertis habet. —

Ovid. Art. Lib. III.

————— Insidiæ sacris à vatibus absunt :
Et facit ad mores ars quoque nostra bonos.
Nec nos ambitio, nec nos amor urget habendi :
Contempto colitur lectus & umbra foro,

Scilicet

The gentle Poet is alike in all:
The Reader hopes no Rise, and fears no Fall.—*Dryden.*

POETS.

LET me for once presume to instruct the Times;
To know the Poet from the Man of Rhimes:
'Tis He who gives my Breast a thousand Pains,
Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns,
Enrage, compose, with more than magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tare my Heart:
And snatch me o'er the Earth, or thro' the Air,
To *Thebes*, to *Athens*, when he will, and where.— *Pope.*

The Good to cherish, Friends to reconcile:
The Furious to restrain, and love the Man
Who fears a wicked Deed: Temp'rance to praise;
Strict Justice, and his Country's Laws support:
To preach up sacred Hospitality,
And to conceal, not aggravate Mistakes,
Becomes the Poet.—He too implores the Gods
To raise the wretched, and the Proud pull down.—

What seeks the Poet for, but only Fame?
Nought crowns his Labours but an empty Name.
By Kings and Heroes, as old Authors shew,
Poets, in ancient Times, ————— }
Were lov'd, protected, and rewarded too.
Then to the Name much Rev'rence was allow'd,
And they with rich Possessions were endow'd.
Ennius with Honours was by *Scipio* grac'd,
And, next his own, the Poet's Statue plac'd.
But now their ivy Crowns bear no Esteem,
And all their Learning's thought an idle Dream.—

Congreve alter'd.

No Fraud the Poet's sacred Breast can bear,
Mild are his Manners, and his Heart sincere:
Nor Wealth he seeks, nor feels Ambition's Fires,
But shuns the Bar, and Books and Shades requires.

— Our

Scilicet ingenium placida mollior ab arte :

Et studio mores convenienter eunt.

Est Deus in nobis, sunt & commercia cœli

Sedibus æthereis spiritus ille venit. —

Ibid.

—————Pictoribus atque Poëtis

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas. — *Hor. Art.*

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poëtæ :

Aut simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ. — *Ibid.*

Exit in immensum secunda licentia vatum,

Obligat historica nec sua verba fide. — *Ov. III. Am. 11.*

Ficta, voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris. —

Hor. Art.

Scribimus indocti, doctique poemata passim.

Hic error tamen, & levis hæc insania, quantas

Virtutes habeat, sic collige. Vatis avarus

Non temerè est animus : versus amat : hoc studet unum :

Detrimenta, fugas servorum, incendia ridet :

Non fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam

Pupillo : vivit filiquis, & pane secundo.

Militiæ quamquam piger, & malus, utilis urbi.

Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari :

Os tenerum pueri, balbumque Poëta figurat :

Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem :

Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,

Asperitatis & invidiæ corrector, & iræ.

Rectè facta refert : orientia tempora notis

Instruit exemplis : inopem solatur, & ægrum. —

Hor. Lib. II. Epist. 1.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,

Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo. —

Maxima pars vatum, pater, & juvenes patre digni,

Decipimur specie recti : brevis esse laboro

Obscurus fio : sectantem levius, nervi

Deficiunt, animique : professus grandia, turgent :

Serpit humi tutus nimium, timidusque procellæ.

Qui

—Our softer Studies with our Souls combine;
And, both, to Tenderneſs our Hearts incline :
Something divine is in Us, and from Heav'n
Th' inſpiring Spirit can alone be giv'n. — *Congrave.*

Painters and Poets have been ſtill allow'd
Their Pencils and their Fancies unconfin'd. — *Raſtom.*

A Poet ſhould inform us, or divert :
But joyning both he ſhews his greateſt Art. —

Poets may take a boundleſs Liberty,
Nor are confin'd to Truths in Hiſtory. —

But let whate'er of Fiction, You bring in,
Be ſo like Truth, to ſeem, at leaſt, a-kin. —

Learn'd or unlearn'd we write:—we're Poets all.
But this Miſtake, a Madneſs tho' it be,

Produces ſuch good Qualities as theſe :

The Poet's Soul is free from Avarice :

The Muſe his Miſtreſs, her alone he courts :

And laughs at Loſſes, Robberies, or Fires.

His Friend he will not cheat, nor wrong his Ward.

Contentedly he lives on homely Fare :

And tho' unactive, and for War unfit,

At home he dwells, a uſeful Citizen.

Great Things are brought about by humble Means :

Youth's ſtammering Tongue the Poet forms to Speech :

From leud Expreſſions guards the tender Ears,

And generous Precepts pours into the Soul,

Correcting Envy, Savageness, and Rage.

Facts rightly he relates : the riſing Age

With great Examples fires : the Sick revives,

And to the Wretched Conſolation brings. —

—Whoever joins Inſtruction with Delight

Pleasure with Profit, is moſt ſurely right.

Moſt Poets fall into the groſſeſt Faults,

Deluded by a ſeeming Excellence.

By ſtriving to be ſhort, they grow obſcure :

And when they would write ſmoothly, they want Strength,

Their Spirits ſink : while Others, that affect

A lofty Stile, ſwell to a Tympany.

Some tim'rous Wretches ſtart at ev'ry Blaſt,

Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.—

Hor. Art. Poet.

Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,
Cur ego, si nequeo, ignoroque, Poëta salutor? — *Ibid.*

Sed Vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,
Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere, nec qui
Communi feriat carmen triviale monetâ:
Hunc, qualem nequeo monstrare, & sentio tantum,
Anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
Impatiens, cupidus sylvarum, aptusque bibendis
Fontibus Aonidum; neque enim cantare sub antro
Pierio, thyrsûmve potest contingere sana
Paupertas, atque æris inops, quo nocte dièque
Corpus eget. Satur est, cum dicit Horatius, Euhoe!
Qui locus ingenio, nisi cum se carmine solo
Vexant? —

Juv. Sat. VII.

ARS POLITICA.

JUS, & fas multos faciunt, Ptolemæe, nocentes:
Dat poenas laudata fides, cum sustinet, inquit,
Quos fortuna premit: fatis accede, deisque:
Et cole felices, miseros fuge. Sidera terrâ

Ut

And fearing Tempests, dare not leave the Shore :
 Others in love with wild Variety,
 Draw Boars in Waves, and Dolphins in a Wood :
 Thus fear of erring, joyn'd with want of Skill,
 Is the most certain Way of erring still.—— *Roscommon.*

If I discern not the true Stile, and Air,
 Nor how to give the proper Character
 To ev'ry Kind of Work, how dare I claim,
 And challenge to myself a Poet's Name ?——

But he, whose noble Genius is allow'd,
 Who with stretch'd Pinions soars above the Crowd,
 Who mighty Thought can cloath with manly Drefs,
 He, whom I fancy, but can ne'er express :
 Such, such a Wit, tho' rarely to be found,
 Must be secure from Want, if not abound :
 Easy and Quiet in his Mind must be,
 From Care, from Bus'ness, and from Trouble free.
 He must have Groves, and lonely Fountains chuse,
 And pleasing Solitudes to bait his Muse ;
 Unvex'd with Thought of Wants which may betide,
 Or for to Morrow's Dinner to provide.
Horace ne'er wrote but with a rosy Cheek,
 Full were his Pockets, and his Sides were sleek.
 A Wit should have no Care, or this alone,
 To make his rising Numbers justly run.—— *Dryden jun.*

POLICY of STATE.

TO strictest * Justice many Ills belong,
 And Honesty is often in the Wrong :
 Chiefly when stubborn Rules her Zealots push,
 To favour those whom Fortune means to crush.
 But thou, Oh royal *Ptolemy* ! be wise :
 Change with the Gods, and fly whom Fortune flies.

* Maxims of *Pothinus*, Privy-Counsellor to *Ptolemy* King of *Egypt*.

260 POPULARITAS. PORTENTA. PRODIGIA.

Ut distant, & flamma mari, sic utile recto.
Sceptrorum vis tota perit, si pendere iusta
Incipit : evertitque arces respectus honesti.

Libertas scelerum est, quæ regna invisa tuetur,
Sublatúsque modus gladiis : facere omnia sævè
Non impune licet, nisi cùm facis : exeat aulâ,
Qui vult esse pius : virtus & summa potestas
Non coeunt : semper metuet, quem sæva pudebunt.

Nulla fides unquam míseros elegit amicos.——

Lucan. Lib. VIII.

———Nec jura, fidémque,
Respectúmque deùm veteris speravêris aulæ.
Nec pudet assuetos sceptris : mitissima fors est
Regnorum sub rege novo.——

Ibid.

POPULARITAS.

Quoque modo vanos populi conciret amores,
Gnarus & irarum causas, & summa favoris
Annonâ momenta trahi. Namque asserit urbes
Sola fames, emitúrque metus, cùm segne potentes
Vulgus alunt. Nescit plebes jejuna timere.——

Lucan. Lib. III.

PORTENTA. PRODIGIA. Vide OMINA.

Superi———rumpere quanquam
Ferrea non possunt veterum decreta sororum,
Signa tamen luctus dant haud incerta futuri.

Arma

POPULARITY. PORTENTS. PRODIGIES. 261

Not Earth from yon high Heav'n which we admire,
 Not from the watry Element the Fire,
 Are sever'd by Distinctions half so wide,
 As Int'rest and Integrity divide:
 The mighty Pow'r of Kings no more prevails,
 When Justice comes with her deciding Scales:
 Freedom for all Things, and a lawless Sword,
 Alone support an arbitrary Lord.
 He that is cruel, must be bold in Ills,
 And find his Safety from the Blood he spills.
 For Piety, and Virtue's starving Rules,
 To mean Retirements let 'em lead their Fools:
 There may they still ingloriously be good:
 None can be safe in Courts, who blush at Blood.
 The Prudent on the Prosp'rous still depends, [Rowe.
 And, none but Fools, chuse Wretches for their Friends.—

Trust not a Pow'r accusom'd to be Great,
 And vers'd in wicked Policies of State.
 Old Kings long harden'd in the regal Trade,
 By Int'rest and by Craft alone are sway'd:
 But new Ones make some Conscience of their Trust,
 And to their People are benign and just.— *Id.*

POPULARITY.

Careful to purchase popular Applause,
 And gain the giddy Vulgar to his Cause:
 He knew the constant Practice of the Great,
 That those who court the Vulgar, bid them eat.
 When pinch'd with Want, all Rev'rence they withdraw:
 For hungry Multitudes obey no Law.
 Thus therefore Factions make their Parties good,
 And buy Authority and Pow'r with Food.— *Rowe.*

PORTENTS. PRODIGIES. See OMENS.

THE Gods can't alter Fate's resistless Will:
 But They, by Signs, foretell th' approaching Ill.
 S 3 Dreadful

Arma ferunt inter nigras crepitantia nubes,
 Terribilésque tubas, auditaque cornua cœlo.
 Præmonuisse nefas. Phœbi quoque tristis imago
 Lurida follicitis præbebat lumina terris.
 Sæpe faces visæ mediis ardere sub astris :
 Sæpe inter nimbos guttæ cecidere cruentæ.
 Cæruleus & vultum ferrugine Lucifer atra
 Sparfus erat : sparfi Lunares sanguine currus.
 Tristitia mille locis Stygius dedit omina bubo :
 Mille locis lacrymavit ebur : cantûsque feruntur
 Auditi, sanctis & verba minacia lucis.

Victima nulla litat : magnósque instare tumultus
 Fibra monet : cæsúmque caput reperitur in extis
 Inque foro, circumque domos, & templa Deorum
 Nocturnos ululasse canes : umbrásque silentium
 Erravisse ferunt : motámque tremoribus urbem.

Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

Sol etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam,
 Cum caput obscurâ nitidum ferrugine texit,
 Impiaque æternam timuerunt secula noctem.
 Tempore quamquam illo tellus quoque, & æquora ponti,
 Obscœnique canes, importunæque volucres
 Signa dabant. Quoties Cyclosum effervere in agros
 Vidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Ætnam,
 Flammarúmque globos, liquefactâque volvere saxa ?
 Armorum sonitum toto Germania cœlo
 Audiit, insolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.
 Vox quoque per lucos vulgo exaudita silentes
 Ingens, & simulacra modis pallentia miris
 Visa sub obscurum noctis : pecudésque locutæ,
 Infandum ! sistunt amnes, terræque dehiscunt :
 Et mœstum illacrymat templis ebur, æráque sudant,
 Proluit insano contorquens vortice sylvas
 Fluviorum rex Eridanus, campósque per omnes

Cum

Dreadful were heard, among the Clouds, Alarms
 Of echoing Trumpets, and of clashing Arms.
 The Sun's pale Image gave so faint a Light,
 That the sad Earth was almost veil'd in Night.
 The starry Sky with fiery Meteors glow'd,
 And with the Rain were mingled Drops of Blood,
 A dusky Hue the Morning Star o'erspread,
 And the Moon's Orb was stain'd with Spots of Red.
 In ev'ry Place portentous Shrieks were heard,
 The fatal Warnings of th' infernal Bird :
 In ev'ry Place the Marble melts to Tears :
 While in the Groves, rever'd thro' length of Years,
 Boding and awful Sounds the Ear invade,
 And solemn Music warbles thro' the Shade.
 No Victims can the Wrath of Heav'n assuage :
 The Intrails of the Sacrifice preface
 Our Head cut off, and Tumult, War, and Rage.
 Around each hallow'd Shrine, and sacred Dome,
 Night-howling Dogs disturb the peaceful Gloom :
 Their silent Seats the wandring Shades forsake,
 And fearful Tremblings the rock'd City shake.— *Welfted.*
 The Sun, at *Cæsar's* Murder, pitying *Rome*,
 With dusky Scurf obscur'd his beamy Head,
 And impious Mortals fear'd eternal Night.
 Tho' at that Time Earth too, and spacious Seas,
 And Dogs obscene, and ill-presaging Birds
 Gave dire Portents. How oft have we beheld
 Loud thund'ring *Ætna* from Volcanos burst,
 Deluge with liquid Fire *Cyclopean* Fields,
 And tofs huge Balls of Flame, and molten Stones ?
 O'er all the Sky *Germania* heard the Clank
 Of Arms : Unusual shudd'rings rock'd the *Alps* :
 And oft in silent Woods were Voices more
 Than human heard : And Spectres wondrous pale
 Seen in the Dusk of Ev'ning : Oxen spoke,
 (Horrid to tell !) Earth yawn'd, and Streams stood still :
 In Temples mourning Iv'ry wept : and Brass
 Sweated : *Eridanus*, supreme of Rivers,

Cum stabulis armenta tulit : nec tempore eodem
 Tristibus aut extis fibræ apparere minaces,
 Aut puteis manare cruor cessavit : & altè
 Per noctem resonare, lupis ululantibus, urbes.
 Non alias cœlo ceciderunt plura sereno
 Fulgura, nec diri toties arserè cometae.

Georg. Lib. I.

Continuo clades hominum venturæque damna
 Auspiciis patuere Deum ; namque ore cruento
 Deformis Titan vultus caligine textit :
 Civiles acies jam tum spirare putares,
 Parte alia plenos extinxit Cynthia vultus,
 Et lucem sceleri subduxit : rupta tonabant
 Verticibus lassis montis juga, nec vaga passim
 Flumina per notas ibant morientia ripas.
 Armorum strepitu cœlum furit, & tuba Martem
 Sideribus transmissa ciet : jamque Æthæ voratur
 Ignibus insolitis, & in æthera fulmina mittit.
 Ecce inter tumultos, atque ossa carentia bustis,
 Umbrarum facies diro stridore minatur.
 Fax stellis comitata novis incendia ducit :
 Sanguineoque recens descendit Juppiter imbre.

Petron. Arb.

D o s. Vide U x o r.

N E C Veneris pharetris macer est, aut lampade fervet :
 Inde faces ardent, veniunt à Dote sagittæ.

Juv. Sat. VII.

Non ego illam mihi Dotem esse puto, quæ Dos dicitur,
 Sed pudicitiam, & pudorem, & sedatam cupidinem :
 Deum metum, parentum amorem, & cognatum concor-
 diam,

Tibi morigera ; atque ut munifica sim bonis, pro sim
 probis.

Plaut. Amph.

Dos

With roaring Inundation, o'er the Plains,
Swept Woods away, and Cattle, with their Stalls.
Nor did, mean-while, th' ill-boding Fibres cease
To menace Fate: nor Blood to rise in Wells:
Nor Cities loudly to resound with Wolves
Howling by Night. Ne'er, from unclouded Sky,
Did Lightnings with more nimble Flashes glare:
Nor e'er so thick did baleful Comets blaze.—

Trap.

The Gods by dreadful Omens straight disclos'd
The deathful Horrors of approaching Fate.
The Sun in gloomy Clouds obscur'd his Rays,
As if he mourn'd our civil Wars begun:
While trembling *Cynthia* fled the impious Sight,
Hid her full Orb, and from the World withdrew.
Mountains by sudden Storms were over-turn'd:
And erring Rivers left their Channels dry.
The Noise of Armour rattles thro' the Air,
And from the Clouds shrill Trumpets sound a Charge.
Fierce *Aetna* belches forth uncommon Fires,
And darts it's Lightnings upwards to the Skies.
Unbury'd Ghosts wander amongst the Tombs,
With horrid Screams denouncing dreadful Woes.
A fiery Comet shakes it's blazing Hair: [Jun.
And wond'ring *Jove* descends in Show'rs of Blood.—Addis.

PORTION. See WIFE.

THE Darts of *Venus* and her Torch He scorns;
The Fortune charms him: 'tis for that he burns.—
Dryden.

What the World calls a Portion with a Wife,
I boast not of as such: But Chastity,
Becoming Shame, and moderate Desires:
My Fear of Heav'n, my Fondness of my Parents,
My Friendship and Regard for our Relations,
The Course of my Behaviour towards Yourself:
My Bounty to the Good, and my Concern
To cherish Virtue, and reward the Virtuous,——

A vir-

Dos est, magna parentum
Virtus, & metuens alterius viri
Certo foedere castitas. —

Hor. Lib. III. Od. 24.

PAUPERTAS.

Magnū Pauperies opprobrium, jubet
Quidvis & facere, & pati:
Virtutisque viam, deserit ardua. —

Hor. Lib. III. Od. 24.

Quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca,
Tantum habet & fidei: jures licet & samothracum,
Et nostrorum aras, contemnere fulmina pauper
Creditor atque deos, diis ignoscentibus ipsis. —

Juv. Sat. X.

Nil habet infelix Paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit. — *Ibid.*

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi. — *Ibid.*

Lectus erat Codro Proculā minor, urceoli sex,
Ornamenti abaci, nec non & parvulus infra
Cantharus, & recubans sub eodem marmore Chiron:
Jamque vetus Græcos servabat cista libellos,
Et divina opici rodebant Carmina mures.
Nil habuit Codrus: quis enim negat? & tamen illud
Perdedit infelix totum nil: ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum & frustra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit. —

Juv. Sat. III.

Curia

A virtuous Ancestry, a Mind so chaste,
So strictly faithful to the nuptial Tye,
It dreads the Thought of any other Man:
These are an ample Portion with a Wife.—

POVERTY.

Disgraceful Poverty does Man expose
To suffer Life's severest Woes,
And act the worst of Crimes:—far, far astray
It leads from rigid Virtue's Way.—
Observe what Cash a Person has in Store,
Just so much Credit has he, and no more:
Should'st Thou upon a thousand Bibles swear,
And call each Saint throughout the Kalender
To vouch thy Oath, it won't be taken here.
The Poor slight Heav'n and Thunder-bolts, we think,
And Heav'n itself does at such Trifles wink.— *Dryden.*
Nothing, in Poverty, so ill is born,
As its exposing Men to grinning Scorn.—
Rarely they rise by Virtue's Aid, who lie
Plung'd in the Depth of helpless Poverty.—

* *Codrus* had but one Bed, so short to boot,
That his short Wife's short Legs hung dangling out:
His Cupboard's Head six earthen Pitchers grac'd;
Beneath 'em was his trusty Tankard plac'd:
And to support this noble Plate, there lay
A bending *Chiron* cast from honest Clay.
His few *Greek* Books a rotten Chest contain'd,
Whose Covers much of Mouldiness complain'd:
Where Mice and Rats devour'd poetic Bread,
And with heroic Verse luxuriantly were fed.
'Tis true, poor *Codrus* Nothing had to boast,
And yet poor *Codrus* all that Nothing lost:
Begg'd naked thro' the Streets of wealthy *Rome*,
And found not one, to feed, or take him home.— *Dryd.*

* *Codrus* was a learned Man, very poor, and by his Books supposed
to be a Poet.

Courts

Curia pauperibus clausa est : dat census honores,
Census amicitias : Pauper ubique jacet. — *Ovid. Eleg.*

Quanquam res nostræ sunt, pater, paupervulæ :
Modicè, & modestè melius est vitam vivere.
Nam si ad paupertatem admigrant infamiæ
Gravior paupertas fit, fidès sublestior. — *Plaut. Perf.*

V E N E N U M.

IPSE cruor, gelido ceu quondam lamina candens
Tincta lacu, stridit : coquiturque oriente veneno.
—— Sorbent avidæ præcordia flammæ :
Cœruleusque fluit toto de corpore sudor :
Ambustique sonant nervi : cœcæque medullis
Tabe liquefactis. — *Ovid. Met. Lib. IX.*

Hic magicos affert cantus, hic Thessala vendit
Philtrea, quibus valeant mentem vexare mariti,
Et solcâ pulsare nates, quod desipis, inde est :
Inde animi caligo, & magna oblivio rerum,
Quas modo gessisti. — *Juv. Sat. VI.*

L A U S.

IN freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet :
Semper honos, noménq; tuum, laudésq; manebunt. — *Æn. I.*

—— O Fama ingens, ingentior armis,
Vir Trojane, quibus cœlo te laudibus æquem ?
Justitiæne prius mirer, bellinè laborum ? — *Æn. Lib. XI.*

Si titulos annósque tuos numerare velimus,
Facta premant annos. Pro te, fortissime, vota
Publica suscipimus : Bacchi tibi sumimus hauustus :
Consonat assensu populi, precibúsque faventum
Regia : nec tota tristis locus ullus in urbe est. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. VII.
Vitis

Courts to the Poor are shut : Wealth Honour gains,
 And Wealth gets Friends : but each the Poor disdains.—
 Therefore, Father, since our Circumstances are but indifferent, it's our best Way to live modestly and sparingly : for should an ill Reputation be added to our Poverty, it would make our Poverty still more grievous, and endanger our Honesty.—

POYSON.

LIKE red-hot Steel in Water drench'd, his Blood
 His'd with the Venom, all one boiling Flood :
 Now with the greedy Flame his Entrails glow,
 And livid Sweats down all his Body flow :
 The cracking Nerves, burnt up, are burst in twain,
 The lurking Venom melts his swimming Brain.— *Gay.*

The craving Wife the Force of Magic tries,
 And Philters for th' unable Husband buys :
 The Potion works not on the Part design'd,
 But turns his Brain, and stupifies his Mind.
 A long Oblivion, a benumbing Frost,
 Constrains his Head, and Yesterday is lost.— *Dryden.*

PRAISE.

WHILE Rivers seek the Sea, while Shades surround
 The Mountains Sides, while Ether feeds the Stars :
 Your Honour, Name, and Praise shall ever live—*Trapp.*

O Great in Fame, but far more Great in Arms,
 Brave *Trojan* Chief ! what Praises shall I chuse
 To equal Thee with Heav'n ? what shall I first
 Admire ? Thy Justice ? or thy Deeds in War ?— *Id.*

When Fame to count thy Acts and Years proceeds,
 Thy Years appear but Cyphers to thy Deeds !
 For Thee, brave Youth ! as for our Common-Wealth,
 We pray : and drink, in yours, the public Health.
 Your Praise the Nobles and Plebeians sing,
 With your lov'd Name the Court and Cottage ring :
 'Tis You alone make all the People glad ;
 And not a Soul in this vast City's sad.—

Tate.
As

Vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvæ,
 Ut gregibus tauri, fegeret ut pinguibus arvis:
 Te decus omne tuis. — *Virg. Ecl. V.*

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
 Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rorë cicadæ:
 Semper honos, noménq; tuum, laudésq; manebunt. — *Ibid.*

Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit olivæ,
 Puniceis humilis quantum salionca rosetis:
 Judicio nostro tantum tibi cedit Amyntas. — *Ibid.*

P R E C E S. Vide V O T A.

Prima ferè vota, & cunctis notissima templis,
 Divitiæ ut crescant, ut opes, ut maxima toto
 Nostra sit arca foro: sed nulla aconita bibuntur
 Fictilibus: tunc illa time, cum pocula fumes
 Gemmata, & lato Setinum ardebit in auro. —

Juv. Sat. X.

Da spatium vitæ, multos da, Jupiter, annos:
 Hoc recto vultu, solum hoc & pallidus optas.
 Sed quàm continuus & quantis longa senectus
 Plena malis! —

Ibid.

Funde merum Genio: non tu prece possis emaci,
 Quæ nisi seductis nequeas committere diviis.
 At bona pars procerùm tacitâ libabit acerrâ. [furios
 Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilésque su-
 Tollere de templis, & aperto vivere voto.

Mens bona, fama, fides: hæc clarè, & ut audiat hospes:
 Ista sibi intorsùm, & sub linguâ immurmurat: ô si
 Ebullit patrui præclarum funus! & ô si
 Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria, dextro

Hercule!

P R A Y E R S.

271

As of the Trees the Glory is the Vine:
Grapes of the Vine: of Herds, the Bull: the Corn
Of fertile Fields: so Thou of all the Swains.— *Id.*

While Boars love Mountain Tops, while Fish the
Streams:
While Bees suck Thyme, while Grasshoppers the Dew:
Thy Honour, Name, and Praise shall ever live.— *Id.*

As the tough Willow to the Olive yields,
The Cowslip to the crimson Rose: so much
Amyntas, in my Judgment, yields to Thee.— *Id.*

P R A Y E R S. See W I S H E S.

O F all our Vows, the first and chief Request,
Of each, is to be richer than the rest:
And yet no Doubts the poor Man's Draught controul;
He dreads no Poyson in his homely Bowl.
Then fear the deadly Drug, when Gems divine
Enchase the Cup, and sparkle in the Wine.— *Dryden.*

O, Grant me Length of Life, and Years good Store
Heap on my Head, Great *Jove*! I ask no more.
Thus, with a bold Assurance dost Thou pray,
Tho' pale, for fear the God should say Thee nay.
And yet what Ills continually a-wait
Helpless old Age, that miserable State! — *Id. alter'd.*

To thy good Genius pour the sparkling Wine,
And pray:—thy Pray'rs will stand the Test of Heav'n;
Nor need'st Thou take the Gods aside to hear 'em.
But many of the Great in Silence burn
Their costly Incense: for 'tis not convenient,
That ev'ry one should from the Temple bring,
The Pray'r he whispers, to the public Ear.—

Grant me Good-nature, give me Fame, Great *Jove*!
And make me honest:—thus, the Knave aloud
Cries out, for to be heard:—but to himself
Inly he mutters;—O, would'st Thou but deign
To take away my wealthy Unkle's Life!
Or else,—O *Hercules*! would'st Thou vouchsafe
To guide my Rake upon the chinking Sound

Of

Hercule! pupillūmve utinam, quem proximis hæres
 Impello, expungam! namque est scabiosus, & acri
 Bile tumet. Nereo jam tertia ducitur uxor.
 Hæc sanctè ut poscas, Tiberino in gurgite mergis
 Manè caput bis terque, & noctem flumine purgas.

Heus age, responde: (minimum est quod scire laboro)
 De Jove quid sentis? estne, ut præponere cures
 Hunc cuiquam? cuinam? vis Staio? an scilicet hæres
 Quis potior iudex, puerisve quis aptior orbis?

Hoc igitur, quò tu Jovis aurem impellere tentas,
 Dic agendum Staio: proh Jupiter! O bone, clamet,
 Jupiter! at sese non clamet Jupiter ipse?

Ignovisse putas, quia, cū tonat, ocydus illex
 Sulfure discutitur sacro, quàm tuquē domusque:
 An quia non fibris ovium Ergannâque jubente
 Triste jaces, lucis, evitandūque bidental,
 Idcirco stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam
 Jupiter? aut quidnam est, qua tu mercede Deorum
 Emeris auriculas? pulmone, & lactibus unctis? —

Perf. Sat. II.

Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.
 Fortem posce animam, & mortis terrore carentem,
 Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat
 Naturæ, qui ferre queat quoscunque labores.

Nesciat

Of some vast Treasure!—Or,—Behold the Wretch,
My Ward, how scabby and unsound he is;
Could I but tip him off, th' Estate were mine.

Or,—This is happy *Nereus's* third Wife:
Oh could I be so lucky!—Thus thou pray'st:
And, wickedly devout, at early Dawn,
Thrice dost Thou plunge Thyself in *Tyber's* Stream,
To purge away the Night's Impurities.

But, prithee tell me, ('tis a small Request,)
What Thou believ'st of *Jove*?—Is he, dost think,
To be preferr'd to Man?—To Man! What Man?—
Why **Staius* let's suppose; for he's the worst.—
Now art thou doubtful whether of the two,
Staius, or *Jove*, would prove the trustier Guardian,
Or make the better Judge?—

But come, let's try:—unfold to *Staius* strait
What to *Jove's* Ear thou boldly didst impart;
Staius will cry, O righteous *Jupiter*!
Canst thou bear this!—And will not *Jove* himself,
Dost think, exclaim, and rise to just Revenge?

Because his Thunder splits some ancient Oak,
And is not darted at thy House and Thee:
Nor ly'st thou dead, sad Object! in the Grove,
Struck down, amidst thy Sacrifice, ev'n whilst
The pious Priest performs the sacred Rites:
Therefore thou fanciest *Jove* thy Crime forgives,
And tamely lets thee take him by the Beard.

But by what Gifts dost Thou pretend to bribe
The Gods, to hear thy wicked Pray'rs, unpunish'd?
Can thy fat Off'rings their just Wrath appease?—

Pray to the Gods: but be thy Pray'rs confin'd
To Health of Body, and Content of Mind,
Pray for a Soul that dares grim Death defy,
And count it Nature's Privilege to die:
Serene, and manly, hardned to sustain
The Load of Life, and exercis'd in Pain:

* *Staius* was a most corrupt and wicked Judge: He likewise poisoned his Brother and his Brother's Wife.

274 TEMERITAS. SUPERBIA.

Nesciat irasci, cupiat nihil, & potiores
Herculis ærumnas credat, sævósque labores,
Et Venere, & coenis, & plumis Sardanapali.——

Juv. Sat. X.

TEMERITAS.

AUdax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
Audax Japeti genus
Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit.
Post ignem ætheriâ domo
Subductum, macies, & nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors :
Semotique priûs tarda necessitas
Lethi, corripuit gradum.
Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis.
Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus arduum est.
Cælum ipsum petimus stultitiâ : neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.——

Hor. Lib. I. Od. 3.

SUPERBIA. Vide JACTANTIA.

ECCE venit comitum Niobe celeberrima turba,
Vestibus intexto Phrygiis spectabilis auro :
Et, quantum ira finit, formosa : movénsque decoro
Cum capite immissos humerum per utrúmque capillos.
Constitit : utque oculos circumtulit alta superbos :
Quis furor auditos, inquit, præponere visis

Cœlestes ?

P R E S U M P T I O N. P R I D E. 273

Guiltless of Rage, and Proof against Desire,
That all Things weighs, and nothing can admire !
That dares prefer the Toils of *Hercules*,
To Dalliance, Banquets, and ignoble Ease.— *Dryden* alt.

P R E S U M P T I O N.

BOLD Man, that all Things dares essay,
Thro' Crimes forbidden makes his Way :
Bold *Japhet's* Race, of Humankind
The Curse, celestial Fire purloin'd :
The Fire celestial ill-obtain'd,
Strait, the wan ling'ring *Pthivis* reign'd ;
Came Fevers, with pestif'rous Breath,
A spotted Legion! and slow Death,
Far off before, tho' sure decreed,
Catch'd up his Steps, and march'd with Speed :
Presumptuous *Dædalus* ! he try'd
Thro' Air, with Wings to Man deny'd,
To journey : Rash *Alcmena's* Son
The Barriers broke of *Acheron* :
To Deeds stupendous Mortals rise :
We e'en in Folly brave the Skies :
Nor suffer *Jove*, thro' stubborn Pride,
To lay th' uplifted Bolt aside.— *Wells* ed.

P R I D E. See B O A S T I N G.

— **S**urrounded with a courtly Guard,
The royal *Niobe* in State appear'd :
Array'd in Robes embroider'd o'er with Gold,
And mad with Rage ; yet lovely to behold :
Her beauteous Tresses, o'er her Shoulders spread,
Wav'd with becoming Grace, whene'er she mov'd her Head,
Then, darning round a proud disdainful Look,
In haughty Tone her hasty Passion broke,
And thus began : What Madness this, to court
A Goddess founded merely on Report ?

276 SUPPLICANTIUM AGMEN PROCEDENS.

Cœlestes? aut cur colitur Latona per aras:

Numen adhuc sine thure meum est?—*Ov. Met. Lib. VI.*

In quamcunque domus adverto lumina partem,

Immensæ spectantur opes. Accedit eodem

Digna Dea facies.——

Sum felix. Quis enim neget hoc? felixque manebo.

Hoc quoque quis dubitet? tutam me copia fecit.

Major sum, quam cui possit Fortuna nocere.

Multaque ut eripiat, multò mihi plura relinquet.——

Ibid.

Multi illum juvenes, multæ cupiere puellæ:

Sed fuit in tenera tam dira Superbia forma:

Nulli illum juvenes, nullæ tetigere puellæ.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. III.

Absentis ranæ pullis vituli pede pressis,

Unus ubi effugit, matri denarrat, ut ingens

Bellua cognatos eliserit. Illa rogare,

Quantane? num tandem, se inflans, sic magna fuisset?

Major dimidio. Num tanto? Cùm magis, atque

Se magis inflaret: non, si te ruperis, inquit,

Pars eri.——

Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 3.

Supplicantium Agmen Procedens. Vide Majestas.

INterea ad templum non æquæ Pallidis ibant

Crinibus Iliades passis, peplumque ferebant

Suppliciter tristes, & tunc pectora palmis.

Diva solo fixos oculos averſa tenebat.——

Æn. Lib. I.

Nec non ad templum summâsque ad Palladis arces

Subvehitur magnâ matrum regina catervâ,

Dona

Dare ye *Latona's* fancy'd Power invoke,
While yet no Altars to my Godhead smoke?—*Croxall alt.*

Where e'er around I turn my wond'ring Eyes,
My Riches glitter, and my Treasures rise:
Add too, th' unequall'd Beauties of my Face,
Whose Charms celestial might a Goddess grace,
My Happiness beyond all Doubt is fixt,
And with no Tincture of Misfortune mixt:
My Plenty guards me against future Ill,
And spite of Fortune I'll be happy still:
I stand superior to her giddy Power; [*Id. alt.*
For tho' she much may take, she still must leave me more.—

Narcissus many a blooming Youth carefs'd,
And many a Maid her Love for him confess'd;
Yet tho' his Form was soft, his Pride was such,
That Youth, nor Maid, his haughty Heart could touch.

Whilst the old Frog was gone to range abroad,
An Ox came by, and on her young ones trod.
One 'scap'd, and told her, that a monstrous Beast
Had trampled on her Young, and kill'd the rest.
How large, says she; As large as I am now?
And swells;—Yes, yes, 'twas twice as large as You.
What! larger still? and then she swells again.
Ay, larger much, and you contend in vain:
Forbear your Swelling, for you cannot be,
Tho' you should burst yourself, as large as he.—*Creech alt.*

PROCESSION. See MAJESTY.

MEAN while a mournful supplicating Train
Of *Trojan* Matrons, to *Minerva's* Fane
In sad Proceßion with a Veil repair,
Beat their white Breasts, and rend their flowing Hair:
Unmov'd with Pray'rs, disdainfully she frown'd,
And fixt her Eyes, relentless, on the Ground,— *Pitt.*
Mean while the Queen to *Pallas's* stately Dome
Amidst a num'rous Quire of Matrons, rode,

278 FORTUNA SECUNDA.

Dona ferens: juxtaque comes Lavinia virgo,
Causa mali tanti, atque oculos dejecta decoros.
Succedunt matres, & templum thure vaporant,
Et mœstas alto fundunt de limine voces:
Armipotens belli præses, Tritonia virgo,
Frange manu telum Phrygii prædonis, & ipsum
Pronum sterne solo, portisque effunde sub altis. —

Æn. Lib. XI.

FORTUNA SECUNDA. Vide FORTUNA.

UNI nimirum tibi rectè semper erunt res?
O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uter-ne
Ad casus dubios fides sibi certius? hic, qui
Pluribus assuerit mentem, corpusque superbum?
An qui contentus parvo, metuensque futuri,
In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello? — *Hor. II. Sat. 2.*
Nescia mens hominum fati fortisque futuræ,
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis! — *Virg. Æn. X.*
Si Fortuna juvat, caveto tolli,
Si Fortuna tonat, caveto mergi. — *Perian. per Aus.*
Ingenium res
Adversæ nudare solent, cælare secundæ. — *Hor. II. Sat. 8.*
Mens erit apta capi, tunc, cum lætissima rerum,
Ut seges in pingui, luxuriabit, humo.
Pectora dum gaudent, nec sunt adstricta dolore,
Ipsa patent. — *Ovid. Art. Lib. I.*
Licet superbus ambules pecunia,
Fortuna non mutat genus. — *Hor. Epod. IV.*
Diligitur nemo, nisi cui Fortuna secunda est. — *Quint. II. Pon. 3.*
Quem res plus nimio delectaverit secundæ,
Mutatæ quætient. — *Hor. Lib. I. Epist. 10.*
Omnes cum secundæ res sunt maximè, tum maximè
Meditari secum oportet, quo pacto adversam ærumnam
ferant,

Pericula, damna, exilia. — — —

Ter. Pbor.

PROVIDENTIA.

And Off'rings bore: *Lavinia* by her Side,
 The Royal Virgin, Cause of all their Woe:
 Her beauteous Eyes cast down, and bent on Earth.
 The Matrons follow: and with Incense sweet
 Perfume the Temple: and with mournful Sound
 Thus from the stately Entrance breath their Pray'r.
Tritonian Virgin! Arbitress of War!
 Break with thy Pow'r the *Pbrygian* Pirate's Lance:
 And Him lay prone extended on the Ground,
 And roll his Trunk beneath the lofty Gates.— *Trap.*

PROSPERITY. See FORTUNE.

WHO thinks that Fortune cannot change her Mind,
 Prepares a dreadful Jest for all Mankind!

And who stands safest, tell me? is it he
 That spreads and swells with puff'd Prosperity,
 Or, blest with little, who preventing Care,
 In Peace provides fit Arms against a War?— *Pope.*

O Mortals! blind in Fate, who never know
 To bear high Fortune, or endure the low.— *Dryden.*

When Fortune smiles, hold not your Head too high:
 Nor sink, desponding, in Adversity.—

— Ill Fortune still reveals

The Temper of the Mind, which good conceals.—

A Mind at Ease may easily be won,
 As Corn delights in Fields blest by the Sun.
 When Fortune's Favours make the Soul rejoice,
 The Mind is open to Persuasion's Voice.—

Tho' Fortune smiles, and swells thy Mind,
 It gilds, but cannot change thy Kind.— *Creech.*

No one's belov'd, but he whom Fortune favours.—

Whom Fortune's Favours over much delight,
 Her Frowns will terrify with great Affright.—

When every Thing goes on prosperously, People
 should consider how to behave themselves in Cases of
 Adversity: such as Dangers, Losses, Banishment.—

PROVIDENTIA. Vide Sors. Fatum. Deus.

— **C** Anam tacita naturæ mente potentem,
 Infusumque Deum cœlo, terrisque, fretoque,
 Ingentem æquali moderantem fœdere molem:
 Et rationis agi motu, cum spiritus unus
 Per cunctas habitet parteis, atque irriget orbem
 Omnia pervolitans. —
 Quod nisi cognatis membris contexta maneret
 Machina, & imposito pareret tota magistro,
 Ac tantum mundi regeret prudentia sensum,
 Non esset statio terris, non ambitus astris:
 Hæreretque vagus mundus: standoque rigeret:
 Nec sua dispositos servarent sidera cursus:
 Noxque alterna diem fugeret, rursumque fugaret.

Non imbres alerent terras, non æthera venti:
 Non pontus gravidas nubes: nec flumina pontum:
 Nec pelagus fonteis: nec staret summa per omnis
 Par semper partes æquo digesta parente,
 Ut neque deficerent undæ, nec sidera nobis,
 Nec cœlum justo majusve minusve volaret.
 Motus alit, non mutat opus, sic omnia toto
 Dispensata manent mundo, dominumque sequuntur. —

Manil. Lib. II.

Nec varios obitus norunt, variisque recessus,
 Certa sed in proprias oriuntur sidera lucas:
 Natalisque suos, occasumque ordine servant,
 At mihi tam præsens ratio non ulla videtur,
 Quà pateat mundum divino numine verti,
 Atque ipsum esse Deum, nec sorte coisse magistra,

Ut

PROVIDENCE. See Chance. Fate. God.

I'LL sing, how God, the World's Almighty Soul,
Fills Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas, and sways the
Each Part disposes with an equal Hand, [Whole;
While subject Nature bends to his Command :
How all by Reason moves : because one Mind
Does all pervade, and all together bind.——

For did not all the friendly Parts conspire
To make one Whole, and keep the Frame entire :
And did not Wisdom's constant Laws controul
That vast stupendous Machine of the Whole,
The Earth would lose it's Place ; the Skies would fall ;
And want of Motion prove the Bane of all :
No more the Stars would roll ; nor Day, nor Night,
By turns, each other fly, and put to Flight :——
Rains would not chear the Earth ; nor Winds supply
Mists to the Clouds, and Vapours to the Sky ;
Nor Seas would fill the Springs, nor Springs return
A grateful Tribute from their flowing Urn :
Nor would the All, unless contriv'd by Art,
So justly be proportion'd in each Part,
That neither Seas, nor Skies, nor Stars exceed
Our Wants, nor are too scanty for our Need.
Thus stands the Frame, and one Almighty Soul
Thro' all diffus'd, so turns and guides the Whole,
That Nothing from it's settled Station swerves :
Motion, not alters, but the World preserves.—*Creech alt.*

The Stars still keep one Course : they still pursue
Their constant Track, nor vary in a new :
From one fixt Point they start : their Course maintain :
Repeat their Whirl, and visit it again :
A most convincing Reason drawn from Sense,
That this vast Frame is rul'd by Providence :
Which, like the Soul, does every Whirl advance ;
It must be God, nor was it made by Chance,

As

Ut voluit credi, qui primus moenia mundi
 Seminibus struxit minimis, inque illa resolvit
 Æquis & maria, & terras, & sidera cœli,
 Ætherâque immensos fabricantem finibus orbes:
 Solventemque alios constare, & cuncta reverti
 In sua principia, & rerum mutare figuras.
 Quis credat tantas operum sine numine moles
 Ex minimis, cœcâque creatum foedere mundum——

Manil. Lib. I.

——— Si Consilium vis,
 Permites ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
 Conveniat nobis, rebûsque sit utile nostris.
 Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Di,
 Carior est illis homo, quàm sibi: nos animorum
 Impulsu, & cæcâ magnâque cupidine ducti,
 Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris: at illis
 Notum, qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor.——

Juv. Sat. X.

Et male consultis pretium est, Prudentia fallax,
 Nec Fortuna probat causas, sequiturque merentes,
 Sed vaga per cunctos nullo discrimine fertur.
 Scilicet est aliud quod nos cogâtque, regâtque
 Majus, & in proprias ducat mortalia leges.——

Manil. Lib. IV.

Animarum PURGATIO, earumq; Reditus in Corpora.

——— **V**idet Æneas in valle reducta
 Seclusum Nemus, & virgulta sonantia filvis:
 Lethæûmque, domos placidas qui prænatat, amnem.
 Hunc circum innumerae gentes populique volabant.
 Ac veluti in pratis, ubi apes æstate serenâ
 Floribus insidunt variis, & candida circum

Lilia

As *Epicurus* dream'd : who madly thought
 This beauteous Frame of senseless Atoms wrought ;
 That Seas, and Earth, the Stars, and spacious Air,
 What forms new Worlds, or does the old repair,
 First rose from These, by These supply'd remain :
 And All must be, when Chance shall break the Chain,
 Dissolv'd to these wild Principles again. }
 Absurd, and Nonsense ! Atheist, use thine Eyes,
 And having view'd the Order of the Skies,
 Think, if Thou canst, that Matter blindly hurl'd,
 Without a Guide should frame this wondrous World.—

Creech.

Receive my Council, and securely move ;
 Instruct thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above :
 Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
 What their unerring Wisdom sees thee Want :
 In Goodness as in Greatness they excell :
 Ah ! that we lov'd Ourselves but half so well !
 We, by our headstrong Passions blindly led,
 Are hot for Action, and desire to wed ;
 Then wish for Heirs :—but, to the Gods alone
 Our future Offspring, and our Wives, are known.—*Dryd.*

On human Prudence safely none depend,
 For ill Advice Success does oft attend :
 Fortune but seldom Merit's Side approves,
 But here and there without Distinction roves,
 So that some greater over-ruling Cause
 Subjects all mortal Things to it's appointed Laws,—*Creech* [alt.

PURGATION of Souls, and their return into Bodies.

—*ÆNEAS* sees
 A Grove, secluded, in a secret Vale,
 Shrubs rattling in the Woods, and *Lethe's* Stream,
 Which near the peaceful Mansions glides along :
 Round which unnumber'd Crowds, and Nations flew.
 As when the Bees in Meads, while Summer shines,
 On various Flowers alight, and hover o'er

The

Lilia funduntur : strepit omnis murmure campus,
 Horrescit visu subito, causasque requirit
 Infcius Æneas, quæ sint ea flumina porro,
 Quive viri tanto complerint agmine ripas.

Tum pater Anchises : Animæ, quibus altera fato
 Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam
 Securos latices & longa oblivia potant.—

O Pater, anne aliquas ad cœlum hinc ire putandum est
 Sublimes animas ? iterumque ad tarda reverti
 Corpora ? quæ lucis miseris tam dira cupido ?

Dicam, equidem, nec te suspensum, nate, tenebo :
 Suscipit Anchises.

Principio cœlum, ac terras, camposque liquentes,
 Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titaniæque astra
 Spiritus intus alit : totamque infusa per artus
 Mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore miscet.

Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,
 Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquora pontus.
 Igneus est ollis vigor, & cœlestis origo
 Seminibus : quantum non noxia corpora tardant,
 Terrenique hebetant artus, moribundæque membra.

Hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque : neque
 Respiciunt, clausæ tenebris & carcere cæco. [auras
 Quin & supremo cum lumine vita relinquit :
 Non tamen omne malum miseris, nec funditus omnes
 Corporeæ excedunt pestes : penitusque necesse est
 Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.
 Ergo exercentur poenis, veterumque malorum
 Supplicia expendunt. Aliæ panduntur inanes
 Suspensæ ad ventos : aliis sub gurgite vasto
 Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exurit igni.

Quisque

The Snow-white Lillies : all the Field resounds
 With humming Noise. — Struck at the sudden Sight,
 Surpriz'd, and ignorant, *Aeneas* asks
 The Cause : enquires, what River That ? and who
 The thronging Ghosts that crouded to the Shore ?

Anchises then : Those Souls, to whom by Fate
 New Bodies are decreed, at *Lethe's* Stream
 Drink long Oblivion from the drowsy Waves.

O Father, is it then to be conceiv'd,
 That any of these Spirits so sublime,
 Would go to upper Light, and re-assume
 Their sluggish Bodies ? whence such fond Desire,
 Such miserable Love of wretched Life ?

Yes ; all, my Son, to thee I will explain,
 Replies *Anchises*.

First, * Heaven, and Earth, and Oceans liquid Plains,
 The Moon's bright Globe, the Sun, and shining Stars,
 A Soul within enlivens : and a Mind
 Diffus'd thro' all it's Parts, the gen'ral Mass
 Invigorates, and mingles with the Whole.

Hence Men, and Beasts, and all the feather'd Kind
 Proceed, and Monsters of the boundless Deep.

A fiery Force and Origine divine
 These Seeds inspires : so far as not controul'd
 By their terrestrial Bodies, clog'd and damp'd
 By their dull Flesh, and cumbrous mortal Frame.

Hence they desire, and fear, rejoice, and grieve :
 Nor see the Light, in Prison dark confin'd.

Nor, ev'n when Life is fled, do all their Ills,
 And all their Pests corporeal wear away :

But many Stains, in such a Length of Time
 Contracted, marvellously must inhere.

Therefore with Punishment they are explor'd,
 And pay due Penance for their former Crimes.

Some hang expanded to the empty Winds :
 The Guilt, ingrain'd, of Other's in th' Abyss
 Of Seas is wash'd : or burnt away with Fire.

* *Plato's* System.

Quisque suos patimur Manes. Exinde per amplum
 Mittimur Elysiū, & pauci læta arva tenemus :
 Donec longa dies perfectō temporis orbe
 Concretam exemit labem, purūque reliquit
 Ætherium sensum, atque aurā simplicis ignem.
 Has omnes, ubi mille rotamvolvère per annos,
 Lethæum ad fluvium Deus evocat agmine magno:
 Scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant,
 Rursus & incipiant in corpora velle reverti.—

Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.

CURSUS PEDESTER.

— **L**ocum capiunt, signoque repente
 Corripiunt spatia audito, limenque relinquunt
 Effusi, nimbo similes: simul ultima signant.
 Primus abit, longèque ante omnia corpora Nisus
 Emicat, & ventis & fulminis ocyor alis:
 Proximus huic, longo sed proximus intervallo,
 Insequitur Salius: spatio post deinde relicto
 Tertius Euryalus. — — — — —
 Euryalumque Elymus sequitur. Quo deinde sub ipso
 Ecce volat, calcemque terit jam calce Diorea,
 Incumbens humero: spatia & si plura supersint,
 Transeat elapsus prior, ambigūmve relinquat.

Jamque fere spatio extremo sessique sub ipsum
 Finem adventabant: levi cum sanguine Nisus
 Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvenis,
 Fusus humum viridisque super madefecerat herbas.
 Hic juvenis, jam victor evans, vestigia pressa
 Haud tenuit titubata solo: sed pronus in ipso
 Concidit immundoque fimo sacroque cruore.

Each of Us from our several * *Manes* bear
 Purgation : to *Elysium* then we go,
 And here We few enjoy these blissful Fields,
 When tract of Time (it's fatal Round at length
 Revolv'd) has quite work'd off the blended Stain,
 Leaving defecated th' etherial Ray,
 And simple Energy of heav'nly Fire :
 All These (the Circle of a thousand Years
 Compleat) the God to *Lethe's* River calls
 Assembl'd : that, forgetful of the past,
 They may return to Life, and re-ascend,
 Contented, to their first embodied State.— *Trap.*

R A C E.

THEY take their Places : And, the Signal giv'n,
 Fleet as a Tempest, spring at once, and leave
 The Bounds, fly o'er the Field, and mark the Goal.
Nisus the first, and long before the rest,
 Swift shoots away : more swift than Winds, or Wings
 Of Light'ning.—Next, but far at Distance next,
 Him *Salius* follows : Near to Him, the Third
Euryalus.——
 Him *Elymus* succeeds : Whom pressing close,
Diores flies : and jostles Heel with Heel,
 Imminent o'er his Shoulder : and had Room
 More wide been giv'n him, foremost he had sprung,
 Or left him doubtful.—Now They panting reach'd
 The utmost Line, and almost touch'd the Goal :
 When *Nisus*, sliding on the slipp'ry Gore,
 Which there by chance, from Oxen slain, besmear'd
 The Ground and verdant Grass, his tott'ring Steps
 Could not support : but now, ev'n Victor, fell,
 Prone in the Mire obscene, and sacred Blood,
 Unfortunate : Yet not unmindful Then

* These *Manes* are understood by many to mean the *Furies*, or infernal Tormentors, which punish the Souls in Hell : as may be inferred from *Georg.* IV. 489.

Scirent si ignoscere Manes. *Trap.*
 Of

Non tamen Euryali, non ille oblitus amorum :
 Nam sese opposuit Salio, per lubrica surgens :
 Ille autem spissâ jacuit revolutus arenâ.
 Emicat Euryalus, & munere victor amiei
 Prima tenet, plausûque volat fremitûque secundo.—

Æn. Lib. V.

FUROR. Vide IRA.

ARma, viri, ferte arma : vocat lux ultima victos.
 Reddite me Danaïs, finite instaurata revifam
 Prælia : numquam omnes hodie moriemur inulti.—

Virg. Æn. Lib. II.

Regina è speculis ut primum albescere lucem
 Vidit, & æquatis classẽ procedere velis,
 Litorâque & vacuos sensit sine remige portus :
 Terque quaterque manu pectus percussa decorum,
 Flaventẽsque abscissa comas : Proh Jupiter ! ibit
 Hic, ait, & nostris illuserit advena regnũ ?
 Non arma expedient, totâque ex urbe sequentur,
 Diripiẽtque rates alii navalibus ? ite :
 Ferte citi flammã, date vela, impellite remos.
 Quid loquor ? aut ubi sum ? quæ mẽtem infania mutat ?
 Infelix Dido ! nunc te fata impia tangunt.—

Æn. Lib. IV.

His agitur furiis, totôque ardentis ab ore
 Scintillæ absistunt : oculis micat acribus ignis.
 Mugitus veluti cum prima in proelia taurus
 Terrificos ciet, atque irasci in cornua tentat,
 Arboris obnixus trunco, ventôsque laceffit
 Ictibus, & sparsâ ad pugnam proludit arenâ.— *Æn. XII.*

Turnus ut infraçtos adverso Marte Latinos
 Defecisse videt, sua nunc promissâ repolci,
 Se signari oculis : ultro implacabilis ardet,

Attollitque

Of Friendship, and *Euryalus*, oppos'd
Himself to *Salus*, from the slipp'ry Place
Rising: He, tumbling on the clotted Sand,
Extended lay: *Euryalus* springs on,
And, Victor by th' Assistance of his Friend,
Comes in the first, with Shouts, and mix'd Applause. *Trap.*

RAGE. See ANGER.

Arms, Arms, my Friends: Tho' vanquish'd, This last
Calls us to Arms: Give me the *Greeks* again: [Day
Off:—let me go:—I'll see the Fight renew'd:
This Day We will not all die unreveng'd.——— *Trap.*

Soon as the * Queen perceiv'd the dawning Day,
And from a Tower beheld the Navy move
With even Sails, the empty Ports, and Shores
Abandon'd: with repeated Blows she beats
Her beautiful Breast, and rends her yellow Hair:
Shall he then go? The Fugitive? O *Jove*!
She cry'd, and make my Kingdoms thus his Sport?
Will they not rush to Arms? from all the Town
Pursue? While Others from the Docks swift plunge
My Ships into the Sea? Go, fly: bring Fire:
Quick, hoise your Sails, and strongly ply your Oars.
What was't I said? where am I? what Distraction
Has turn'd my Brain?—Unhappy *Dido*! now
Thy cruel Fate stabs home.——— *Id.*

Thus wild He raves: and from his smoking Mouth
Burst Sparks of Fire, and Flashes from his Eyes.
So hideous roars the Bull with previous Rage,
And practices the Fight: against an Oak
Whetting his Horns, he pushes empty Air,
And spurns the Sand, preluding to the War.——— *Id.*

When *Turnus* saw the harass'd *Latins* faint
With unsuccessful War: his Promise claim'd:
Himself mark'd out, and by all Eyes observ'd:
Conscious of inborn Worth he burns with Rage

* *Dido.*

VOL. II.

U

Implacable;

Attollitque animos. Poenorum qualis in arvis
 Saucius ille gravi venantum vulnere pectus,
 Tum demum movet arma Leo : gaudetque comantes
 Excutiens cervice toros, fixumque latronis
 Impavidus frangit telum, & fremit ore cruento.
 Haud secus accenso gliscit violentia Turno.——

Æn. Lib. XII.

IMBRES. Vide TORRENS.

—— **M** Adidis Notus evolat alis :
 Terribilem spicea tectus caligine vultum :
 Barba gravis nimbis : canis fluit unda capillis :
 Fronte sedent nebulae : rorant pennaeque sinusque.
 Utque manu lata pendentia nebula preffit,
 Fit fragor : hinc densi funduntur ab æthere nimbi.
 Nuncia Junonis varios induta colores
 Concipit Iris aquas, alimentaque nubibus adfert.
 Sternuntur segetes, & deplorata coloni
 Vota jacent : longique labor perit irritus anni.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

—— Effusis imbris atra
 Tempestat sine more furit : tonitruque tremiscunt
 Ardua terrarum, & campi : ruit æthere toto
 Turbidus imber aqua, densisque nigerrimus Austris.——

Æn. Lib. V.

Ac velut, effusa si quando grandine nimbi
 Præcipitant, omnis campis diffugit arator,
 Omnis & agricola, & tutâ latet arce viator,
 Aut amnis ripis, aut alti fornice saxi,
 Dum pluit : in terris ut possint, sole reducto,
 Exercere diem.——

Æn. Lib. X.

Quantus

Implacable, and rouses all his Fire:
The lordly Lion thus, on *Lybia's* Plains,
Gor'd by the Hunter's Spear within his Breast
Infix'd, at length springs furious to the Fight,
And shakes with dreadful Pride his shaggy Mane:
Intrepid snaps the sticking Dart, and roars;
And foams with bloody Mouth. No less, incens'd,
Fierce *Turnus* storms:—

Id.

RAIN. See FLOOD.

OUT flies the *South*, with dropping Wings; and
His dreadful Visage in a Night of Clouds. [shrouds
His white Hairs stream, his Beard is swell'd with Show'rs,
Mists bind his Brows, Rain from his Bosom pours.
As his broad Hand the hanging Clouds constrains,
They roar, and scatter in descending Rains.
Iris extends her Bow of various Dies,
And feeds the weeping Clouds with new Supplies.
The Corn is lodg'd: despairing mourns the Swain;
And the long Labours of the Year are vain:—*Sewell. alt.*

———Black with rushing Rain
A Tempest rag'd enormous, and the Hills
And Fields with Thunder shook: o'er all the Sky
A Show'r with Water dark, and thicken'd Winds
Turbid descends:—

Trap.

As when a Tempest, thick with patt'ring Hail,
Precipitate descends: from all the Fields
Flies ev'ry Traveller, and lab'ring Hind,
For Shelter safe, or to a River's Bank,
Or to the hollow of some lofty Rock:
There hide secure, while pour'd upon the Earth
The Tempest rages: till the Sun restor'd
Permits them to renew the Toils of Day.—

Id.

* *Jupiter Pluvius*, or the Rainy, is represented in this Manner upon
the *Antonine* Pillar at Rome. See *Montfaucon's* Antiquities, Vol. I. Plate ix.

Quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus hoedis
 Verberat imber humum : quam multa grandine nimbi
 In vada præcipitant, cum Jupiter horridus Austris
 Torquet aquosam hyemem, & coelo cava nubila rumpit.—
Æn. Lib. IX.

RAPIDITAS.

AC velut immissi diversis partibus ignes
 Arentem in sylvam, & virgulta sonantia lauro :
 Aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis
 Dant sonitum spumosi amnes, & in æquora currunt,
 Quisque suum populatus iter : non segnius ambo
 Æneas Turnusque ruunt per prælia.—

Virg. Æn. Lib. XII.

Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice præceps
 Cum ruit avulsum vento, seu turbidus imber
 Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas :
 Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
 Exsultatque solo, sylvas, armenta, virósque
 Involvens secum : ————— Turnus
 Sic ruit. —————

Ibid.

————— Equi torrentius amne
 Hiberno, tortaque ruunt pernicious hasta :
 Quantum non jaculum Parthi, non impetus Austri,
 Non leve sollicitæ mentis discurret acumen.—

Claud. de Rapt. Lib. II.

RATIO.

Ratio, cui nulla resistunt
 Claustra, nec immensæ moles, ceduntque recessus.
 Omnia succumbunt : ipsum est penetrabile coelum.

Manil. Lib. I.

Nec contemne tuas quasi parvo in corpore vires :

Quod

—As from the West
 And rainy Kids a turbid Storm descends,
 And beats the Ground : or thick with rattling Hail
 Tumbles precipitate into the Sea :
 When *Jove* tempestuous whirls the wintry Show'r
 With Winds aloft, and bursts the bellying Clouds.—*Id.*

RAPIDITY.

AS when from diff'rent Parts two rushing Fires
 Invade a Grove of crackling Lawrel-Boughs :
 Or from the Mountain's Tops with tumbling Flood
 And roaring Noise two foamy Rivers run
 Into the Sea, and sweeping force their Way :
 With such Rapidity the *Trojan* Chief
 And *Turnus* thro' the Battle rush.—*Trap.*

As when a Rock, from some high Mountain's Top,
 Tumbles precipitate, or torn by Winds,
 Or by a roaring Flood, or eating Age :
 Down the steep Cliff the massy Fragment runs
 With Impulse vast, and jumps upon the Ground,
 Involving, as it rolls, Men, Beasts, and Woods.—*Id.*

More swift with rapid Course the Horses go,
 Than roaring Rivers in the Winter flow :
 With them compar'd the Jav'lin passes slow.
 The *Partbian* Dart not near so swiftly flies,
 Nor the South-Wind that sweeps along the Skies,
 Nor Thoughts that in an anxious Bosom rise. —

REASON.

—**R**eason's Force can pierce
 The deep Recesses of the Universe :
 No Bars can stop it : thro' the World it flies,
 And Heav'n itself lies open to it's Eyes.—*Creech.*

Think not thy Power too small, too weak thy Mind,
 Because it's to a little Body joyn'd :

Quod valet immensum est : sic auri pondera parvi,
 Exuperant pretio numerosos aeris acervos.
 Parvula sic totum pervisit pupula coelum :
 Quódque vident oculi minimum est : cum maxima cernant :
 Sic animi sedes tenui sub corde locata,
 Per totum angusto regnat de limite corpus.

Materiæ ne quare modum, sed perspice vires,
 Quas ratio, non pondus habet : ratio omnia vincit.

Manil. Lib. IV.

P O E N I T E N T I A.

L Aurea delapsa est audito crimine amantis :
 Et pariter vultusque Dep, plectrumque, colorque
 Excidit. Utque animus tumida fervebat ab ira,
 Arma assueta capit : flexumque à cornibus arcum
 Tendit, & illa suo toties cum pectore juncta
 Indevitato trajecit pectora telo.
 Icta dedit gemitum, tractoque à vulnere ferro,
 Candida puniceo perfudit membra cruore :
 ——— Et pariter vitam cum sanguine fudit.

Poenitet heu sero penæ crudelis amantem :
 Seque, quod audierit, quod suo exarserit, odit :
 Odit avem, per quam crimen causamque dolendi
 Scire coactus erat : nervumque, arcumque, manumque
 Odit : cumque manu temeraria tela sagittas.
 Collapsamque fovet : seraque ope vincere fata
 Nititur : & medicas exercet inaniter artes.

Quæ

For wondrous is it's Force :—how small a Mass
Of standard Gold exceeds vast Heaps of Brass !
How little is the Apple of the Eye !
And yet, at once, it takes in half the Sky :
How vast the Disproportion to the Sense !
The Organ small, the Object is immense.
So, from the narrow Limits of the Heart,
The active Soul does vigorous Life impart
To all the Limbs : it's Sway the Members own,
And wide it's Empire spreads around it's Throne.
Regard thy Powers, O Man ! nor heed thy Size :
In piercing Reason thy Advantage lies ;
Reason that conquers all, and rules the Skies.— *Id. alt.*

REPENTANCE.

* **H**E heard her Falshood with a mournful Look,
The Wreath his Head, the Harp his Hand for-
Then kindling into Rage, his Bow he drew : [look :
Swift the inevitable Arrow flew,
And deeply enter'd that soft tender Breast,
Which to his own so often had been prest.
A Groan she gave, when she the Mischief found,
And pull'd the Arrow reeking from the Wound,
O'er her fair Limbs the crimson Tide was shed,
And with the streaming Blood her Spirits fled.
The Lovesick God too late repents the Deed :
He hates the Bird that made her Falsehood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done :
The Bow, the Shaft that sent her to the Fates,
And his own Hand that sent the Shaft he hates :
Fain would he heal the Wound, and ease her Pain,
And tries the Compass of his Art in vain.

* The Raven discovered to *Apollo* that his Mistress *Coronis* was false to him ; upon which *Apollo* killed her with an Arrow ; but afterwards repenting, he lamented his dead Mistress, and in Revenge made the Raven's Feathers black, which were always white before.

Quæ postquam frustra tentata, rogûmque parari
Sensit, & arsiuros supremis ignibus artus :
Tum vero gemitus (neque enim cœlestia tingi
Ora deceat lacrymis) alto de corde petitos
Edidit. — Ingratos in pectore fudit odores,
Et dedit amplexus, injustaque iusta peregit. —

Quid. Met. Lib. II.

Ut vero summo despexit ab æthere terras
Infelix Phaeton, penitus penitusque patentes :
Palluit, & subito genua intremuere timore :
Suntque oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen obortæ.
Et jam mallet equos nunquam tetigisse paternos :
Jamque agnosce genus piget, & valuisse rogando :
Jam Meropis dici cupiens. —

Ibid.

OPPROBRIUM, Vide EXPROBATIO.

QUIS metus, ô numquam dolituri, ô semper inertes
Tyrreni, quæ tanta animis ignavia venit ?
Fœmina palantes agit, atque hæc agmina vertit !
Quo ferrum ? quidve hæc geritis tela irrita dextris ?
At non in Venerem segnes nocturnaue bella,
Aut ubi curva choros indixit tibia Bacchi,
Expectare dapes, & plenæ pocula mensæ.
Hic amor, hoc studium : dum sacra secundus aruspex
Nunciet, ac lucos vocet hostia pinguis in altos. —

Æn. Lib. XI.

Quid miseros toties in aperta pericula cives
Projicis ? O Latio caput horum & causa malorum !
Scilicet, ut Turno contingat regia conjux,
Nos, animæ viles, inhumata infestæque turba
Sternamur campis. —

Ibid.

— Uxorius,

But when he saw the lovely Nymph expire,
The Pile made ready, and the kindling Fire,
With Sighs, and Groans, her Obsequies he kept,
And, if a God could weep, the God had wept:
Her Corps he kiss'd, and heav'nly Incense brought,
And solemniz'd the Death himself had wrought.

Addison alter'd.

Unhappy *Phaeton*, when from the Sky,
He saw the Earth, far, far below him, lie,
All pale with fear, and trembling at the Sight,
And scarce enduring such Excess of Light,
Too late he wish'd the fiery Steeds untry'd,
His Birth obscure, and his Request deny'd:
Gladly would *Merops* for his Father own,
And quit his boasted Kindred to the Sun, —

Il.

REPROACH. See UPBRAIDING.

O Void of all Resentment! whom no Wrongs
Can move, Ye ever stupid *Tuscan*! whence
This Panic? whence such Cowardice of Soul?
A Woman drives You straggling, and defeats
These Squadrons: Wherefore hold You in your Hands
Those Swords, and those unprofitable Darts?
But not to *Venus*, and nocturnal Wars
Are You such Recreants: nor so listless watch
The *Bacchanalian* Revels, when those Feasts
The crooked Pipe of *Bacchus* has proclaim'd,
(This is your Love, your Study, and Delight,)
Till the auspicious Augur's Voice declares
The sacred Rites begun, and Victims slain
Invite You, with their Fat, and pamper'd Flesh,
Into the deep Recesses of the Grove, —

Trag.

O Thou, the Head, and Source of all this Woe
To *Latium*! why so oft dost Thou expose
Our wretched Citizens to Toil and Death?
Forsooth, that *Turnus* may espouse a Queen,
We, yiler Lives, a Rabble, uninterr'd,
And undeplor'd, must perish in the War, —

Il.

Uxorious.

Uxorius,

—Heu, regni rerumque oblite tuarum!

Quid struis? aut quâ spe Lybicus teris otia terris?

Æn. Lib. IV.

EXORATIO Morientis. Vide MORIENS.

Viribus illa carens, & jam moribunda, coëgit
 Hæc se pauca loqui: per nostri fœdera lecti,
 Perque Deos supplex ora, superosque, meosque:
 Per si quid merui de te bene: perque manentem
 Nunc quoque, cum pereo, causam mihi mortis, amorem:
 Ne thalamis Auram patiâre innubere nostris.

Ovid. Met. Lib. VII.

Utere jamdudum generoso sanguine, dixit.
 Nulla mora est. Aut tu jugulo, vel pectore telum
 Conde meo: jugulumque simul pectusque rexit.
 Vos modo, ne Stygios adeam non libera Manes,
 Este procul: si iusta peto: tactusque viriles
 Virgineo removete manus. Acceptor illi,
 Quisquis is est, quem cæde mea placare paratis,
 Liber erit sanguis. Si quos tamen ultima nostri
 Vota movent oris: Priami vos filia regis,
 Non captiva, rogat, genitrici corpus inemptum
 Reddite: neve auro redimat jus triste sepulchri,
 Sed lachrymis. Tunc, cum poterat, redimebat & auro.

Dixerat. At populus lachrymas, quas illa tenebat,
 Non tenet. Ipse etiam flens invitusque Sacerdos
 Præbita coniecto rupit præcordia ferro.
 Illa, super terram defecto poplite labens,
 Pertulit intrepidos ad fata novissima vultus:

Tunc

Uxorious Man! ah! thoughtless! unconcern'd
For thy own Kingdom, and thy own Affairs!
What dost Thou purpose? with what Prospect waste
Thy Time, unactive, on these *Lybian* Coasts? *Id.*

REQUEST Dying. See DYING.

NOW at Death's Door, * she spent and fainting lay,
And these few Words had only Strength to say:
By all the sacred Bonds of plighted Love!
By all your Rev'rence to the Pow'rs above!
By all that made me charming once appear!
By ev'ry Thing for which you held me dear!
And last, by Love, the Cause thro' which I bleed,
Let *Aura* never to my Bed succeed! — *Tate,*

Now strike, † she said: now spill my noble Blood:
Deep in my Breast, or Throat (for I'm prepar'd,) —
Your Dagger plunge: — and then her Breast she bar'd,
But let not the rude Hand of Man pollute
A Virgin Victim: 'tis a modest Suit,
It best will please, whoe'er demands my Blood,
That freely, and untouch'd I reach the *Stygian* Flood,
Yet let one short, last, dying Pray'r be heard;
To *Priam's* Daughter pay this last Regard:
'Tis *Priam's* Daughter, not a Captive, sues:
Do not the Rites of Sepulture refuse,
To my afflicted Mother, I implore,
Free, without Ransom, my dead Corps restore:
Nor barter me for Gain, when I am cold,
But be her Tears the Price, if I am sold;
Time was, she could have ransom'd me with Gold.

Thus as she pray'd, one common Show'r of Tears
Burst forth, and stream'd from ev'ry Eye but her's,
Ev'n the Priest wept: and with a deep Remorse
Plung'd in her Heart the Steel's resistless Force,
Her slacken'd Limbs sink gently to the Ground,
Dauntless her Looks, unalter'd by the Wound.

‡ *Procris*

† *Polyxena* sacrific'd to the Manes of *Achilles*.

And

Tunc quoque cura fuit partes velare tegendas,
Cum caderet : castique decus servare pudoris.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. XIII.

Unum hoc, per, si qua est victis venia hostibus, oro:
Corpus humo patiare tegi : scio acerba meorum
Circumstare odia : hunc, oro, defende furorem,
Et me consortem nati concede sepulcro.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. X.

Ille, humilis supplēxque, oculos dextrāque precantem
Protendens : equidem merui, nec deprecor, inquit :
Ut ere forte tuā : miseri te si qua parentis
Tangere cura potest, oro, (fuit & tibi talis
Anchises genitor) Dauni miserere senectæ :
Et me, seu corpus spoliatum lumine mavis,
Redde meis.——

Æn. Lib. XII.

RECESSUS È NEGOTIO.

O Rus! quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivis vitæ?——

Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 6.

O quid solutis est beatius curis?
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum,
Desideratōque acquiescimus lecto.——

Catullus 31.

RETIREMENT.

301

And as she fell, she strove, with decent Pride,
To hide what suits a Virgin's Care to hide.—— *Stanyan.*

————— One thing * I implore,
(If aught of Grace remain for vanquish'd Foes)
Permit my Corps to be interr'd: I know
The Malice of my Subjects hovers round:
Forbid that Outrage: let me share a Grave,
Joyn'd to my Son, and rest with him in Death.—— *Trap.*

————— † He suppliant bends
His Eyes: And, stretching out his Hand, 'Tis true,
I have deserv'd, He cry'd: Nor will I strive
To deprecate: Enjoy thy Fortune's Gift.
Yet Oh! if aught a wretched Parent's Care
Can touch thy Soul (Thou too hadst such a Sire
The old *Anchises*) pity *Daunus*' Age:
And, whether living, or despoil'd of Breath,
(Thine be that Choice) restore me to my Friends.—— *Id.*

RETIREMENT.

O H! when shall I a Country Life enjoy,
And with old Authors my calm Hours emp
Blest with sweet Leisure, blest with downy Peace,
And my whole Business to consult my Ease!
When, when shall I, compleatly happy, there,
Delightfully forget my former Days of Care!——

What greater Bliss on Earth can be,
Than after much Anxiety,
Business the Load of Life laid down,
Retiring to one's native Town,
A quiet Leisure to possess,
That long desir'd Happiness.——

* *Mexandrus.*

† *Turnus.*

RETREAT.

RECESSUS ē PRÆLIO. Vide FUGA.

— **T**urnus paulatim excedere pugna,
 Et fluvium petere, ac partem quæ cingitur amni,
 Acrius hoc Teuceri clamore incumbere magno,
 Et glomerare manum. Ceu sævum turba leonem
 Cum telis premit infensis: at territus ille
 Asper, acerba tuens, retro redit: & neque terga
 Ira dare aut virtus patitur: nec tendere contra
 Ille quidem hoc cupiens potis est per tela virōsque,
 Haud aliter retrō dubius vestigia Turnus
 Improperata refert, & mens exarsuat irā.
 Quin etiam bis tum medios invaserat hostes,
 Bis conversa fugā per muros agmina vertit.
 Sed manus ē castris propere coit omnis in unum:
 Ergo nec clypeo juvenis subsistere tantum,
 Nec dextra valet: injectis sic undique telis
 Obruitur. Strepit assiduo cava tempora circum
 Tinnitu galea, & faxis solida æra fatiscunt:
 Discussæque jubæ capiti, nec sufficit umbo
 Ictibus: ingeminant hastis & Troës, & ipse
 Fulmineus Mnestheus: tum toto corpore sudor
 Liquitur: & piccum, nec respirare potestas,
 Flumen agit: fessos quatit æger anhelitus artus.

Tum demum præceps saltu sese omnibus armis
 In fluvium dedit: ille suo cum gurgite flavo
 Accepit venientem, ac mollibus extulit undis:
 Et lætum sociis, ablutâ eade, remisit.

Æn. Lib. IX.

VINDICTA

RETREAT. See FLIGHT.

TURNUS, retreating, from the Fight withdraws
 By slow Degrees : and to that Part retires,
 Which by the ambient River's Stream is wash'd.
 The more the shouting *Trojans* urge him close,
 And thick'ning onwards rush. As when a Band
 Of Hunters press and gore with pointed Spears
 A savage Lion : He appal'd gives Way,
 With Aspect stern, and makes a four Retreat :
 Courage and Rage permit him not to turn
 His Back : Nor does his Strength suffice to leap
 (Tho' fain he would) against the Darts, and Foes.
 So *Turnus* backward with slow Paces moves,
 Dubious of Thought, and all with Fury burns.
 Ev'n then the Centre of the hostile Troops
 He twice attack'd, twice drove them on the Walls
 Confus'd in hasty Flight. But all at once
 On Him alone their Forces from the Tents
 United press :—He therefore, with his Shield,
 And Arms, unable to support the Shock,
 Stands panting, with such Storms of Darts o'erwhelm'd
 On ev'ry Side : his hollow Temples round
 With oft repeated Blows his Helmet rings,
 Batter'd with Stones, and flatten'd to his Head :
 It's Crest struck off : Nor does his Target's Orb
 Suffice against the Strokes : The *Trojans* thick,
 With thund'ring *Mnestheus* at their Head, push on.
 Then Sweat in Rivers o'er his Body flows :
 He faints with Toil, stagg'ring he gasps for Breath :
 And the vast Labour shakes his weary Limbs.
 At length into the River's yellow Waves,
 Plunging himself, he leaps with all his Arms :
 The gentle Stream receives him, as he falls,
 In it's soft Lap : and, washing off the Blood,
 Wafts him exulting to rejoin his Friends,——

Trap.

REVENGE.

VINDICTA.

AT Vindicta bonum vitâ jucundius ipsâ !
 Nempe hoc indocti, quorum præcordia nullis
 Interdum, aut levibus videas flagrantia causis :
 Quantulacûnque adeo est occasio, sufficit iræ.
 Chrysippus non dicet idem, nec mite Thaletis
 Ingenium, dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto,
 Qui partem acceptæ sæva inter vincla cicuræ
 Accusatori nollet dare. —

Minuti

Semper, & infirmi est animi, exiguique voluptas
 Ultio : continuò sic collige, quòd Vindictâ
 Nemo magis gaudet, quàm scœmina. — *Juv. Sat. XIII.*

Dolor ora repressit :

Verbaque quærenti fatis indignantia lingue
 Defuerunt : nec flere vacat. Sed fasque nefasque
 Confusura ruit : poenæque in imagine tota est. —
Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

— Non est lachrymis hic, inquit, agendum,
 Sed ferro : sed si quid habes, quod vincere ferrum
 Possit. In omne nefas ego me, Germana, paravi.
 — Magnum quodcûnque paravi :
 Quid sit, adhuc dubito. — *Ibid.*

— Spectat triculenta loquentem,
 Falsaque jurantem : tumidâque exæstuat ira.
 Atque ita correptum captivarum agmine matrum
 Involat, & digitos in perfida lumina condit,
 Exspoliâtque genas oculis (facit ira potentem)
 Immergitque manus : foedatâque sanguine fonti
 Non lumen, neque enim superest, loca luminis haurit. —
Ovid. Met. Lib. XIII.

REVOLUTIO

REVENGE.

R *Evence is sweeter much than Life!*—'tis true,
 So the unthinking say, and the mad Crew
 Of hec't'ring Blades, who for slight Cause, or none,
 At ev'ry turn, are into Passion blown:
 Not so meek *Thales*, or *Chrysippus* taught,
 Or *Socrates*, who took the Poyson-Draught
 With a forgiving Soul, nor wish'd to see
 His base Accuser drink as deep as he.

Much Satisfaction in Revenge to find,
 Denotes a little, mean, ungen'rous Mind:
 This, Observation will most plainly shew,
 For none so eagerly Revenge pursue,
 Or love it half so well as Women do.——

In such tumultuous Haste her Passions sprung,
 They choak'd her Voice, and quite disarm'd her Tongue.
 No room for female Tears: the Furies rise,
 And ev'ry Thought of Right or Wrong despise:
 Reason's calm Dictates no Admittance find,
 Revenge alone commands her raging Mind. — *Croxall alt.*

Tears, unavailing, but defer our Time,
 The stabbing Sword must expiate the Crime:
 Or worse, if Wit on bloody Vengeance bent,
 A Weapon more tormenting can invent.
 O Sister! I 'ave prepar'd my stubborn Heart,
 To act some hellish and unheard-of Part:
 Some great, some mighty Mischief I've design'd,
 But yet the Draught's unfinished in my Mind.—— *Id.*

She stands attentive to his Perjuries,
 And darts avenging Horror from her Eyes.
 Raging Resentment fires her boiling Blood:
 She springs upon him 'midst the Captive Crowd,
 (Her Thirst of Vengeance want of Strength supplies,)
 She thrusts her forky Fingers in his Eyes:
 Tares out the rooted Balls: her Rage pursues,
 And in the hollow Orbs her Hands imbrews. — *Stanyan.*

REVOLUTIO. Vide ÆTAS AUREA Restaurata.

— **S**OLIS & facta diurna,
Et facies eadem signis per sæcula constet,
Idem Phœbus eat cœli de partibus iisdem.
Inde suos sinuat flexus per crura, pedésque
Centauri, alterius rursus ascendere cœlum
Incipit, Argivámque ratem per aplustria summa.
Lunáque per toridem luces mutetur, & orbes,
Et natura vias servet quas fecerat ipsa.

Nec tyrocinio peccet, circúmque feratur
Æterna cum luce dies, quod tempora monstrat.
Nunc his, nunc illis eadem regionibus orbis
Semper, & ulterius vadentibus ortus ad ortus,
Occasúmve ortus cœlum & cum Sole perennet.

Manil. Lib. I.

— Consumpto, magnus qui dicitur, anno
Rursus in antiquum veniant vaga sidera cursum :
Qualia dispositi steterant ab origine mundi. — *Auf. Edyl. 18.*

PRÆMIA. Vide MUNIFICENTIA.

Munera — ante oculos, Circóque locantur
In medio ; sacri tripodes, viridésque coronæ,
Et palmæ, pretium victoribus ; armæque, & ostro
Perfusæ vestes, argenti aurique talenta. — *Æn. Lib. V.*

Muneraque, in naves, ternos optare juvencos,
Vinaque, & argenti magnum dat ferre talentum.
Ipsis præcipuos ductoribus addit honores :
Victori chlamydem auratam, quam plurima circum
Purpura Mæandro duplici Melibœa cucurrit. — *Ibid.*

— Qui

REVOLUTION. See GOLDEN AGE Restor'd.

THE self-same Sun does ev'ry Morn appear,
 And as He drives a Day, He whirls a Year.
 From the same East He comes with equal Pace,
 To the same West He still directs his Race,
 And not one Change is seen in Nature's Face.
 The same Moon shines, and at a certain Day,
 Her Light encreases, and her Horns decay,
 Nature does still her beaten Track pursue,
 Nor like a Novice wanders in a new.
Phœbus still warms those Signs where first he shone,
 And Day goes round with one eternal Sun:
 Thus prov'd:—because by just Degrees the Hours
 In different Countries are the same with our's.
 The Eastern Nations view the rising Fires,
 Whilst Night shades Us, and lazily retires.
 As to the distant West we nimbly run,
 That still removes, nor can we reach the Sun:
 His Race no East begins, no West doth bound,
 But on he drives in one continual Round.— *Creech* alt.
 When round the great *Platonic* Year has turn'd,
 In their old Ranks the wand'ring Stars shall stand,
 As when first marshal'd by th' Almighty's Hand.— *Addison*.

R E W A R D S. See M U N I F I C E N C E.

THEN in the Center of the Cirque are plac'd
 The Prizes, sacred Tripods, Wreaths of Greens,
 And Palms for Victors: Arms, and purple Robes,
 Talents of massy Silver, and of Gold.— *Trap.*
 ————On every Ship
 Three Heifers, to be chosen, he bestows,
 A silver Talent's massy Weight, and Wine,
 As Prizes.—To the Conq'ror first he gives
 A Cloak, with Gold embroider'd, edg'd with Fringe
 Of *Melibœan* Purple, doubly round
 Entwining.

— Qui deinde locum tenuit virtute secundum,
 Levibus huic hamis confertam auróque trilicem
 Loricam, —
 Donat habere viro, decus & tutamen in armis.
 Tertia dona facit geminos ex ære lebetas,
 Cymbiaque argento perfecta atque aspera signis. — *Ibid.*

Nemo ex hoc numero mihi non donatus abibit.
 Gnoscia bina dabo lævato lucida ferro
 Spicula, cælatamque argento ferre bipennem :
 Omnibus hic erit unus honos. Tres præmia primi
 Accipient, flavâque caput nectentur olivâ.
 Primus equum phaleris insignem victor habeto.
 Alter Amazoniam pharetram, plenamque sagittis
 Threïcîis : lato quam circum amplectitur auro
 Balteus, & tereti subnectit fibula gemmâ
 Tertius Argolicâ hâc galeâ contentus abito. — *Ibid.*

—— Tergum Gætuli immane leonis
 Dat S.ilio, villis onerosum atque unguibus aureis.
 Et clypeum efferri jussit, Didymaonis artes,
 Neptuni sacro Danaïs de poste refixum.
 Hoc juvenem egregium præstanti munere donat. — *Ibid.*

Sic ait : & geminum pugnae proponit honorem :
 Victori velatum auro vittisque juvencum :
 Ensem, atque insignem galeam, folatia victo. — *Ibid.*

Bina dabo argento perfecta atque aspera signis
 Pocula, devictâ genitor quæ cepit Arisbâ :
 Et tripodas geminos, auri duo magna talenta :
 Cratera antiquum, quem dat Sidonia Dido.
 Si vero capere Italiam sceptrisque potiri

Contigerit

To him whose Merit held the second Place
A Coat of Mail he gives, compact with Hooks,
And wrought with triple Tissue: to defend
At once and deck the Warrior.——

Two brazen Cauldrons to the Third he gives,
And silver Bowls with Figures rough emboss'd.—— *Id.*

Not One of all this Number shall from me
Go unrewarded: I'll on each bestow

Two *Gnossian* Jav'lins, bright with polish'd Steel,
And a carv'd Battle-Ax with Silver wrought.

This Honour shall be one to All. The Three
Who first excell, shall diff'rent Prizes share,

And with pale Olive bind their Heads. The First
A Steed enrich'd with Trappings shall receive:

The Next an *Amazonian* Quiver, fill'd
With *Thracian* Arrows, which a Belt around

Incloses with broad Gold, a Buckle clasps
With round smooth Diamonds: Be the Third content

With this *Argolick* Shield.—— *Id.*

——A huge *Getulian* Lion's Hide
He gives to *Salius*, rough with heavy Fur,
And golden Claws.——

——Then He commands to bring
A Shield, the Work of *Didymaon's* Art,

Torn by the *Grecians* from the sacred Posts
Of *Neptune*: and with that excelling Gift

Distinguishes the well-deserving Youth.—— *Id.*

He said: And for the Combat two Rewards
Propos'd: The Victor's Prize, a Bull adorn'd

With Gold, and Wreaths: a Sword, and burnish'd Helm,
The Solace of the Vanquish'd.—— *Id.*

Two Goblets I will give, in Silver wrought,
And rough with Sculpture: which my Father took

From sack'd *Arisba*: And two Talents Weight
Of massy Gold: two Tripods: and a Bowl

Of antique Cast, which *Tyrian Dido* gave.
But if 'tis giv'n Us in the Chance of War

To conquer *Latium*, and its Scepter wield,

Contigerit victori, & prædæ ducere sortem :
 Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis,
 Aureus? ipsum illum clypeum cristâsque rubentes
 Excipiam sorti, jam nunc tua præmia, Nise.
 Præterea bis sex genitor lectissima matrum
 Corpora, captivósque dabit, suæque omnibus arma :
 Insuper, id campi quod rex habet ipse Latinus.——

Æn. Lib. IX.

—————Humero simul exuit ensen
 Auratum, mirâ quem fecerat arte Lycaon
 Gnosius, atqueabilem vaginâ aptarat eburnâ :
 Dat puero.———

Ibid.

RITUS SACRI. Vide Exequiæ. Manes. Palatium.
 Supplicantium Agmen Procedens. Sacrificium.

———**L**ibatos irroravere liquores
 Vestibus, & capiti : flectunt vestigia sanctæ
 Ad delubra Deæ.———
 Ut templi tetigere gradus, procumbit uterque
 Pronus humi, gelidóque pavens dedit oscula saxo.———

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

———Festum celebrare sacerdos,
 Immunésque operum dominas famulâsque suorum,
 Pectora pelle tegi, crinales solvere vittas,
 Serta coma, manibus frondentes sumere Thyrsos,
 Jusserat : & sævam læsi fore numinis iram
 Vaticinatus erat.———

Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

Tu, genitor, cape sacra manu, patriósque penates.
 Me bello è tanto digressum & cæde recenti,
 Attrectare nefas : donec me flumine vivo
 Abluero.———

Æn. Lib. II.
 Sic

Victorious, and by Lot to share the Spoils:
Saw'st Thoti the Steed by *Turnus* press'd, the Arms
In which he rode, all glitt'ring, all in Gold?
That very Shield, and those red Plumes which grace
His Helmet, from the Lot I will exempt,
Already, *Nisus*, thy adjudg'd Reward.
Besides, twelve choicest Dames, twelve captive Youths;
With their own Arms, my Father shall bestow:
And, added to them All, that Tract of Land,
Which by the King *Latinus* is possess'd. — *Id.*

————— Drawing from his Belt
His gilded Sword, which wrought with wondrous Art
Lycaon, born of *Gnossian* Race, had made,
And in an iv'ry Scabbard fit inclos'd,
That Present on the lovely Youth bestows. — *Id.*

RITES (RELIGIOUS.) See Funerals. Manes,
Palace. Procession. Sacrifice.

They sprinkled first their Garments, and their Head,
Then took the Way which to the Temple led:
Before the Gradual, prostrate they ador'd,
Kiss'd the cold Stone, and trembling thus implor'd. —
Dryden alter'd.

Be this a solemn Feast, the Priest had said,
Be with each Mistress unemploy'd each Maid:
With Skins of Beasts your tender Limbs inclose,
And with an ivy Crown adorn your Brows:
The leafy *Thyrus* high in Triumph bear,
And give your Locks to wanton in the Air.
These Rites profan'd, the holy Seer fore show'd
A mourning People, and a vengeful God. — *Eusden.*

————— The holy Things
Take you, my Father, and our Country-Gods:
In me 'twere Guilt to touch them, just return'd
Recent from so much Slaughter, and besmear'd
With War: 'till in the living Stream I wash
The Blood away. —

Sic fatus, meritos aris mactavit honores :
Taurum Neptuno : taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo :
Nigram Hyemi pecudem, Zephyris felicibus albam.

Æn. Lib. III.

Quin, ubi transmissæ steterint trans æquora classes,
Et positis aris jam vota in litore solves,
Purpureo velare comas adopertus amictu :
Ne qua inter sanctos ignes in honorè Deorum
Hòstilis facies occurrat, & omina turbet.
Hunc focii morem sacrorum, hunc ipse teneto :
Hac casti maneant in religione nepotes.

Ibid.

Templa Jovi centum, latis immania regnis,
Centum aras posuit : vigilémque sacraverat ignem,
Excubias Divùm æternas, pecudúmque cruore
Pingue solum, & variis florentia limina sertis.

Æn. Lib. IV.

— Cinerem, & sopitos suscitât ignes ;
Pergameúmque larem, & canæ penetralia Vestæ
Farre pio & plenâ supplex veneratur acerrâ.

Æn. Lib. V.

Nunc pateras libate Jovi, precibúsque vocate
Anchisen genitorem, & vina reponite mensis.
Sic deinde effatus, frondenti tempore ramo
Implicat, &, Geniúmque loci, primámque Deorum
Tellurem, Nymphásque & adhuc ignota precatur
Flumina : tum Noctem, noctísque orientia signa,
Idæúmque Jovem, Phrygiámque ex ordine matrem
Invocat, & duplices cœloque Ereboque parentes.

Æn. Lib. VII.

— Nox

He said, and paid the Gods their Honour due :
A Bull to *Neptune*, and a Bull to Thee,
Beauteous *Apollo* : To the stormy Pow'r
A sable Ewe ; a white one to the smooth
Propitious *Zephyrs*. ————— *Id.*

But when your Ships rest wafted o'er the Main,
And you on Altars rais'd along the Shore
Pay your vow'd Off'rings, with a purple Veil
Cover your Head : lest any hostile Face
Appearing, should disturb the solemn Rites,
The holy Fires, and Honour of the Gods.
This Form in sacrificing let your Friends
With you observe ; and let your future Race
Pious in this Religion persevere. ————— *Id.*

————— He to mighty *Jove*
An hundred spacious Temples, in his Realms
Of wide Extent, an hundred Altars built :
And consecrated to the Gods the Hearths
Of everlasting Fire : The Ground with Blood
Of slaughter'd Victims smoking : and the Doors
With various colour'd flow'ry Wreaths adorn'd. ————— *Id.*

He wakes the Embers, and the sleeping Fire,
And with a holy Cake and Censer fill'd,
The *Trojan Lar*, and aged *Vesta's Shrine*
Suppliant adores. ————— *Id.*

Now from your Bowls to *Jove* Libations pour :
My Sire *Anchises* with religious Pray'rs
Invoke : and on your Boards replace the Wine.
This said, He binds his Temples with a Wreath
Of verdant Boughs, and suppliant adores
The *Genius* of the Place, and *Earth* the first
Of Deities, the *Nymphs*, and *River-Gods*
As yet unknown, and *Night*, and of the Night
The rising starry *Signs* : in order next
The *Phrygian Mother*, and *Idæan Jove*,
And both his *Parents*, one rever'd in Heav'n,
And one in *Erebus*. ————— *Id.*

Sleep

———Nox Æneam somnūſque reliquit.
 Surgit, & ætherii ſpectans orientia Solis
 Lumina, rite cavis undam de flumine palmis
 Suſtulit, ac tales effudit ad æthera voces :
 Nymphæ, Laurentes Nymphæ, genus amnibus unde eſt :
 Tuque, ô Tybri, tuo genitor cum flumine ſancto,
 Accipite Ænean, & tandem arcete periclis.
 Quo te cumque lacus miſerantem incommoda noſtra
 Fonte tenet, quocumque ſolo pulcherrimus exis :
 Semper honore meo, ſemper celebrabere donis,
 Corniger Heſperidum fluvius regnator aquarum :
 Adſis ô tantum, & proprius tua numina firmes.——

Æn. Lib. VIII.

Æneas (quamquam & fociis dare tempus humanis
 Præcipitant curæ, turbataque funere mens eſt)
 Vota Deum primo Victor ſolvebat Eoo.——

Æn. Lib. XI.

FLUMINIS Transitus.

Primus in obliquum ſonipes opponitur amnem
 Excepturus aquas. Molli tum cætera rumpit
 Turba vado faciles jam fracti fluminis undas.——

Lucan. Lib. I.

———Equitum præperate catervæ :
 Ite ſimul Pedites, ruiturum aſcendite pontem.
 Hæc ubi dicta, levis totas accepit habenas
 In campum ſonipes : crebrôque ſimillima nimbo
 Trans ripam validi torſerunt tela lacerti.
 Ingreditur pulſâ fluvium ſtatione vacantem.——

Lucan. Lib. II.

Cæſar—carpere arma jubet : nec quærere pontem,
 Nec vada, ſed duris fluvium ſuperare lacertis.

Paretur,

Sleep leaves *Aeneas*, and the Night retires.
 Rising, he turns him to the rising Sun,
 And, from the River, in his hollow Hands,
 By solemn Rite accustom'd, Water takes,
 And thus prefers his Suit in open Air.
 Ye Nymphs! *Laurentian* Nymphs! from whom the Birth
 Of Rivers springs: And Thou, supreme of Floods,
 O Father *Tyber*! with thy sacred Stream
 Receive *Aeneas*, and relieve his Toils.
 Thou, who with Pity dost regard our Woes,
 In whate'er Soil thy beauteous Head is rais'd,
 Where-e'er thy Source: For ever shall by me
 Thy Deity be honour'd, horny God,
 King of *Hesperian* Rivers. Only grant
 To Us thy nearer Succour I implore.——

Id.

Aeneas (tho' th' Interment of his Friends
 Hurries his Thoughts, with Fun'ral Cares perplex'd,
 With the first Dawn of Morning, Victor pays
 His Vows to Heav'n,——

Id.

RIVER (passing over.)

—T O stem the rapid Water's Course,
 First plung'd amidst the Flood the bolder Horse:
 With Strength oppos'd against the Stream they lead,
 While to the smoother Ford the Foot with Ease succeed.——

——— Spur on the winged Horse: [Rowe.

And march the Foot, the Bridge, tho' falling, force.
 Make good your Passage, my brave Friends! he said:
 Swift as a Storm the nimble Horse obey'd:
 A-cross the Stream their deadly Darts they throw,
 And from their Station drive the yielding Foe.
 The Victors at their Ease the Ford explore,
 And pass the undefended River o'er.——

Id.

Cesar commands to Arms: Without delay
 The Soldier to the River bends his Way:
 None then with cautious Care the Bridge explor'd,
 Or sought the Shallows of the safer Ford:

Arm'd

Paretur, rapuitque ruens in praelia miles,
Quod fugiens timuisset, iter.

———— Mox uda receptis
Membra foveant armis, gelidosque à gurgite cursu
Restituunt artus. ————— *Lucan. Lib. IV.*

ROSA.

Ipsa jussit mane, ut udæ Virgines nubant rosæ,
Fusæ prius de cruore deque amoris osculis,
Deque gemmis, deque flammis, deque Solis purpuris.—
Catull. Pervigil Veneris.

EFFUGIUM. Vide PRÆLIUM. CÆDES.

Prima fugit, dominâ amissâ, levis ala Camillæ :
Turbati fugiunt Rutuli, fugit acer Atinas :
Disiectique duces, desolatique manipuli
Tuta petunt, & equis averſi ad mœnia tendunt.
Nec quisquam instantes Teucros letumque ferentes
Sustentare valet telis, aut sistere contra :
Sed laxos referunt humeris languentibus arcus,
Quadrupedumque putrem cursu quatit ungula campum,
Volvitur ad muros caligine turbidus atrâ
Pulvis : & è speculis percussæ pectora matres
Foemineum clamorem ad cœli sidera tollunt.

Qui cursu portas primi irrupere patentes,
Hos inimica super mixto premit agmine turba.

Nec.

Arm'd at all Points, they plunge amidst the Flood,
And with strong Sinews make the Passage good :
Dangers they scorn'd that might the Bold affright,
And stop ev'n panting Cowards in their Flight.
At length the farther Bank attaining safe,
Chill'd by the Stream, their dropping Limbs they chase :
Then with fresh Vigour urge the Foes Pursuit,
And in the sprightly Chace the Pow'rs of Life recruit.—*Id.*

ROSE.

SHE in the Morning calls; Ye Maids! prepare,
In rosy Garlands bind your flowing Hair :
'Tis *Venus*' Plant : The Blood fair *Venus* shed,
O'er the gay Beauty pour'd immortal Red :
From Love's soft Kiss a sweet Ambrosial Smell
Was taught for ever on the Leaves to dwell :
From Gems, from Flames, from orient Rays of Light,
The richest Lustre makes it's Purple bright.— *Parnel.*

ROUT. See BATTLE. SLAUGHTER.

THEIR Queen thus slain, first flies *Camilla*'s Wing
Light-arm'd: the *Rutuli* confounded fly,
And brave *Atinas*, and the scatter'd Chiefs,
And broken Troops : To safer Posts they run,
And spur their foaming Steeds to reach the Town.
Nor now can any force in Arms sustain
The *Trojans*, pressing, and dispensing Death :
Or stand oppos'd : But languid back they bear
Their Bows unbent, and o'er their Shoulders slung :
And the swift Horses shake the putrid Soil
With sounding Hoofs. A turbid Cloud of Dust
Rolls to the City : On the lofty Tow'rs
The Matrons stand, and to th' etherial Stars
Raise female Cries : And frantick beat their Breasts.

With Those who thro' the open Gates first croud
Into the Town, a mingled Throng of Foes

Together

Nec miseram effugiunt mortem : sed limine in ipso,
 Moenibus in patriis, atque inter tuta domorum
 Confixi expirant animas. Pars claudere portas:
 Nec fociis aperire viam, nec moenibus audent
 Accipere orantes : oriturque miserrima caedes
 Defendentum armis aditus, inque arma ruentum.
 Exclusi, ante oculos lachrymantumque ora parentum,
 Pars in præcipites fossas, urgente ruina,
 Volvitur : immixtis pars caeca & concita franis
 Arietat in portas, & duos obice postes. —

Virg. Æn. Lib. XI.

Ut primum sonipes transfixus pectora ferro
 In caput effusi calcavit membra regentis,
 Omnis eques cessit campis, glomeratæque pubes
 In sua conversis præceps ruit agmina franis.
 Perdidit indè modum caedes, ac nulla secuta est
 Pugna : sed hinc jugulis, hinc ferro bella geruntur. —

Lucan. Lib. VII.

SACRIFICIUM. Vide Exequiæ. Ritus Sacri.

CUM procul obscuros colles, humilèmq; videmus
 Italiam: —

Tum pater Anchises magnum cratera coronâ
 Induit, implevitque mero : Divosque vocavit,
 Stans celsa in puppi. —
 Di, maris & terræ tempestatumque potentes,
 Ferte viam vento facilem, & spirate secundi. —

Æn. Lib. III.

Principio delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras
 Exquirunt : mactant lectas de more bidentes
 Legiferæ Cereri, Phœbôque, patrique Lyæo :
 Junoni ante omnes, cui vincla jugalia curæ.

Together press'd: Nor a cruel Death
 Do they escape: but ev'n within their Walls,
 Their Houses, and beneath their native Roofs,
 Transfix'd expire their Souls. Some shut the Gates:
 Nor durst permit their own imploring Friends
 To enter: Those with Arms the Passes guard,
 These rush against those Arms: Among them All,
 A Slaughter vast, and terrible, ensues.
 Others, before their weeping Parents Eyes,
 Excluded, by the Rout, and Ruin urg'd,
 Down the steep Trenches leap: With loosen'd Reins
 Some forward spur their Steeds, and blindly tilt
 Against the Gates, the Bars, and solid Posts.—— *Trap.*

The fiery Steeds, impatient of a Wound,
 Hurl their neglected Riders to the Ground:
 Or on their Friends with Rage ungovern'd turn,
 And trampling o'er the helpless Foot, are born.
 Hence foul Confusion and Dismay succeed,
 The Victors murder, and the Vanquish'd bleed:
 Their weary Hands the tir'd Destroyers ply,
 Scarce can these kill, so fast as those can die.—— *Rowe.*

SACRIFICE. See Funerals. Religious Rites.

SOON as the Hills at Distance we behold
 Obscure in Mists, and *Italy's* low Plains,
 My Sire *Anchises* a large Goblet crowns,
 Fills it with Wine, and standing on the Deck
 Aloft, invokes the Gods.——
 Ye Gods! Controulers of the Land, the Seas,
 And Tempests: speed our Voyage by the Winds,
 And breathe propitious!—— *Trap.*

First to the Temple they repair, and seek
 Heav'n's Favour at the Altars: On them laid,
 Selected Victims, with accustom'd Rites,
 To *Ceres* Law-giver, and *Phæbus*, bleed,
 And Father *Bacchus*:—But above the rest
 To *Juno*, who presides o'er nuptial Beds.

The

Ipsa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido,
 Candentis vaccæ media inter cornua fundit :
 Aut ante ora Deum pingues spatiatur ad aras,
 Instauratque diem donis, pecudumque reclusis
 Pectoribus inhians, spirantia consulit exta. —

Æn. Lib. IV.

Jamque dies epulata novem gens omnis, & aris
 Factus honos. —

Tres Eryci vitulos, & Tempestatibus agnam
 Cedere deinde jubet : solvique ex ordine funes.
 Ipse caput tonsæ foliis evinctus olivæ,
 Stans procul in prora, pateram tenet, extaque falsos
 Porricit in fluctus, ac vina liquentia fundit. —

Æn. Lib. V.

Forte die solemnem illo rex Arcas honorem
 Amphytrioniadæ magno Divisque ferebat,
 Ante, urbem in luco. Pallas huic filius unâ,
 Unâ omnes juvenum primi, pauperque senatus,
 Thura dabant : tepidusque cruor fumabat ad Aras. —

Tum lecti juvenes certatim aræque sacerdos
 Viscera tosta ferunt taurorum, onerantque canistris
 Dona laboratæ Cereris, Bacchumque ministrant.
 Vescitur Æneas simul & Trojana juvenus,
 Perpetui tergo bovis & lustralibus extis. —

Æn. Lib. VIII.

Dixerat : Herculeâ bicolor cum populus umbrâ
 Velavitque comas, foliisque innexa pendit :
 Et sacer implevit dextram scyphus. Ocyus omnes
 In mensam læti libant, Divosque precantur.
 Devexo interea propior fit vesper Olympo :
 Jamque sacerdotes, primusque Potitius, ibant

Pellibus

The beautiful * Queen herself a Goblet holds
 In her Right Hand, and for Libation pours
 The Wine betwixt the Snow-white Heifer's Horns:
 Or round the smoking Altars slowly walks
 Before the Statues of the Gods: with Gifts
 Renews the Day: and on the open'd Breasts
 Of Victims, eagerly intent, consults
 Their breathing Entrails.—— *Id.*

Now all the People nine whole Days had spent
 In Feasts: and Honour to the Altars paid:
 Three Calves to *Eryx*, to the *Storms* a Lamb
 He then commands to Sacrifice, and loose
 The Cables all in order from the Shore.
 Himself with Olive-Foliage shorn entwines
 His Head: and, standing on the distant Deck,
 A Goblet holds, and on the briny Deep
 Scatters the Entrails, pouring purest Wine.—— *Id.*

It chanc'd that on That Day, th' *Arcadian King*,
 Before the City, in a Grove's Recess,
 To great *Alcides*, and the Gods, perform'd
 A solemn Sacrifice: At which his Son
Pallas assisted, and the chosen Youth,
 And wealthless Senate: Clouds of Incense rose,
 And at the Altars smok'd the tepid Blood.

The chosen Youth, industrious, and the Priest
 Bring roasted Flesh of Bulls, distribute Bread
 In Baskets pil'd, and minister the Wine.
Aeneas, and, with him the *Trojan Youth*
 Feed on a solid Steer's perpetual Chine,
 And hallow'd Entrails for Lustration fry'd.—— *Id.*

He said: the double-colour'd Poplar veils
 His Temples with *Herculean* Shade, and hangs
 In twining Leaves: A consecrated Bowl
 Fills his left Hand: All, joyous, on the Board
 Pour their Libations, and invoke the Gods.
 Mean-while the Ev'ning to the Sky convex
 Rolls near: The Priests, *Potitius* at their Head,

* *Dido.*

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Y

Bear

Pellibus in morem cincti, flammâsque ferebant.
 Instaurant epulas, & mensæ grata secundæ
 Dona ferunt, cumulântque oneratis lancibus aras,
 Tum Salii ad cantus, incensa altaria circum,
 Populeis adsunt evincti tempora ramis.
 Hic juvenum chorus: ille senum: qui carmine laudes
 Herculeas & facta ferunt.———
 Salve, vera Jovis proles, decus addite Divis:
 Et nos, & tua dexter adi pede sacra secundo.———

Æn. Lib. VIII.

Candida per sylvam cum foetu concolor albo
 Procybuit, viridique in litore conspicitur fus.
 Quam pius Æneas tibi enim, tibi, maxima Juno,
 Mactat, sacra ferens, & cum grege sistit ad aram.———

Ibid.

Festa dies aderat, qua Cygni victor Achilles
 Pallida vittatæ placabat sanguine vaccæ.
 Cujus ut imposuit profecta calentibus aris,
 Et Dis acceptus penetravit in æthere nidor:
 Sacra tulere suam: pars est data cætera mensis.
 Discubuerunt toris proceres: & corpora tosta
 Carne replent: vinôque levant curâsque sitimque.———

Ovid. Met. Lib. XII.

——— Postquam pietatem publica causa,
 Réxque patrem vicit: castumque datura cruorem
 Flentibus ante aram stetit Iphigenia ministris:
 Victa Dea est: nubemque oculis objecit, & inter
 Officium turbamque sacri, vocésque precantum,
 Supposita fertur mutasse Mycenida cerva.

Ergo

Bear lighted Torches: and, begirt with Skins
 Accustom'd, in Procession walk, restore
 The Banquets, bring the second grateful Chear,
 And with fill'd Chargers pile the sacred Hearths.
 The *Satii* next, with poplar Garlands wreath'd,
 To tuneful Measures round the Altars dance.
 A Youthful This, as That an aged Quire.
 These sing the Praises and the God-like Deeds
 Of *Hercules*. — Hail! undoubted Son of *Jove*!
 New Honour to the Gods! Be present here
 Propitious, and thy Sacrifice adorn. —

Id.

————— In the Wood a Sow
 Of Milk-white Colour, with her Milk-white Young,
 Were found together on the verdant Shore;
 Them good *Aeneas* to thy Altar brings,
 Great Queen of Gods, a Sacrifice to Thee. —

Id.

The Feast approach'd, when to the blew-ey'd Maid,
 His Vows, for *Cygnus* slain, *Achilles* paid,
 And a white Heifer on her Altar laid.
 The reeking Entrails on the Fire they threw,
 And to the Gods the grateful Odour flew:
 Heav'n had it's Part in Sacrifice: The rest
 Was broil'd, and roasted, for the future Feast.
 The chief invited Guests were plac'd around;
 And Hunger first asswag'd, the Bowls were crown'd,
 Which in deep Draughts their Cares and Labours
 drown'd. —

Dryden.

Affection giving way to public Good,
 No more the Parent now the King withstood;
 The weeping Priests fair *Iphigenia* lead,
 At the high Altar's Side prepar'd to bleed.
 All mourn her Fate: but no Relief appear'd:
 The Royal Victim bound, the Knife was rear'd:
 When that * offended Pow'r, who caus'd their Woe,
 Relenting ceas'd her Wrath, and stopp'd the coming Blow:
 A Mist before the Ministers she cast,
 And, in the Virgin's Room a † Hind she plac'd.

Th:

* *Diana*.

† This Account of *Iphigenia* seems a Mixture of two Scripture Stories
Abraham's Sacrifice of his Son, *Gen.* Chap. xxii. and *Jephtha's* Vow
 Y 2 *Judget.*

Ergo ubi, qua decuit, lenita est cæde Diana;
 Et pariter Phœbes, pariter maris ira recessit:
 Accipiunt ventos à tergo mille carinæ:
 Multaque perpessæ Phrygia potiuntur arena.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. XII.

SACRIFICIUM Diis Infernis.

Quattuor hic primum nigrantes terga juvencos
 Constituit, frontique invergit vincta Sacerdos:
 Et, summas carpens media inter cornua setas,
 Ignibus imponit sacris libamina prima,
 Vocē vocans Hecaten, cœloque Ereboque potentem.

Supponunt alii cultros, tepidumque cruorem
 Suscipiunt pateris. Ipse atri velleris agnam
 Æneas matri Eumenidum magnæque sorori
 Ense ferit: sterilēque tibi, Proserpina, vaccam.

Tum Stygio regi nocturnas inchoat aras,
 Et solida imponit taurorum viscera flammis,
 Pingue superque oleum fundens ardentibus extis.——

Æn. Lib. VI.

VELA DATA. Vide Navigatio. Navis Rector.
 Tempestas Maris.

— **J**ubet ocyus omnes
 Attolli malos, intendi brachia velis.

Th' Oblation slain, and *Phæbe* reconcil'd,
 The Storm was hush'd, and roaring Ocean smil'd:
 A prosp'rous Gale the thousand Vessels bore, [Dryd, alt.
 Which, long distress'd, now gain the *Phrygian* Shore.—

SACRIFICE to the Infernal Powers.

FOUR Bulls first, with Hides of sable Hue,
 The Priestests here before the Altars plac'd:
 And full upon their Foreheads downwards pour'd
 The Wine: Then plucking from between their Horns
 Their foremost Hairs, into the holy Fire
 The first Oblation flings: invoking loud
 Great *Hecate*, potent in Hell, and Heav'n.
 Some, sticking Knives beneath, in Bowls receive
 The tepid Blood: *Aeneas* with his Sword
 Himself dispatches to th' infernal Pow'rs,
 The Mother of the Furies, and to Earth
 Her Sister Deity, a black Ewe Lamb,
 And, *Proserpine*, a barren Cow to Thee.
 Then, to the Stygian Monarch he begins
 The nightly Sacrifice: the solid Flesh
 Of Bulls upon the flaming Altar lays,
 And o'er their burning Entrails pours the Oil.— *Trap.*

SAILING. See Navigation. Pilot. Storm at Sea.

—**H**E gives command with speed
 To raise the Masts, with Yards to stretch the Sails:

Judges, Chap. xi.—It is worth observing, that many Passages among the Greek and Roman Poets bear a very near Resemblance to what we find in the Jewish Books, and probably were taken thence, and fashioned by the Borrowers according to the Opinions of their own Times, and apply'd to their own Gods and Heroes. The Story of *Baucis* and *Philemon*, Vol. I. pag. 499 is another Instance of this Sort, and seems two other Scripture Stories blended and disguised: as most People will judge, upon comparing it with *Abraham* and *Sarah's* Entertainment of three Angels, *Gen.* Chap. xviii. and *Lot's* Reception of two Angels, by whom he was preserved from the Destruction of wicked *Sodom*, *Gen.* Chap. xix.

Una omnes fecere pedem : pariterque sinistros,
 Nunc dextros solvere sinus : una ardua torquent
 Cornua, detorquentque : ferunt sua flamina classem.
 Princeps ante omnes densum Palinurus agebat
 Agmen : ad hunc alii cursum contendere iussi. —

Æn. Lib. V.

Tum vero Teucri incumbunt, & litore celsas
 Deducunt toto naves : natat uncta carina. —

Æn. Lib. IV.

— Vides toto properari litore circum :
 Undique convenere : vocat jam carbasus auras :
 Puppibus & læti nautæ imposuere coronas. —

Ibid.

At pius Æneas — postquam alta quierunt
 Æquora, tendit iter velis, portumque relinquit,
 Aspirant auræ in noctem : nec candida cursum
 Luna negat : splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus. —

Æn. Lib. VII.

Neptunus ventis implevit vela secundis,
 Atque fugam dedit, & præter vada fervida vexit. —

Ibid.

— Ventis posuere, omnisque repente refedit
 Flatus, & in lento luctantur marimore tonasæ. —

Ibid.

Hæc fatus, solvensque ratem dat carbasæ ventis :
 Ad quorum motus non solum lapsa per altum
 Aëra dispersos traxere cadentia fulcos
 Sidera : sed summis etiam quæ fixa tenentur
 Astra polis, sunt visa quati. Niger inscit horror
 Terga maris : longo per multa volumina tractu
 Æstuat unda minax : statûsque incerta futuri
 Turbida testantur conceptos æquora ventos.
 Tum rector trepidæ fatur ratis : Aspice, sævum
 Quanta paret pelagus : Zephyrûsne intendat, an Eurus,
 Incertum est : puppim dubius ferit undique pontus ;

Nubibus,

At once they tug the Haulsers all : at once
 The left Side now unfurl, and now the right :
 Now this, now that way, tack at once : The Fleet
 With it's own Breezes smoothly plows the Waves.
 Before them all, first *Palinurus* leads
 Th' embody'd Line : The rest commanded steer
 Their Course to him. ———

Trap.

————— Then all at once
 The *Trojans* urge their Toil, and from the Dock
 Draw their tall Ships : the new-pitch'd Gallies float. — *Id.*

————— From all Parts, thou seest,
 Rushing they croud the Shore ; Their Sails unfurl'd
 Invite the Breezes, and with joyful Haste
 The shouting Mariners have crown'd their Ships. — *Id.*

————— Good *Aeneas* then,
 Soon as the Deep lay smooth, with Canvas spread
 Unmoors, and leaves the Port. A Breeze at Night
 Springs fresh : Nor does the silver Moon deny
 Her Beams, which tremble on the glim'ring Waves. — *Id.*

Neptune with Winds propitious swell'd their Sails,
 And sped them safe beyond the boiling Tides. — *Id.*

————— All at once the Winds
 Lay hush'd, and ev'ry Blast : the lab'ring Oars
 Cleave the smooth Marble of the yielding Deep. — *Id.*

He spoke, and spread His Canvas to the Wind,
 Unmoor'd his Boat, and left the Shore behind.
 Swift flew the nimble Keel : and as they past,
 Long Trails of Light the shooting Meteors cast :
 Ev'n the fixt Stars above in Motion seem,
 Shake thro' the Blast, and dart a quiv'ring Beam.
 Black Horrors on the gloomy Ocean brood,
 And in long Ridges rolls the threatning Flood :
 While loud and louder murm'ring Winds arise,
 And growl from ev'ry Quarter of the Skies.
 When thus the trembling Master, pale with Fear,
 Behold what Wrath the dreadful Gods prepare !
 My Art is at a Loss : the various Tide
 Beats my unstable Bark on ev'ry Side :

328 SATYRA. SCYLLA & CHARYBDIS.

Nubibus, & cœlo Notus est. Si murmura ponti
Consulimus,——

Desperare viam, & vetitos convertere cursus

Sola salus: liceat vexatâ littora puppe

Prendere, ne longè nimium sit proxima tellus.——

Lucan. Lib. V.

SATYRA.

ENse velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
Criminibus, tacita sudant præcordia culpa.——

Juv. Sat. I.

Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, & admissus circum præcordia, ludit,
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.——

Pers. Sat. I.

SCYLLA & CHARYBDIS.

ET gemitum ingentem pelagi, pulsataque saxa
Audimus longe, fractasque ad litora voces:
Exsultantque vada, atque æstu miscentur arenæ.
Et pater Anchises: Nimirum hæc illa Charybdis;
Hos Helenus scopulos, hæc saxa horrenda canebat.
Eripite, ô focii, pariterque insurgite remis.
Haud minus ac jussi faciunt: primusque rudentem
Contorsit lævas proram Palinurus ad undas:
Lævam cuncta cohors remis ventisque petivit,
Tollimur in cœlum curvato gurgite, & idem
Subductâ ad Manes imos descendimus undâ,
Ter scopuli clamorem inter cava saxa dedere:
Ter spumam elisam & rorantia vidimus astra.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. II,

Dextrum

From the Nor- West the setting Current swells,
 While Southern Storms the driving Rack foretells,
 Our only means of Safety is to yield,
 And measure back with Haste the foamy Field :
 To reach, while yet we may, the neighb'ring Shore,
 And give our unavailing Labour o'er.— *Rowe.*

SATYR.

SHARP as a Sword, *Lucilius* drew his Pen,
 And struck, with pannic Terror, guilty Men :
 At his just Strokes the hardned Wretch would start,
 Feel the cold Sweat, and tremble at the Heart.— *Anon. alt.*
 ——— With conceal'd Design

Did crafty *Horace* his low Numbers join :
 And, with a sly insinuating Grace,
 Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in the Face :
 Would raise a Blush, where secret Vice he found,
 And tickle, whilst he gently prob'd the Wound.
 With seeming Innocence the Crowd beguil'd ;
 But made the desp'rate Passes when he smil'd.— *Dryd.*

SCYLLA and CHARYBDIS.

FAR off we hear the Sea with dreadful Roar
 Break on the Rocks, and dash upon the Shore.
 The foamy Waves boil high on ev'ry Side,
 And scoop the Sands, and blacken all the Tide.
Charybdis' Gulf, my Father cries, behold !
 And those the Rocks which *Helenus* foretold :
 Ply, ply your Oars, my Friends, and bear away :
 Swift as the Word, the Mariners obey.
 First skillful *Palinure* : then all the Train
 Steer to the left, and plow the liquid Main.
 Now on a tow'ring Arch of Waves we rise,
 Heav'd on the bounding Billows to the Skies ;
 Then as the roaring Surge retreating fell,
 We shoot down headlong to the Depths of Hell,
 Thrice the rough Rocks rebellow in our Ears, [*Pitt alt.*
 Thrice mount we on the Waves, and see the dewy Stars.—
 On

330 MARE. PRÆLIUM NAVALE.

Dextrum Scylla latus, lævum implacata Charybdis
Obsidet : atque imo barathri ter gurgite vastos
Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rursûsque sub auras
Erigit alternos, & sidera verberat unda.
At Scyllam cæcis cohibet spelunca latebris,
Ora exsertantem, & naves in saxa trahentem.
Prima hominis facies, & pulchro pectore virgo
Pube tenus : postrema immani corpore priftis,
Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum.—— *Ibid.*

Scylla latus dextram, lævum irrequieta Charybdis
Infestant. Vorat hæc raptas removitque carinas :
Illa feris atram canibus succingitur alvum :
Virginis ora gerens : & (si non omnia Vates
Ficta reliquerunt) aliquo quoque tempore Virgo.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. XIII.

MARE. Vide TEMPESTAS MARIS.

Fluctus ut in medio cœpit cum albescere ponto,
Longius ex altóque sinum trahit : utque volutus
Ad terras, immana sonat per saxa, nec ipso
Monte minor procumbit : at ima exæstuat unda
Vorticibus, nigrâmq; altè subjectat arenam.——
Virg. Geor. Lib. III.

PRÆLIUM NAVALE.

UNà omnes ruere, ac totum spumare reductis
Convulsum remis rostrisque tridentibus æquor.
Alta petunt : pelago credas innate revulsas
Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos :
Tanta mole viri turrilis puppibus instant.
Stupea flamma manu, telisque volatile ferrum
Spargitur : arva nova Neptunia cæde rubescunt.——
Virg. Æn. Lib. VIII.

On the right Hand roars *Scylla*, on the Left
 Implacable *Charybdis*, which, with Gulf
 Voracious, thrice sucks in the broken Tides ;
 Then spouts them high, disgorg'd, into the Air,
 Alternate, and with Billows beats the Stars.
 But *Scylla*, with dark Caverns round inclos'd,
 Uprears her Head, and draws among her Rocks
 The Vessels : Human is her upper Part,
 A Virgin's beauteous Face, and beauteous Breast ;
 Her nether Shape a monstrous *Pristis* joyn'd
 To Tails of Dolphins, and the Wombs of Wolves.—*Trap.*

Here cruel *Scylla* guards the rocky Shore,
 And there the Waves of loud *Charybdis* roar :
 This sucks, and vomits Ships, and Bodies drown'd,
 And rav'nous Dogs the Womb of That surround :
 In Face a Virgin : and (if ought be true
 By Bards recorded) once a Virgin too.— *Catcott.*

S E A. See Storm at S E A.

AS when the Ocean whitens with the Foam,
 And from a-far rolls wavy to the Shore,
 Roaring with dreadful Noise among the Rocks,
 And riding, ridgy, of a Mountain's Height ;
 The lowest Deep with circling Eddy boils,
 And to the Surface hurls the fable Sand.— *Trap.*

S E A-F I G H T.

ALL rush at once : And all the Ocean foams
 Convuls'd with dashing Oars, and trident Beaks.
 They hoise to Sea : The *Cyclades* up-torn
 You would have thought were floating on the Deep :
 Or lofty Hills encount'ring Hills : So huge
 The tow'ring Vessels, rigg'd and mann'd for War.
 Fire-Balls of Tow, and missile Jav'lins fly :
 And recent Gore discolours *Neptune's* Fields.— *Trap.*

Now,

Ut tantum medii fuerat maris, utraque classis
 Quod semel excussis posset transcurrere tonsis,
 Innumeræ vasto miscentur in æthere voces:
 Remorûmque sonus premitur clamore: nec ullæ
 Audiri potuere tubæ. tunc cæcula verrunt,
 Atque in transtra cadunt, & remis pectora pulsant,
 Ut primùm rostris crepuerunt obvia rostra:
 In puppim rediere rates, emissâque tela
 Aëra texerunt, vacuûmque cadentia pontum.
 Et jam diductis extendunt cornua proris,
 Diversæque rates laxatâ classe receptæ.—

—Manticæque ligant, teretêsque catenæ,
 Seque tenent remis: tecto stetit æquore bellum,
 Jam non excussis torquentur tela lacertis,
 Nec longinqua cadunt jaculato vulnera ferro:
 Miscenturque manus. navali plurima bello
 Ensis agit: stat quisque suæ de robore puppis
 Pronus in adversos ictus: multique perempti
 In ratibus cecidere suis. Cruor altus in undis
 Spumat, & obducti concreto sanguine fluctus.—

Lucan. Lib. III.

Anni Tempora. Vide Autumnus. Ver. Hyems. Annus.

Verque novum stabat cinctum florente corona:
 Stabat nuda Æstas, & spicea ferta gerebat:
 Stabat & Autumnus calcatis sordidus uvis:
 Et glacialis Hyems canos hirsuta capillos.— *Ov. Met. II.*

Poma dat Autumnus, formosa est messibus Æstas,
 Ver præbet flores, igne levatur Hiems.—

Ovid. Rem. Am.

It Ver, & Venus, & Veneris prænuntius antè
 Pinnatus graditur Zephyrus vestigia propter;

Flora

Now, Prow to Prow, advance each hostile Fleet;
 And want but one concurring Stroke to meet:
 Now Peals of Shouts, and mingling Clamours roar,
 And drown the brazen Trump, and plunging Oar.
 The brushing Pine the frothy Surface plies,
 While on the Banks their lusty Rowers rise;
 Each brings the Stroke back on his ample Chest,
 Then firm upon his Seat he lights repress.
 With clashing Beaks the launching Vessels meet,
 And from the mutual Shock alike retreat.
 Thick Clouds of flying Shafts the Welkin hide,
 Then fall, and floating strow the Ocean wide.
 At length the stretching Wings their Order leave,
 And in the Line the mingling Foe receive.

Some lie, by Chains and Grapplings strong compell'd,
 Whilst Others by the tangling Oars are held:
 The Seas are hid beneath the closing War,
 Nor need they cast the Jav'lin now from far:
 With hardy Strokes the Combatants engage,
 And with keen Faulchions deal their deadly Rage.
 Man against Man, and Board by Board they lie,
 And on those Decks their Arms defended, die.
 The rolling Surge is stain'd around with Blood,
 And foamy Purple swells the rising Flood.—— *Rowe.*

Seasons. See Autumn. Spring. Winter. Year.

T Here stood gay *Spring*, fair Flow'rs her Brows surround,
 There *Summer*, naked, and with Wheat-Ears crown'd.
 With trodden Grapes, there *Autumn* stood besmear'd;
 And icy *Winter*, with his hoary Beard.——

In every Season Pleasures may be found;
Autumn with Fruit, with Harvest *Summer's* crown'd:
 The *Spring's* adorn'd with Flow'rs to charm the Eye,
 And *Winter* Fires the absent Sun supply.—— *Tate.*

First comes the *Spring*, and *Venus* ever gay,
 And flutt'ring *Zephyrus* that prepares her Way:

Flora,

Flora quibus mater præspersgens ante viar
Cuncta coloribus egregiis, & odoribus oppleta

Inde loci sequitur calor aridus, & comes una
Pulverulenta Ceres, & Etesia flabra Aquilonum.

Inde Autumnus adit: graditur simul Euius Euan:

Inde aliæ tempestates, ventique sequuntur,

Altitonans Vultur, & Auster fulmine pollens:

Tandem Bruma niveis adfert, pigrumque rigorem

Reddit, Hyems sequitur, crepitans ac dentibus albus. —

Lucret. Lib. V.

Frigora mitescunt Zephyris: Ver proterit Æstas

Interitura, simul

Pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit: & mox

Bruma recurrit iners. — *Hor. Lib. IV. Oda 7.*

S E C R E T A

Corydon, Corydon, secretum divitis ullum

Esse putas? servi ut taceant, jumenta loquentur,

Et canis, & postes, & marmora: claude fenestras,

Vela tegant rimas, junde ostia, tollito lumen

E medio, taceant omnes, propè nemo recumbat:

Quod tamen ad cantum galli facit ille secundi,

Proximus ante diem Caupo sciet, audiet & quæ

Finxerunt pariter Librarius, Archimagiri,

Carptores: quod enim dubitant componere crimen

In dominos, quoties rumoribus ulescuntur

Baltea? nec deerit, qui te per compita quærat

Nolentem,

Flora, before them, with a lib'ral Hand,
 Indulgent, strows her Blessings o'er the Land:
 Now various Flow'rs enrich'd with Brilliant Dyes,
 Now fragrant Odours ev'ry where arise.
 Heat, next, and dusty Harvest come in Place,
 And Summer Breezes fan the Sun-burnt Face.
 Then *Autumn* comes, repleat with sparkling Wine:
 All Hail, Great *Bacchus*, glorious and divine!
 Unsettled then, and changeable the Skies,
 And all uncertain are the Winds that rise,
 From East and South the roaring Tempest springs,
 And with loud Thunder flashing Lightning brings.
 Cold then, benumbing, comes, severely blows
 The piercing North, and scatters Frosts and Snows.
Winter succeeds, decrepid, wrinkled, old,
 Chatter his Teeth, his Limbs all shake with Cold.—
Spring's genial Warmth the Winter Cold succeeds;
 Then *Summer* comes, and parches up the Meads;
 Close follows fruitful *Autumn*, crown'd with Grain;
 And shiv'ring *Winter* soon returns again.—

S E C R E T S.

O *Corydon*, art Thou so dull to think,
 A Great Man's Vices e'er can be conceal'd?
 Suppose his Servants hush; yet ev'n his Beasts,
 His Dog, his Columns, and his Walls will tell.
 Bar fast the Windows, ev'ry Crevice stop,
 Shut the Doors close, and take the Lights away:
 Be Silence all around, no Mortal near:
 Yet whate'er Crime at Midnight he commits,
 His Butler knows before the rising Day:
 And quickly shall he hear his Steward and Cook,
 With snarling Scoffs, enlarging on the Tale.
 For Servants never scruple to revenge
 Their Master's angry Words, or hasty Blows,
 By charging on them ev'ry Crime they can.
 Nor shalt Thou fail to find upon the Road,

Some

Nolentem, & miseram vinofus inebriet aurem.

Vivendum rectè, cum propter plurima, tum his
Præcipuè causis, ut linguas Mancipiorum
Contemnas: nam lingua mali pars pessima servi.
Deterior tamen hic, qui liber non erit, illis
Quorum animas & farre suo custodit, & ære.—

Juv. Sat. IX.

Nam citius flammæ mortales ore tenebunt,
Quam secreta tegant: quicquid dimittis in aure
Effluit, & subitis rumoribus oppida pulsat.
Nec satis est vulgasse fidem: simulatius exit
Proditionis opus, famamque onerare laborat.—

Petron. Arb.

SERPENS. ANGUIS.

—**I**N lucem coluber, mala gramina passus,
Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat:
Nunc positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventâ,
Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
Arduus ad Solem, & linguis micat ore trifulcis.—

Virg. Æn. Lib. II.

Ecce—gemini—tranquilla per alta
(Horresco referens) immensis orbibus angues
Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad litora tendunt:
Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta, jubæque
Sanguineæ exsuperant undas: pars cætera pontum
Pone legit, sinuatque immensa volumine terga,
Fit sonitus spumante salo: jamque arva tenebant:
Ardentésque oculos suffecti sanguine & igni,
Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora.—

Ibid.

—Adytis cum lubricus anguis ab imis
Septem ingens gyros, septena volumina traxit:
Amplexus placide tumulum, lapsusque per aras:

Cœruleæ

Some drunken Rogue to plague thee with his Jokes,
And din thy Faults, and Follies, in thy Ears.

A virtuous Life on all Accounts is best,
And amongst Others, that Thou may'st despise
The Tongues of Servants: for the greatest Harm
Those Rascals can commit, is with their Tongues.
Yet more a Wretch than they, is that poor Slave,
Who stands in Awe of those he feeds and pays.—

Yes, trust me, ev'ry Mouth of human Mold,
Can Fire, much sooner than a Secret hold:
For whatso'er in Whispers you confide,
Strait flies abroad, exulting, far and wide.
While such Additions the proud Wonder swell,
As burthen even Fame herself to tell.— *Addison junr.*

SERPENT. SNAKE.

FRESH from his Den, the Winter slept away,
Shoots forth the burnish'd Snake in open Day:
Who, fed with ev'ry Poison of the Plain,
Sheds his old Spoils, and shines in Youth again;
Proud of his golden Scales rolls tow'ring on,
And darts his forky Tongue, and glitters in the Sun.— *Pitt.*

Lo, horrid to relate! two Serpents glide,
And roll incumbent on the glassy Tide,
Advancing to the Shore: their Spires they raise
Fold above Fold, in many a tow'ring Maze.
Beneath their burnish'd Breasts the Waters glow,
Their crimson Crests inflame the Deeps below:
O'er the vast Flood, extended long and wide,
Their curling Backs lay floating on the Tide:
Lash'd to a Foam the boiling Billows roar,
And soon the dreadful Monsters reach'd the Shore:
Their hissing Tongues they darted as they came,
And their red Eye-Balls shot a sanguine Flame.— *Id.*

————— From the Bottom of the Shrine
A slipp'ry Serpent, vast, sev'n Volumes roll'd,
Sev'n Spires: he gently twines around the Tomb

Nolentem, & miseram vinosus inebriet aurem.

Vivendum rectè, cùm propter plurima, tùm his
Præcipuè causis, ut linguas Mancipiorum
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Can Fire, much sooner than a Secret hold:
For whatso'er in Whispers you confide,
Strait flies abroad, exulting, far and wide.
While such Additions the proud Wonder swell,
As burthen even Fame herself to tell.— *Addison junr.*

SERPENT. SNAKE.

FRESH from his Den, the Winter slept away,
Shoots forth the burnish'd Snake in open Day:
Who, fed with ev'ry Poison of the Plain,
Sheds his old Spoils, and shines in Youth again;
Proud of his golden Scales rolls tow'ring on,
And darts his forky Tongue, and glitters in the Sun.— *Pitt.*

Lo, horrid to relate! two Serpents glide,
And roll incumbent on the glassy Tide,
Advancing to the Shore: their Spires they raise
Fold above Fold, in many a tow'ring Maze.
Beneath their burnish'd Breasts the Waters glow,
Their crimson Crests inflame the Deep below:
O'er the vast Flood, extended long and wide,
Their curling Backs lay floating on the Tide:
Lash'd to a Foam the boiling Billows roar,
And soon the dreadful Monsters reach'd the Shore:
Their hissing Tongues they darted as they came,
And their red Eye-Balls shot a sanguine Flame.— *Id.*

—From the Bottom of the Shrine
A slipp'ry Serpent, vast, sev'n Volumes roll'd,
Sev'n Spires: he gently twines around the Tomb

Cœruleæ cui terga notæ, maculosus & auro
Squamam incendebat fulgor : cœu nubibus arcus
Mille trahit varios adverso Sole colores.——

Æn. Lib. V.

Est etiam ille malus Calabris in saltibus Anguis,
Squamea convolvens sublato pectore terga,
Atque notis longam maculosus grandibus alvum :
Qui, dum amnes ulli rumpuntur fontibus, & dum
Vere madent udo terræ ac pluvialibus Austris,
Stagna colit, ripisq; habitans hic piscibus atram
Improbis ingluviem, ranisq; loquacibus explet.

Postquam exhausta palus, terræque ardore dehiscunt,
Exsilit in succum, & flammantia lumina torquens
Sævit agris, aspérque siti, atque exterritus æstu.

Ne mihi tum molles sub dio carpere somnos,
Neu dorso nemoris libeat jacuisse per herbas :
Cum positis novus exuviis, nitidusq; juventâ
Volvitur, aut catulos tectis aut ova relinquens
Arduus ad Solem, & linguis micat ore trifulcis.——

Virg. Georg. Lib. III.

————— Hoc conditus antro
Martius Anguis erat : cristis præsignis & auro.
Igne micant oculi : corpus tumet omne veneno :
Tresque vibrant linguæ : triplici stant ordine dentes.

Quem postquam Tyria lucum de gente profecti
Infausto tetigere gradu : demissaque in undas
Urna dedit sonitum, longo caput extulit antro
Cæruleus Serpens ; horrendaque sibila misit.

Effluxere

And o'er the Altar glides : Cerulean Streaks,
 And burnish'd Spots, distinct with Drops of Gold,
 Brighten'd his Back, and glitt'ring Scales : As when
 From th' adverse Sun the show'ry Bow reflects
 A thousand various Colours in the Clouds. — *Trap.*

A Serpent too of more distinguish'd Note
 Lurks in *Calabria's* Woods : his Breast erect :
 His scaly Back convolv'd : his Belly long,
 And speckl'd with large Spots. — While Rivers burst
 From Fountains, while in dewy Spring the Earth
 Is moisten'd by the rainy Southern Winds,
 He lives in Water : and, the Nooks of Banks
 Inhabiting, on Fish, and croaking Frogs,
 Voracious, feeds : and crams his filthy Maw.
 But when the Ponds are dry'd, and Summer cleaves
 The Soil adust, He darts into the Fields,
 Raging, and rolling round his fiery Eyes,
 Scar'd by the Heat, exasp'rated with Thirst.
 Ah ! may I never then in open Air
 Sweet Sleep indulge, nor lie upon the Grass
 In a cool Glade ; when having cast his Skin,
 And new, and sleek in glitt'ring Youth, he rolls :
 Or, leaving in his Den his Eggs, or young,
 Sublime against the Sun, his burnish'd Crest
 Uprears, and darts his quiv'ring forky Tongue. — *Id.*

Deep in this dreary Den, conceal'd from Day,
 Sacred to *Mars*, a mighty Serpent lay :
 Bloated with Poyson to a monstrous Size,
 Fire broke in Flashes when he glanc'd his Eyes :
 His tow'ring Crest was glorious to behold,
 Erect it stood, and shone like beaten Gold.
 Three Tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his Foes,
 His Teeth stood threat'ning in three dreadful Rows.
 Soon as this Den th' unlucky *Tyrians* found,
 And in the Spring, their plunging Pitchers found,
 Rows'd by the Noise, the Serpent 'gan to rear
 His blew-green Head, and Hissings fill'd the Air.
 The *Tyrians* drop'd their Vessels in the Fright,
 All pale and shudd'ring at the hideous Sight.

Effluxere urnæ manibus : sanguisque relinquit
 Corpus, & attonitos subitus tremor occupat artas.
 Ille volubilibus squamosos nexibus orbes
 Torquet, & immensos saltu sinuatur in arcus :
 Ac media plus parte leves erectus in auras
 Despicit omne nemus ; tantoque est corpore, quanto
 Si totum spectes, geminas qui separat arctos.

—————Phœnicas (sive illi tela parabant,
 Sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrūque,) Occupat : hos morfu, longis complexibus illos :
 Hos necat afflatos funesti tæbe veneni.

—————Solitas accessit ad iras
 Plaga recens, plenis tumuerunt guttura venis :
 Spumaque pestiferos circumfluit albida rictus :
 Terraque rafa sonat squamis : quique halitus exit,
 Ore niger Stygio, vitiatas inficit auras.
 Ipse modo immensum spiris facientibus orbem
 Cingitur : interdum longa trabe rectior exit.
 Impete nunc vasto, ceu concitus imbris amnis,
 Fertur, & obstantes proturbat pectore sylvas. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. III.

SEVERITAS.

— **S**timulataque pellicis ira
 Vulgat adulterium : diffamatūque parenti
 Indicat. Ille ferox immansuetūque precantem,
 Trudentēque manus ad lumina Solis, &, Ille
 Vim tulit invitæ, dicentem, defodit alta

Spire above Spire, uprear'd in Air, he stood,
 And gazing round him, overlook'd the Wood:
 Then floating on the Ground, in Circles roll'd,
 He rush'd along in many a winding Fold.
 Of such a Length, and such a monstrous Size,
 The Serpent in the polar Circle lies,
 That stretches over half the Northern Skies.

In vain the *Tyrians* on their Arms rely,
 In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
 All their Endeavours and their Hopes are vain!
 Some die entangl'd in the winding Train:
 Some he devours, and some his pois'nous Breath,
 And mortal Venom doom to sudden Death.

And now his Rage increasing with his Pain,
 Enlarg'd his Throat with ev'ry swelling Vein;
 With Scales erect he furrows up the Ground,
 Which from each Motion gives a rushing Sound.
 Churn'd in his Teeth the foamy Venom rose,
 And from his Mouth a Blast of Vapours flows,
 Such as th' infernal *Stygian* Waters cast:
 The Air around was poison'd with the Blast.
 Now, in a Maze of Rings he lies enroll'd,
 Now, all unravell'd, and without a Fold:
 Now, like a Torrent, with a mighty Force,
 Bears down the Forest in his boist'rous Course.— *Addison* alt.

SEVERITY.

WITH jealous Madness fir'd, she flies in haste,
 And tells the King, his Daughter was unchaste.
 The * King, incens'd to hear his Honour stain'd,
 No more the Father, nor the Man retain'd.
 In vain she stretch'd her Arms, and turn'd her Eyes
 To her lov'd God, Enlightner of the Skies:
 In vain she own'd it was a Crime, yet still
 It was a Crime not acted by her Will.

* *Orcbanus*, King of *Persia*, being informed of his Daughter *Leucothea's* Amour with *Phæbus*, caused her to be interred alive.

Crudus humo : tumultumque super gravis addit arenæ.—
Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

Interea patrius vultu mœrente Satelles
 Venit, & indignos edidit ore sonos :
 Æolus hunc enssem mittit tibi, (tradidit enssem)
 Et jubet ex merito scire, quid illé velit.—

Ovid. Epist. XI.

PUDOR. Vide RUBOR.

— **T**Orumque [pudori
 Ore premens, Discede, precor : miserôque
 Parce, ait. Instanti, Discede, aut desine, dixit,
 Quærere quid doleam.
 Extulit illa caput, lachrymisque implevit obortis
 Pectora nutricis : conatâque sæpe fateri,
 Sæpe tenet vocem : 'pudibundâque vestibis ora
 Texit.

Ovid. Met. Lib. X.

OVES.

INcipient, stabulis edico in mollibus herbam
 Carpere Oves, dum mox frondosa reducitur æstas :
 Et multâ duram stipulâ filicûmque manipulis
 Sternere subter humum : glacies ne frigida lædat
 Molle pecus, scabiémque ferat, turpésque podagras.

At verò, Zephyris cum læta vocantibus æstas,
 In saltus utrumque gregem atque in pascua mittes :
 Luciteri primo cum fidere, frigida rura
 Carpamus : dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,
 Et ros in tenera pecóri gratissimus herba est.

The brutal Sire stood deaf to ev'ry Pray'r,
And, deep in Earth, intomb'd alive the Fair.— *Eusden.*

And now appear'd the * Messenger of Death,
Sad were his Looks, and scarce he drew his Breath,
To say, *Your Father sends you*——(With that Word
His trembling Hands presented me a Sword :)
Your Father sends You this, and let's You know
That Your own Crimes the Use of it will show.— *Dryden.*

SHAME. See BLUSHING.

SHE threw her Body prostrate on the Bed,
And to conceal her Blushes hid her Head :
Oh go ! or question me no more, she said,
But spare the Blushes of a wretched Maid.——
Again she rais'd her Head : but soon oppress'd
With Shame, reclin'd it on her Nurse's Breast :
Bath'd it with Tears, and strove to have confess'd.
Twice she began, and stopp'd : again she try'd :
The falt'ring Tongue its Office still deny'd :
At last her Veil before her Face she spread. — *Dryden alt.*

SHEEP.

First, I direct, that in warm Huts the Sheep
Be fodder'd till the leafy Spring returns :
And that the frosty Ground with Fern, or Straw,
Be litter'd underneath them : Lest the Ice
Should hurt the tender Cattle, and induce
The foul contagious Scab, or cramp their Limbs.

But when gay Spring returns, and Zephyrs breathe
Inviting : To the Lawns and Pastures send
Both Goats and Sheep : When *Venus* first appears,
On the cool Herbage let them feed : while fresh
The Morning rises, while the Meads are grey,
And most the Cattle on the tender Grass
Enjoy the Dew. —————

* From *Aeolus* to his Daughter *Canace* who had committed Incest
with her own Brother.

Si tibi Ianicium curæ, primum aspera sylva,
 Lappæque tribulique absint: fuge pabula læta:
 Continuoque greges villis lege mollibus albos.
 Illum autem, quamvis aries sit candidus ipse,
 Nigra subest udo tantum cui lingua palato,
 Rejice, ne maculis infuscet vellera pullis
 Nascentum; plenoque alium circumspice campo.——

Turpis Oves tentat scabies, ubi frigidus imber
 Altius ad vivum perfedit, & horrida cano
 Bruma gelu: vel cum tonsis illotus adhæsit
 Sudor, & hirsuti secuerunt corpora vepres.——

Quam procul, aut molli succedere sæpius umbræ
 Videris, aut summas carpentem ignavius herbas,
 Extremamque sequi, aut medio procumbere campo
 Pascentem, & feræ solam decedere nocti:
 Continuo ferro culpam compesce, priusquam
 Dira per incautum serpant contagia vulgus.——

Virg. Georg. Lib. III.

CURSUS NAVALIS.

—**P**Ares incunt gravibus certamina remis
 Quatuor ex omni delectæ classe carinæ.
 Velocem Mnestheus agit æcri remige Pristin:
 Ingentemque Gyas ingenti mole Chimæram,
 Urbis opus: triplici pubes quam Dardana versu
 Impellunt, terno consurgunt ordine remi.
 Sergestusque——
 Centauro invehitur magnâ; Scyllaque Cloanthus
 Cœruleâ.——

Est procul in pelago Saxum:——
 Hic viridem Æneas frondenti ex ilice metam
 Constituit, signum nautis, pater: unde reverti
 Scirent, & longos ubi circumflectere cursus.

Tum

If Wool be thy Delight, from prickly Brakes,
 And Burs, and Thistles, be thy Flocks remov'd:
 Rich Pastures shun: soft, Snow-white Fleeces chase.
 The Ram, tho' white himself, if underneath
 His humid Palate ev'n his Tongue be black,
 Discard, (lest He with fable Spots infect
 The new-born Lambs, discolouring the Race,)
 And seek another o'er the well-stock'd Field.—— 12.

—— The foul contagious Scab
 Seizes the Sheep, when far into their Flesh
 The Cold of Rain, or Winter's hoary Frost
 Has sunk: Or to their new-shorn Sides the Sweat
 Adheres, unwash'd away: Or prickly Briers
 Their Bodies wound.——

Whatever Sheep thou seest to Shades retire
 More frequent; or more negligently chew
 The topmost Grass: or loiter in the Rear:
 Or, feeding, on the Field lie down: or late,
 And lonely, with the Close of Eve, return:
 Delay not, kill th' Infected: e'er thro' all
 Th' unwary Flock the dire Contagion spread.—— Trap.

SHIP-RACE.

FOUR Ships selected out from all the Fleet,
 Equal, begin the Strife with pond'rous Oars.
 His swiftly sailing *Pristis Mnestheus* plies
 With sturdy Rowers.—In the huge *Chimera*,
 A City's Work, rides *Gygis*: Her impel
 The youthful *Trojans* with a triple Tire:
 Three Banks of Oars above each other rise.
Sergestus in the mighty *Centaur* sails:
 And *Scylla* of cerulean Colour bears
Gloanthus.——

There stood a Rock at Distance in the Main:
 Here Prince *Aeneas* from a leafy Oak,
 To guide the Sailors plants a verdant Goal:
 From whence they should return, and round direct
 In long Circumference their winding Course.

Then

Tum loca forte legunt, ipsique in puppibus auro
 Ductores longe effulgent ostrôque decori :
 Cætera populæa velatur fronde juvenus,
 Nudatôsque humeros oleo perfusa nitescit :
 Confidunt transtris, intentaque brachia remis
 Intenti exspectant signum : exsultantiâque haurit
 Corda pavor pulsans, laudumque arrecta cupido.
 Inde ubi clara dedit sonitum tuba, finibus omnes,
 Haud mora, profiluere suis : ferit æthera clamor
 Nauticus, adductis spumant freta versa lacertis.
 Infundunt pariter sulcos : totumque dehiscit
 Convulsum remis rostrisque tridentibus æquor.
 Tum plausu fremituque virum studiisque faventum
 Consonat omne nemus, vocemque inclusa volutant
 Litora, pulsati colles clamore resultant.

Effugit ante alios, primusque elabitur undis
 Turbam inter fremitumque Gyas : quem deinde Cloanthus
 Consequitur, melior remis : sed pondere pinus
 Tarda tenet. Post hos æquo discrimine Pristis
 Centaurusque locum tendunt superare priorem.
 Et nunc Pristis abit : nunc victam præterit ingens
 Centaurus : nunc una ambæ junctisque feruntur
 Frontibus, & longâ sulcant vada falsa carinâ.

Jamque propinquabant scopulo, metamque tenebant :
 Cum princeps mediôque Gyas in gurgite victor
 Rectorem navis compellat voce Mœneten :
 Quo tantum mihi dexter abis ? huc dirige cursum.
 Litus ama, & lævas stringat sine palmula cautes :
 Altum alii teneant. Dixit : sed cæca Mœnetes
 Saxa timens, proram pelagi detorquet ad undas :
 Quo diversus abis ? iterum, Pete saxa, Mœnete,

Then All by Lot their Places take : and first,
 The Chiefs in Gold and Crimson stand, from far
 Effulgent on the Decks : The other Youth
 With poplar Wreaths are shaded : smear'd with Oil
 Their naked Shoulders shine : upon their Seats
 With strong brac'd Arms intent they grasp their Oars,
 Intent expect the Signal : Throbbing Fear
 Beats in their Breasts, and anxious Love of Praise.
 Soon as the Trumpet loudly sounds, at once
 All from their Barriers spring : The Shouts confus'd
 Of Sailors rend the Vault of Heav'n : The Sea
 Turn'd upward froths beneath their dashing Arms :
 At once they plow the Brine : and all the Deep
 Yawns wide, convuls'd with Oars, and trident Beaks.
 Then with the Party-Favour of the Crowd,
 With Shouts and mix'd Applauses all the Grove
 Refounds : The Shores included roll the Noise :
 And from the echoing Hills the Voice returns.

Amidst the Throng and Hurry on the Waves,
 Before the rest, first *Gyas* scuds away :
 Him next *Cloanthus* follows, with his Oars
 More happy : but his Vessel by it's Weight
 Detains him tardy : After These, with Sails
 Equal, the *Pristis*, and the *Centaur* strive
 To run the foremost : Now the *Pristis* gains,
 Now the huge *Centaur* wins on Her : Now Both
 Together with united Fronts are born :
 And the long Gallies plow the briny Deep.

They now approach'd the Rock, and reach'd the Goal,
 When *Gyas* first, and Victor, in mid-Sea
 Calls to *Menates* Pilot of his Ship :
 Whither so far decline You to the Right ?
 Hither direct your Steerage, love the Shore,
 And let our Rowers raze the left-hand Rocks :
 Leave Others to the Deep.—He said : but old
Menates, fearing hidden Shelves, detorts
 His Rudder to the Ocean :—Why so far
 Diverse, *Menates* ? Nearer to the Shore,

Gyas

Cum clamore Gyas revocabat : & ecce Cloanthum
 Respicit instantem tergo, & propria tenentem.
 Ille inter navemque Gyæ scopulósque sonantes
 Radit iter lævum interior, subitúsque priorem
 Præterit, & metis tenet æquora tuta relictis.
 Tum vero exarsit juveni dolor ossibus ingens,
 Nec lacrymis caruere genæ : segnémque Meneceen,
 Oblitus decorísque sui sociúmque salutis,
 In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab alta.
 Ipse gubernaculo rector subit, ipse magister :
 Hortatúrque viros, clavúmque ad litora torquet. —

Hic læta extremis spes est accensa duobus,
 Sergesto Mnestheoque, Gyam superare morantem.
 Sergestus capit ante locum, scopulóque propinquat :
 Nec tota tamén ille prior præcunte carinâ :
 Parte prior, partem rostro premit æmula Pristis.
 At media socios incedens nave per ipsos
 Hortatur Mnestheus. — Olli certamine summo
 Procumbunt : vastis tremir ictibus ærea puppis,
 Subtrahitúrque solum : tum creber anhelitus artus
 Aridâque ora quatit : sudor fluit undique rivis.
 Attulit ipse viris optatum casus honorem.
 Namque furens animi dum prora ad saxa suburget
 Interior, spatioque subit Sergestus iniquo,
 Infelix saxi in procurentibus hæsit.

Concussæ cautes, & acuto in murice remi
 Obnixi crepuerè, illisâque prora pependit.
 Confurgunt nautæ, & magno clamore morantur :
 Ferratâsque fudes & acuta cuspide contos
 Expediunt, fractósque legunt in gurgite remos.

Gyas again calls out aloud, and sees
Cloanthus close and pressing on his Stern.
 He, betwixt *Gyas*, and the sounding Rocks,
 Interior, skims the left-hand Way, and swift
 Outstrips his Rival, and beyond the Goal
 Smooth shoots along, and gains the safer Seas.
 The Youth with Rage and Disappointment fir'd,
 (Tears running down his Cheeks) his Dignity
 Forgetting, and the Safety of his Friends,
 Push'd slow *Menates* from the high-built Deck
 Precipitate into the Sea: Himself
 As Pilot takes his Place, exhorting loud
 His Crew, and turns the Rudder to the Shore.

This unexpected Change with eager Hope
 Fires *Mnestheus*, and *Sergestus*, lagging last,
 To vanquish *Gyas* thus retarded.—First
Sergestus takes his Place, and to the Rock
 Approaches: yet not all his Vessel first,
 Part first, the Rival *Pristis* presses part
 Close with her Beak. Then *Mnestheus*, thro' the Crew
 Walking along the middle of his Deck,
 Excites his Mates.—And now, with utmost Force
 They tug their Oars: With vast repeated Strokes
 The beaky Vessel trembles, and the Sea
 Flies back: The panting Labour shakes their Limbs,
 And clammy Mouths: Sweat flows in Rivers round.
 Fortune to These the wish'd-for Honour gave:
 For while *Sergestus*, furious in the Strife,
 And heedless, urg'd his Foredeck to the Shelves,
 Interior, and within a narrow Space
 Of Sea confin'd: amidst the jutting Rocks
 He stuck, unfortunate: The Rocks rebound:
 Among their craggy Points the stubborn Oars
 Stand cracking, bent: The Foredeck shatter'd hangs:
 The Crew of Sailors rise, and clamour loud,
 Detain'd, embarrass'd: Iron Spikes and Poles
 Of sharpen'd Oak they ply: and on the Gulf,
 Industrious, gather up the broken Oars.

But

At lætus Mnestheus successûque acrior ipso,
 Agmine remorum celeri, ventisque vocatis,
 Prona petit maria, & pelago decurrit aperto.
 Et primum in scopulo luctantem deferit alto
 Sergestum, brevibusque vadis: frustra que vocantem
 Auxilia, & fractis discentem currere remis.
 Inde Gyan, ipsamque ingenti mole Chimæram
 Consequitur: cedit, quoniam spoliata magistro est.
 Solus jamque ipso superest in fine Cloanthus:
 Quem petit, & summis adnexus viribus urget.
 Tum vero ingeminat clamor, cunctique sequentem
 Instigant studiis: resonatque fragoribus æther.

Hi proprium decus & partum indignantur honorem,
 Ni teneant, vitamque volunt pro laude pacisci.
 Hoc successus alit: possunt, quia posse videntur.
 Et fors æquatis cepissent præmia rostris,
 Ni palmas ponto tendens utraq; Cloanthus
 Fudissetque preces, Divosque in vota vocasset.
 Di, quibus imperium est pelagi, quorum æquora curro:
 Vobis lætus ego hoc candentem in litore taurum
 Constituam ante aras voti reus, extaque falsos
 Porriciam in fluctus, & vina liquentia fundam.

Dixit: eumque imis sub fluctibus audiit omnis
 Nereidum Phorci que chorus, Panopeaque virgo:
 Et pater ipse manu magna Portunus euntem
 Impulit: illa Noto citius volucrique sagitta
 Ad terram fugit, & portu se condidit alto.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. V.

CLAMOR.

But *Mneſtheus* joyful, and with that Succeſs
 Itſelf more vig'rous, with his rowing Crowd,
 And all the Winds invited to his Sails,
 Gains the prone Deep, and ſwiftly ſhoots away
 Upon the open Ocean.—Firſt He leaves
Sergeſtus ſtruggling with the lofty Rock,
 Pent up among the narrow Shelves, in vain
 Calling for Help, and learning how to run
 With broken Oars. Then *Gyas*, and the huge
Chimæra's Bulk he follows: She, becauſe
 She loſt her Pilot, yields. *Cloanthus* now
 Alone remains, juſt entring in the Port:
 Him he purſues, and with his utmoſt Strength
 Cloſe urges. Now the Noiſe redoubles: All
 With Shouts encourage him: The Sky reſounds
 With deaf'ning Clamour. Theſe diſdain to loſe
 Th' Advantage they have gain'd, and burn to ſtake
 Their Lives for Glory: Thoſe Succeſs inſpires:
 They can, becauſe 'tis thought they can: And Both
 Perhaps had born the Prize with equal Keels,
 Had not *Cloanthus*, ſtretching to the Sea
 His Hands, Thus vow'd, and Thus invok'd the Gods.
 Ye Gods! who rule the Ocean which I ſail!
 Victor before your Altars, on This Shore,
 To You a Snow-white Bull I will preſent,
 Oblig'd by Vow; and on the briny Deep
 Scatter the Entrails, pouring pureſt Wine.
 He ſaid: And him beneath the loweſt Waves
 The whole Aſſembly of the *Nereids* heard,
 And *Phorcus*, and the Virgin *Panopea*;
 And old *Portunus* with his ample Palm
 Himſelf push'd on the Veſſel: She more ſwift
 Than Wind, or feather'd Arrow, flies to Land,
 Within the Harbour's deep Recess ſecure.— *Trap.*

SHOUT.

CLAMOR. Vide PRÆLIUM.

— **H**IS cunctæ simul assensere cohortes,
 Elatæque altè, quæcunque ad bella vocaret,
 Promisera manus: it tantus ad æthera clamor,
 Quantus piniferæ Boreas cùm Thracius Ossæ
 Rupibus incubuit, curvato robore pressæ
 Fit sonus, aut rursus redeuntis in æthera sylvæ. —

Lucan. Lib. I.

Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, & artes,
 Divitiæque peregrinæ, quibus oblitus actor
 Cum stetit in Scenâ, concurrat dextera lævæ.
 Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sanè. Quid placet ergo?
 Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno. — *Hor. L. II. Ep. 1.*

— Immensus surgens ferit aurea clamor
 Sidera —————

Æn. Lib. II.

SIBYLLA. Vide ORACULUM.

INsanam Vatem aspicias, quæ rupe sub ima
 Fata canit, foliisque notas & nomina mandat.
 Quæcunque in foliis descripsit carmina Virgo,
 Digerit in numerum, atque antro seclusa relinquit:
 Illa manent immota locis, neque ab ordine cedunt.

Verum eadem verso tenuis cum cardine ventus
 Impulit, & teneras turbavit janua frondes:
 Numquam deinde cavo volitantia prendere saxo,
 Nec revocare situs, aut jungere carmina curat.
 Inconsulti abeunt, sedémque odere Sybillæ.

Hic

SHOUT. See BATTLE.

NOW all the ready Legions vow to join
 Their Chief below'd, in ev'ry bold Design:
 All lift their well-approving Hands on high,
 And rend with Peals of loud Applause the Sky.
 Such is the Sound, when *Thracian Boreas* spreads
 His weighty Wings o'er *Offa's* piny Heads:
 At once the noisy Groves are all inclin'd,
 And, bending, roar beneath the sweeping Wind:
 At once their rattling Branches All they rear,
 And drive the leafy Clamour thro' the Air. — *Rowe.*

As when the Winds, against the rocky Shore
 The Billows drive, or make the Forests roar:
 So loud the Shout, when rich and strangely drest
 The Player comes, they clap his gawdy Vest.
 Well, hath the Actor spoken? Not a Line: [alt.
 Why then d'ye clap? Oh, Sir, his Cloths are fine. — *Crech*

A Shout ascending beats the golden Stars,
 Immense. — *Trap.*

SIBYL. See ORACLE.

YOU'll see the *Sibyl* in her rocky Cave,
 And hear the furious Maid divinely rave.
 The dark Decrees of Fate the Virgin sings,
 And writes on Leaves, Names, Characters, and Things.
 The mystic Numbers in the Cavern laid,
 Are rang'd in order by the sacred Maid:
 There they repose in Ranks along the Floor:
 At length a casual Wind unfolds the Door:
 The casual Wind disorders the Decrees,
 And the loose Fates are scatter'd by the Breeze.
 She scorns to range them, and again unite
 The fleeting Scrolls, or stop their airy Flight.
 Then back retreat the disappointed Train,
 And curse the *Sibyl* they consult in vain.

Hic tibi ne qua moræ fuerint dispendia tanti :
 Quamvis increpitent socii, & vî cursus in altum
 Vela vocet, possisque sinus implere secundos :
 Quin adeas vatem, precibûsque oracula poscas
 Ipsa capat, vocemque volens atque ora resolvat. —

Æn. Lib. III.

At pius Æneas arces quibus altus Apollo
 Præsidet, horrendæque procul secreta Sibyllæ,
 Antrum immane, petit : magnam cui mentem animûmq;
 Delius inspirat vates, aperitque futura.

Excisum Euboicæ latus ingens rupis in antrum :
 Quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum :
 Unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllæ.
 Ventum erat ad limen, cum Virgo : Poscere fata
 Tempus, ait : Deus, ecce, Deus. Cui talia fanti
 Ante fores, subito non vultus, non color unus,
 Non comptæ mansêre comæ : sed pectus anhelum,
 Et rabie fera corde tument : majorque videri
 Nec mortale sonans : afflata est numine quando
 Jam proprio Deî. Cessas in vota precésque,
 Tros, ait, Ænea ? cessas ? neque enim ante dehiscunt
 Attonitæ magna ora domus. Et talia fata
 Conticuit. Gelidus Teucris per dura cucurrit
 Ossa tremor. —

— Phœbi nondum patiens immanis in antro
 Bacchatur vates, magnum si pectore possit
 Excussisse Deum : tanto magis ille fatigat
 Os rabidum, fera corda domans, fingitque premendo.
 Ostia jamque domus patuere ingentia centum
 Sponte suâ, vatîsque ferunt responsa per auras. —

Æn. Lib. VI.

Respicit

But Thou, more wise, thy purpos'd Course delay,
 Tho' thy rash Friends should summon Thee away :
 And wait with Patience, tho' the flatt'ring Gales
 Sing in thy Shrowds, and fill thy op'ning Sails,
 With suppliant Pray'rs intreat her to relate,
 In vocal Accents all thy various Fate. — *Plut.*

But good *Aeneas* to the tow'ring Fane
 Repairs, o'er which *Apollo* high presides :
 And to the spacious Cavern, where retir'd
 The venerable *Sibyl* dwells : to whom
 Prophetick *Delius* an extensive Soul
 And Mind inspires, and future Things reveals. — *Trap.*

— Cut deep in the *Eubœan* Rock
 A Roomy Cave descended : whither lead
 An hundred Entrances of wide Extent,
 An hundred Mouths : whence rush as many Sounds,
 The *Sibyl's* Oracles. And now they reach'd
 The Portal : When the Virgin, 'Tis the Time
 Now to enquire the Doom of Fate : Behold,
 The God, the God, she cry'd. — While thus she spoke,
 Before the Doors, her Looks, her Colour chang'd,
 Sudden : Her Hair in wild Confusion rose :
 Enthusiastic Fury heav'd her Breast,
 And throbbing Heart : More large her Form appear'd :
 Nor spoke she mortal Accents : when inspir'd
 By the more present God, Dost thou delay,
Trojan Aeneas, thy Requests, and Vows ?
 Dost thou delay ? She cry'd : For not till then
 The trembling Fane will open wide it's Mouths.
 This said, she silent stood : A chilling Fear
 Ran thro' the hardy *Trojan's* Bones. —

— Impatient in her Grot
Apollo's swelling Priestess wildly raves :
 Reluctant, lab'ring from her Breast to heave
 Th' incumbent God : So much the more he curbs
 Her foamy Mouth, subdues her madding Heart,
 And pressing forms her. Now spontaneous fly
 Wide ope the Cavern's hundred spacious Mouths,
 And waft her Oracles into the Air. — *Trap.*

The

356 OBSIDIUM. OPPUGNATIO.

Respicit hunc Vates, & suspiratibus haustis,
Nec Dea sum, dixit: nec sacri thuris honore
Humanum dignare caput. Neu nescius erres:
Lux æterna mihi, carituræque sine dabatur,
Si mea virginitas Phœbo patuisset amanti.
Dum tamen hanc sperat, dum præcorrumpere donis
Me cupit: Elege, ait, Virgo Cumæa, quid optes:
Optatis potiere tuis. Ego pulveris hausti
Ostendens cumulum, quot haberet corpora pulvis
Tot mihi natales contingere vana rogavi.
Excidit optarem juvenes quoque protinus annos.
Hos tamen ille mihi dabat, æternamque juventam
Si Venerem parerer. Contempto munere Phœbi
Innuba permaneo: —————

————— Sed jam felicior ætas
Terga dedit, tremulôque gradu venit ægra senectus:
Quæ patienda diu est. Nam jam mihi sæcula septem
Acta vides: superest, numeros ut pulveris æquem,
Tercentum messes, tercentum musta videre.
Tempus erit, cum me de tanto corpore parvam
Longa dies faciat: consumtæque membra senecta
Ad minimum redigantur onus. Nec amata videbor,
Nec placuisse Deo. Phœbus quoque forsitan ipse
Vel non agnosceret, vel dilexisset negabit
Usque adeo mutata feret: nulliquè videnda,
Voce tamen noscar. Vocem mihi fata relinquent. ————
Ovid. Met. Lib. XIV.

OBSIDIUM. OPPUGNATIO. Vide URBS Capta.

— **H**UC turbidus atque huc
Lustrat equo muros, aditumque per avia quærit.

Qua

The *Sibyl* backward turns her awful Eyes:
 And, I no Goddess am, with Sighs replies:
 Your Incense spare, and Attributes of Praise,
 Nor to the Rank of Gods a mortal raise.
 Yet know, that I like Gods had never dy'd,
 Would I with *Phæbus*' Passion have comply'd:
 Who, while he woo'd me to his scorn'd Embrace,
 And offer'd high to tempt me to Disgrace,
 Ask what Thou wilt, *Cumean* Fair, said He:
 Thou shalt enjoy thy Wish, whate'er it be.
 I snatch'd a Heap of Sand, and wish'd to bear,
 For ev'ry numb'ed Grain I grasp'd, a Year.
 Forgetful that I was, to wish not too,
 That I my Youth might ev'ry Year renew!
 Perpetual Youth, and still unfading Charms,
 The God had giv'n, would I have fill'd his Arms.
 His Gifts despis'd, a single Life I led,
 Nor deign'd the God the Honour of my Bed.

But now those happy blooming Days are gone,
 And crazy Age with trembling Steps comes on:
 Sev'n Ages have I liv'd: and live I must,
 Till I in Years can score those Grains of Dust.
 Three hundred circling Springs, and Autumns still
 Remain behind, the vast Amount to fill.
 The Time shall come, when Age and long Decay
 Will shrink the Substance of this mould'ring Clay:
 Then none shall think I e'er had Charms to fire
 A God, or be an Object of Desire.
 Such Change shall I endure, he will not know,
 Or will deny that once he lov'd me so.
 No Eye shall see me: yet a Voice alone,
 The Fates will grant, by which I shall be known.— *Pope*.

SIEGE. ASSAULT. See CITY Taken.

* **H**E, turbulent in Ire, surveys the Walls
 This Way, and That, and on his lofty Steed—
 The Passes inaccessible explores.

* *Turnus*.

A a 3

Doubtful

358 **OBSDIUM. OPPUGNATIO.**

Qua tentet ratione aditus, & qua via clausos
Excuiat Teucros vallo, atque effundat in aquor.

Hæc super è vallo prospectant Troës, & armis
Alta tenent: necnon trepidi formidine portas
Explorant, pontesque & propugnacula jungunt.

Turnus in arma viros, armis circumdatus ipse,
Suscitat, æratasque acies in prælia cogit
Quisque suas, variisque acuunt rumoribus iras.
Æneadæ duri murorum in parte sinistra
Opposuerunt aciem, nam dextera cingitur anni:
Ingentesque tenent fossas, & turribus altis
Stant moesti.

At tuba terribilem sonitum procul ære canoro
Increpuit: sequitur clamor, cælumque remugit.
Accelerant actâ pariter testudine Volsci,
Et fossas implere parant, ac vellere vallum:
Quarunt pars aditum, & scalis ascendere muros:
Qua rara est acies, interlucetque corona
Non tam spissa viris. Telorum effundere contra
Omne genus Teucris, ac duris detrudere contis,
Assueti longo muros defendere bello.

Saxa quoque infestoolvebant pondere, si quâ
Possent tectam aciem perrumpere: cum tamen omnes
Ferre libet subter densa testudine casus,
Nec jam sufficiunt: nam quæ globus imminet ingens,
Immanem Teucris molemvolvuntque ruuntque
Quæ stravit Rutulos late, armorumque resolvit
Tegmina.

Turris erat vasto suspectu & pontibus altis,
Opportuna loco: summis quam viribus omnes

Expugnare

Doubtful which Post to try, and how to draw
The *Trojans* from their Trenches to the Field.

All this the *Trojans*, from their lofty Mounds
Trembling beheld, and man their Works in Arms :
With anxious Fear the guarded Gates explore,
And join the Battlements with Bridges laid.

Turnus excites the Soldiery to Arms,
Himself in Arms : All marshal for the Fight
Their brazen Squadrons : and with various Talk
Exasperated, whet each other's Rage.

The hardy *Trojans* on the left Hand Walls
(A River guards the Right,) oppose their War :
Within their roomy Trenches range their Line,
And, anxious, on the high-built Turrets stand.

Strait the loud Trumpet's Brags with dire Alarm
Sounds shrill from far ; a thund'ring Shout succeeds :
And Heav'n's high Vault rebellows to the Noise.

The *Volsicians*, by a Canopy of Shields
Protected, forwards rush, prepare to fill
The Trenches, and to level with the Plain
The Bulwarks rais'd. Some, viewing round, explore
The Passes : and attempt to scale the Walls,
Where by thin Ranks less guarded they appear.

The *Trojans* opposite, by lasting Siege
Long since experienc'd in defensive War,
Pour ev'ry kind of Weapons : push them back
With spiky Poles, and tumble from above
Vast rocky Fragments of pernicious Weight :
If possible to break the Roof of Shields
Which hides the Troop : Yet They all Dangers chuse
Beneath their iron Tortoise to sustain.

Not long : for where the thickest Globe of Foes
Crouds to the Walls, the *Trojans* from their Works
Roll down a Millstone of prodigious Size :
Which crush'd the *Rutuli*, and far and wide
Burst thro' the Cov'ring which their Armour form'd.

A Tow'r there stood, commodious and aloft
With Bridges rais'd, which all th' *Italians* strove

360 OBSIDIUM. OPPUGNATIO.

Expugnare Itali summâque evertere opum vi
 Certabant : Troës contra defendere saxis,
 Perque cavas densi tela intorquere fenestras.
 Princeps ardentem conjecit lampada Turnus,
 Et flammam affixit lateri : quæ plurima vento
 Corripuit tabulas, & postibus hæsit adefis.
 Turbati trepidare intus, frustra que malorum
 Velle fugam : dum se glomerant, retroque residunt
 In partem, quæ peste caret : tum pondere turris
 Procubuit subito, & cœlum tonat omne fragore.

It clamor totis per propugnacula muris,
 Intendunt acres arcus, amentâque torquent.
 Sternitur omne solum telis : tum scuta cavæque
 Dant sonitum flictu galeæ, pugna aspera surgit.
 Quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus hædis
 Verberat imber humum. ————— *Virg. Æn. Lib. IX.*

— Animis pariter certantibus omnes
 Dant cuneum, densâque ad muros mole feruntur.
 Scalæ improvise, subitûsque apparuit ignis.
 Discurrunt alii ad portas primosque trucidant :
 Ferrum alii torquent, & obumbrant æthera telis. —————
Virg. Æn. Lib. XII.

Exoritur trepidos inter discordia cives :
 Urbem alii referare jubent, & pandere portas
 Dardanidis, ipsumque trahunt in mœnia regem :
 Arma ferunt alii, & pergunt defendere muros. ————— *Ibid.*

— Stellatis axibus agger.
 Erigitur. —————
 Illinc tela cadunt excelsas urbis in arcēs.
 Sed major Graio Romana in corpora ferro
 Vis inerat. Neque enim solis excussa lacertis
 Lancea, sed tenso ballistæ turbine raptâ

With utmost Force and Efforts to o'erturn:
To them oppos'd the *Trojans* pour a Storm
Of Stones, and thro' the Loop-holes shoot their Darts.
First *Turnus*, in the Van, a Firebrand threw,
And fix'd the flaming Mischief to it's Side:
Which, rising with the Wind, the Timber seiz'd,
And, sticking to the Lintels, eat it's Way.
Confus'd within They tremble, and in vain
Attempt to fly the Ruin.—While they throng
Huddled in Heaps, and to that Part retire,
Which from the Pest is free: Down sudden falls
The Tow'r: and Heav'n all thunders with the Noise.

A Shout thro' all the Works and Ramparts ran:
Eager they bend their Bows, and whirl their Slings;
The Ground all stuck with Darts, the hollow Casks
And Targets in the Shock of Conflict ring:
The Combat thickens, like a Storm that flies
From Westward, when the show'ry Kids arise.—*Trap.*

———— They all in Emulation strive,
And form a Wedge, and rushing storm the Walls.
Ladders at once, and sudden Fire appears.
Some to the Gates advance, and kill the first
Who obvious stand: some hurl the missive Steel
In Storms of Shafts, and darken all the Sky.—*Id.*

Among the trembling Citizens within
Wild Discord reigns: some press to ope the Gates
Wide to the *Trojans*, and the King himself
Drag to the Walls: some resolute in Arms
Sustain the Combat, and defend the Town.— *Id.*

* On rolling Wheels they raise a lofty Tow'r,
Whence on the Walls a Storm of Darts they pour.
Nor with less active Rage the *Grecians* burn:
But larger Ruin on their Foes return:
Nor Hands alone the missile Deaths supply,
From strong-spring'd Cross-Bows whistling Arrows fly:

* Siege of *Massilia* by *C. Trebonius* Lieutenant to *Cæsar*.

The

362. OBSIDIUM. OPPUGNATIO.

Haud unum contenta latus transire, quiescit :
Sed pandens p̄rque arma viam, p̄rque ossa, relicta
Morte fugit : superest telo post vulnera cursus.

At faxum quoties ingenti verberis ictu
Excutitur, qualis rupes, quam vertice montis
Abscidit impulsu ventorum adjuta vetustas,
Frangit cuncta ruens : nec tantum corpora pressa
Exanimat : totos cum sanguine dissipat artus.

Ut tamen hostiles densa testudine muros
Tecta subit virtus, armisque innixa priores
Arma ferunt, galeamque extensus protegit umbo,
Quæ prius ex longo nocuerunt tela recessu,
Jam post terga cadunt : nec Graiis flectere jactum,
Aut facilis labor est longinqua ad tela parati
Tormenti mutare modum : sed pondere solo
Contenti, nudis evolvunt saxa lacertis.

Dum fuit armorum series, ut grandine tecta
Innocua percussa sonant, sic omnia tela
Respuit : at postquam virtus incensa virorum
Perpetuam rupit defesso milite cratem,
Singula continuis cesserunt ictibus arma.

Tunc adoperta levi procedit vinea terra,
Sub cujus pluteis, & tecta fronte latentes
Moliri nunc ima parant, & vertere ferro
Moenia : nunc aries suspensio fortior ictu
Incussus densi compagem solvere muri

Tentat,

The steely Corslet and the Bones they break,
Thro' Multitudes their fatal Journeys take,
Nor wait the ling'ring *Parca's* slow Delay,
But wound, and to new Slaughter wing their Way.

Now, by some vast Machine, a pond'rous Stone,
Pernicious, from the hostile Wall is thrown :
At once, on many, swift the Shock descends,
And the crush'd Carcasses confounding blends.
So rolls some falling Rock by Age long worn,
Loose from it's Root by raging Whirlwinds torn,
And, thund'ring down the Precipice is born :
O'er crashing Woods the Mass is seen to ride,
It's Way it grinds, and plains the Mountain's Side.

Gall'd with the Shot from far, the Legions join ;
Their Bucklers in the warlike Shell combine :
Compact and close the brazen Roof they bear,
And in just Order to the Walls draw near.
Safe they advance, while with unweary'd Pain,
The wrathful Engines waste their Stores in vain :
High o'er their Heads the destin'd Deaths are toss'd,
And far behind in vacant Earth are lost.
Nor sudden could they change their erring Aim,
Slow, and unweildy moves the cumbrous Frame.

This seen, the *Greeks* their brawny Arms employ,
And hurl a stony Tempest from on high :
The clatt'ring Show'r the sounding Fence assails,
In vain, as when the stormy Winter hails,
Nor on the solid Roof at all prevails.
But, tir'd at length, the Warriors fall their Shields,
And, spent with Toil, the broken *Phalanx* yields.

Now other Stratagems the War supplies,
Beneath the *Vinea* close th' Assailant lies :
The strong Machine, with Planks and Turf bespread,
Moves to the Walls it's well-defended Head :
Within the Covert safe the Miners lurk,
And to the deep Foundation urge their Work.
Now justly pois'd the thund'ring Ram they sling,
And drive him forceful with a launching Spring :

Hoping

364 Duodecim SIGNA ZODIACI.

Tentat, & impositis unum subducere saxis
Sed super & flammis, & magnæ fragmine molis
Et sudibus crebris, & adusti roboris ictu
Percussæ cedunt crates, frustraque labore
Exhausto fessus repetit tentoria miles.

Summa fuit Graiis, starent ut moenia, voti.
Utro acies inferre parant: armisque coruscas
Nocturni texere faces: audaxque juvenis
Erupt: non hasta viris, non letifer arcus,
Telum flamma fuit, rapiensque incendia ventus
Per Romana tulit celeri munimina cursu.

Nec quamvis viridi luctetur robore, lentas
Ignis agit vires: tedâ sed raptus ab omni
Consequitur nigri spatiosa volumina fumi:
Nec solum sylvas, sed saxa ingentia solvit
Et crudæ putri fluxerunt pulvere cautes.
Procubuit, majorque jacens apparuit agger.

Lucan. Lib. III.

Duodecim SIGNA ZODIACI. Vide EQUATOR.

A Urato princeps Aries in vellere fulgens
Respicit admirans aduersum surgere Tauro,
Summisso

The Twelve SIGNS of the ZODIAC. 365

Hoping to loose some yielding Part at length,
And shake the firm cemented Bulwark's Strength,
But, from the Town, the sturdy Youth prepare
With hardy Vigour to repel the War:
Crouding they gather on the Rampart's Height,
And with tough Staves, and Spears, maintain the Fight:
Darts, Fragments of the Rock, and Flames they throw,
And tear the planky Shelter fix'd below:
Around by all the warring Tempest beat,
The baffled *Romans* fullenly retreat.

Now by Success the brave *Massilians* fir'd,
To Fame of higher Enterprize aspir'd:
Nor longer with their Walls Defence content,
In daring Sallies they the Foe prevent.
Nor arm'd with Swords, nor pointed Spears they go,
Nor aim the Shaft, nor bend the deadly Bow:
Fierce *Mulciber* supplies the bold Design,
And for their Weapons kindling Torches shine.
Silent they issue thro' the gloomy Night,
And with broad Shields restrain the beamy Light.
Sudden the Blaze on ev'ry Side began,
And o'er the *Latian* Works resistless ran:
Catching, and driving with the Wind it grows,
Fierce thro' the Shade the burning Deluge glows:
Nor Earth, nor greener Planks it's Force delay,
Swift o'er the hissing Beams it rolls away.
Embrown'd with Smoke the wavy Flames ascend,
Shiver'd with Heat the crackling Quarries rend;
Till with a Roar, at last, the mighty Mound,
Tow'rs, Engines, all, come thund'ring to the Ground.
Wide-spread the discontinuous Ruins lie,
And vast Confusion fills the Gazer's Eye. — *Rowe.*

The Twelve SIGNS of the ZODIAC. See EQUINOCTIAL LINE.

THE Leader *Ram*, all bright with golden Wool,
Looks back, and wonders at the mighty *Bull*,
Whose

Summisso vultu Geminos, & fronte vocantem:
 Quos sequitur Cancer, Cancrum Leo, Virgo Leonem:
 Equato tum Libradie cum tempore noctis
 Attrahit ardenti fulgentem Scorpion astro:
 In cuius caudam contentum dirigit arcum
 Missus equo, volucrem missus jamque Sagittam.
 Tum venit angusto Capricornus sidere flexus:
 Post hunc inflexam diffundit Aquarius undam:
 Piscibus assuetas avidè subeuntibus undas:
 Quos Aries tangit claudentes ultima signa.

Lanigerum Pallas: Taurum Cytherea tuetur:
 Formosos Phœbus Geminos: Cyllehius Cancrum.
 Juppiter & cum matre Deum regit ipse Leonem.
 Spicifera est Virgo Cereris: fabricataque Libra
 Vulcano: pugnae Mavortii Scorpium hæret:
 Venantem Diana virum: sed parteis equinae
 Atque angusta fovet Capricorni Sydera Vesta.
 Et Jovis adversum, Junonis Aquarius astrum est,
 Agnoscitque suos Neptunus in æquore Pisces.

Aries capiti, Taurus cervicibus hæret,
 Brachia sub Geminis, censentur pectora Cancro.
 Te scapulæ Nemeæ vocant, teque ilia Virgo,
 Libra colit clunes, & Scorpium inguine regnat,
 Et semur Arcitenus, genua & Capricornus amavit,
 Crurâque defendit Juvenis, vestigia Pisces.

Manil. Lib. IV.

SILENTIUM.

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Whose back Parts first appear : He bending lies
 With threatning Head, and calls the *Twins* to rise :
 They clasp for fear, and mutually embrace,
 Then comes the *Crab* with an unsteady Pace :
 Next him the angry *Lion* shakes his Mane :
 The following *Maid* abates his Rage again.
 Then Day and Night are ballanc'd in the *Scales* :
 Equal a while, at length the Night prevails :
 And longer grown the heavier *Scale* inclines,
 And draws the *Scorpion* from the Winter Signs.
 The *Centaur* follows, with an aiming Eye,
 His Bow full drawn, and ready to let fly :
 The twisted *Goat* his Horns contracted shows,
 The *Water-Bearer's* Urn a Flood o'erflows :
 Next their lov'd Waves the *Fishes* take their Seat,
 Join with the *Ram*, and make the *Round* compleat.

Creecb alter'd.

Pallas the *Ram*, and *Venus* guides the *Bull*,
 The *Twins* share *Phæbus*, and enjoy his Rule :
 The *Crab* is *Mercury's* ; great *Jove* divides
 His Mother's Servant, and the *Lion* guides.
Ceres the *Maid*, for this her *Sheaf* declares ;
 And the fierce *Scorpion* owns the God of Wars.
 The *Centaur Dian* rules, and *Vulcan* claims
 The *Scales*, as the just Product of his Flames.
 The frozen *Goat* kind *Vesta's* Aid requires,
 She cheers his Cold, and warms him with her Fires.
 Just opposite to where her Husband sways,
 The *Water-Bearer Juno's* Rule obeys.
 The shining *Fishes* are to *Neptune* known,
 Sprung from the Sea, he claims them for his own.— *Id.*

The *Head* comes under the *Ram's* Influence :
 The *Bull* commands the *Neck* : both *Arms* the *Twins* :
 The *Breast* is the *Crab's* Share : the *Lion* rules
 The *Shoulders* : and the *Bowels* claims the *Maid* :
 The *Buttocks* are the *Scales'* allotted Part ;
 And o'er the *Private Parts* the *Scorpion* reigns :
 The *Thighs* the *Archer* loves : the *Knees* the *Goat* :
 The *Water-Bearer* o'er the *Legs* presides :
 The *Fishes* to the *Feet* Protection give.

SILENCE.

SILENTIUM.

— **VOX** nulla dolori
 Credita; sed quantum, volucres cum bruma co-
 Rura silent, mediūque jacet sine murmure pontus:
 Tanta quies. *Lucan. Lib. I.*

SERVITIUM. Vide LIBERTAS.

Elices Arabes, Medique, Eoāque tellus,
 Quam sub perpetuis tenuerunt fata tyrannis:
 Ex populis, qui regna ferunt, fors ultima nostra est,
 Quos servire pūdet. *Lucan. Lib. VII.*

— In totum mundi prosternimur ævum.
 Vincitur his gladiis omnis, quæ serviet, ætas.
 Proxima quid soboles, aut quid meruere nepotes
 In regnum nasci? pavidi num gessimus arma?
 Teximus aut jugulos? alieni poena timoris
 In nostrâ cervice sedet. *Ibid.*

Namque omneis voces, per quas jam tempore tanto
 Mentitur dominis; hæc primū reperit æras,
 Quā sibi ne ferri jus ullum, Cæsar, abesset,
 Ausonias voluit gladiis miscere secures.
 Addidit & fascēs aquilis, & nomen inane
 Imperii rapiens, fingit solennia campus

Et

SILENCE.

NO Sorrow, no complaining Voice was heard:
 O'er all, one deep, one horrid Silence reigns:
 As when the Rigour of the Winter's Chains,
 All Nature, Heav'n, and Earth, at once constrains.
 The tuneful feather'd Kind forget their Lays,
 And thir'ring tremble on the naked Sprays:
 Ev'n the rude Seas, compos'd, forget to roar,
 And freezing Billows stiffen on the Shore. — *Rowe.*

SLAVERY. See LIBERTY.

MEDES, and *Arabians*, of the slavish East,
 Beneath eternal Bondage may be blest:
 While, of a diff'ring Mold and Nature, We,
 From Sire to Son accustom'd to be free,
 Feel Indignation rising in our Blood, [*Rowe.*
 And blush to wear the Chains that make them proud. —

Then was our Offspring for all Ages lost!
 A Race of future Slaves receiv'd their Doom,
 And Children yet unborn were overcome:
 How shall our miserable Sons complain,
 That they are born beneath a Tyrant's Reign?
 Did our base Hands (with Justice shall they say,)
 The sacred Cause of Liberty betray?
 Why have our Fathers giv'n us up a Prey?
 Their Age to Our's the Curse of Bondage leaves;
 Themselves were Cowards, and begot us Slaves. — *Id.*

Then was the Time, when Sycophants began
 To heap all Titles on one lordly Man:
 Then learn'd our Sires that fawning, lying Strain,
 Which we, their slavish Sons, so well retain:
 Then, first, were seen to join, (an ill-match'd Pair!)
 The Ax of Justice with the Sword of War:
 Fasces, and Eagles, mingling march along,
 And in proud *Cæsar's* Train promiscuous throng.

Et non admittæ dirimit suffragia plebis.——

Lucan. Lib. V.

Cervus equum pugna melior, communibus herbis
Pellebat, donec minor in certamine longo
Imploravit opes hominis, frænūque recepit:
Sed postquam victor violens discessit ab hoste,
Non equitem dorso, non frænū depulit ore.
Sic, qui pauperiem veritus, potiore metallis
Libertate caret, dominum vehet improbus, atque
Serviet æternū: quia parvo nesciet uti.——

Hor. Lib. I. Epist. X.

CÆDES. Vide Prælium. Effugium. Prælium Navale.
Obsidium.

JAM gravis æquabat luctus & mutua Mavors
Funera: cædebant pariter, pariterque ruebant
Victores victique: neque his fuga nota, neque illis.——

Æn. Lib. X.

——Et sævis campis magis ac magis horror
Crebrescit.——

——It tristis ad æthera clamor
Bellantum juvenum, & duro sub Marte cadentum.——

Æn. Lib. XII.

At vagus Afer equos ut primū emisit in agmen,
Tunc campi tremuere sono: terræque solutæ,
Quantus Bistonio torquetur turbine, pulvis
Aëra nube suâ textit, traxitque tenebras.
Ut verò in pedites fatum miserabile belli
Incubuit, nullo dubii discrimine Martis
Ancipites steterunt casus, sed tempora pugnae
Mors tenuit. Neque enim licuit procurrare contra,
Et miscere manus: sic undique septa juvenus
Cominus obliquis, & rectis eminus hastis
Obruitur, non vulneribus, nec sanguine solū,
Telorum nimbo peritura, & pondere ferri.
Ergo acies tantæ parvum spissantur in orbem,
Densaturque globus, quantum pede prima relato

Constrinxit

SLAUGHTER.

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But while all Pow'rs in him alone unite,
He mocks the People with the Shews of Right.— *Id.*

The Stag, superior both in Arms and Force,
From out their common Pasture drove the Horse.
The Vanquish'd flies to Man, to right his Cause,
Begs Help; and takes the Bridle in his Jaws:
But having beat the Victor, could not get
Man from his Back, nor from his Mouth the Bit.
Thus the mean Wretch, that fearing to be poor,
Exchanges Liberty for shining Ore,
Must bear a Lord, must ever be a Slave; *[ale.]*
Cause he knows not to use the Little Nature gave.— *Greeks*

SLAUGHTER. See Battle. Rout. Sea-Fight,
Siege.

NOW unrelenting *Mars*, on either Side,
Equall'd the Slaughter, and the mutual Deaths:
The Victors and the Vanquish'd kill, and rush
With equal Force: nor These, nor Those retreat.— *Traps*

————— And now still more
And more the Horror rises in the Field:
————— To Heav'n ascends
A dismal Noise confus'd of warrior Youth,
Groaning in Death, and gasping on the Ground.— *Id.*

Soon as the *Lybian* Horse their Onset make,
With thund'ring Hoofs the sandy Soil they shake:
Thick o'er the Plain the wavy Clouds arise,
As when thro' *Thrace*, *Bistonian Boreas* flies,
Involves the Day in Dust, and darkens all the Skies, }
And now the Foot encompass'd all around,
Are massacred, and trodden to the Ground:
None in Resistance vainly prove their Might,
But Death is all the Business of the Fight.
So thick the Darts and Javelins descend, }
That had they wounded not, ————— }
Their very Weight would make the *Romans* bend.
On ev'ry Side the shrinking Front grows less,
And to the Center madly all they press:

B b 2

Fear,

Constrinxit gyros acies. Non arma movendi
Jam locus est pressis: stipatâque membra teruntur.
Frangitur armatum colliso pectore pectus.—

Lucan. Lib. IV.

Sanguineum veluti quatiens Bellona flagellum,
Bistonas aut Mavors agitans, si verbere sævo
Palladiâ stimulet turbatos ægide cutrus.
Nox ingens scelerum, & cædes oriuntur, & instar
Immensæ vocis gemitus, & pondere lapsi
Pectoris arma sonant, contractique ensibus enses.—

Lucan. Lib. VII.

S O M N U S.

EST prope Cimmerios longo spelunca recessu,
Mons cavus, ignavi domus & penetralia Somni:
Quo nunquam radiis oriens, mediûsve, cadensve
Phœbus adire potest. Nebulæ caligine mistæ
Exhalantur humo: dubiæque crepuscula lucis.
Non vigil ales ibi cristatî cantibus oris
Evocat Auroram: nec voce silentia rumpunt
Solicitive canes, canibusve sagacior anser.
Non fera, non pecudes, non moti flamine rami,
Humanæve sonum reddunt convicia linguæ.

Muta quies habitat. Saxo tamen exit ab imo
Rivus aquæ Lethes: per quem cum murmure labens
Invitat somnos crepitantibus unda lapillis.
Ante fores antri fœcunda papavera florent,
Innumeræque herbæ: quarum de lacte soporem
Nox legit, & spargit per opacas humida terras.

Janua, ne verso stridorem cardine reddat,
Nulla domo tota est: custos in limine nullus:
At medio torus est, ebena sublimis in antro

Plumeus,

Fear, Uproar, and Dismay, increase the Cry,
 Crushing, and crush'd, an armed Crowd they die :
 Ev'n thronging on their Fellows Swords they run,
 And the Foes Business by themselves is done.— *Rowe.*

As when *Bellona* drives the World to War,
 Or *Mars* comes thundring in his *Thracian* Car :
 Rage horrible darts from his *Gorgon* Shield,
 And gloomy Terror broods upon the Field.
 Hate, fell and fierce, the dreadful Gods impart,
 And urge to Slaughter ev'ry Soldier's Heart :
 The Many shout, Arms clash, the Wounded cry,
 And one promiscuous Peal groans upwards to the Sky.— *Id.*

S L E E P.

N E A R the *Cimmerians*, lies a Cavern deep
 Within a Rock, the Court of lazy Sleep.
 This the Sun sees not at his Noon-tide Height,
 Nor cheers, with rising, or descending Light :
 But hazy Vapours from the Earth arise,
 And spread perpetual Twilight o'er the Skies.
 No wakeful Cocks, with early Crowings, dare
 Proclaim the Rise of rosy Morning there :
 No watchful Dogs, or more sagacious Geese,
 Disturb with Noise the everlasting Peace.
 No Voice of Beasts, no Winds among the Boughs,
 No human Sounds this Region ever knows.
 Here Silence reigns : yet from the Rock below,
 An Arm of *Lethe*, with a gentle Flow,
 Arising upwards, o'er the Pebbles creeps,
 And with soft Murmurs calls the coming Sleeps.
 Around the Entrance nodding Poppies grow,
 And num'rous Herbs that balmy Sleep bestow :
 Which Night extracting from their juicy Veins,
 Sheds as she passes o'er the dusky Plains.
 Least Doors should creak, and creaking hinder Sleep,
 No Door there was : no Guard the House to keep.
 Amidst the Cave was rais'd a lofty Bed,
 Stuff'd with black Down, and on an Ebon Sted :

Plumeus, atricolor, pullo velamine tectus,
 Quo cubat ipse Deus, membris languore solutis.
 Hunc circa passim varias imitantia formas
 Somnia vana jacent totidem, quot messis aristas,
 Sylva gerit frondes, ejectas Littus arenas.—

Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

—————Tardâque Deus gravitate jacentes
 Vix oculos tollens, iterûmque iterûmque relabens,
 Summâque percutiens nutanti pectora mento,
 Excussit tandem sibi se: cubitôque levatus.—

Ibid.

—————Rursus molli languore solutum
 Deposuitque caput, stratôque recondidit alto.—

Ibid.

Somne, quies rerum, placidissime Somne Deorum,
 Pax animi, quem cura fugit, qui corda diurnis
 Fessa ministeriis mulces, reparâsque labori.—

Ibid.

—————Somnus agrestium
 Lenis virorum non humiles domos
 Fastidit, umbrosamque ripam,
 Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.—*Hor. Lib. III. Od. 1.*

Stulte, quid est Somnus, gelidæ nisi mortis Imago?
 Longa quiescendi tempora fata dabunt.—*Ov. Am. IX.*

F U N D A.

S Tridentem fundam positis Mezentius armis
 Ipse ter adductâ circum caput egit habenâ:
 Et media adversi liquefacto tempora plumbo
 Diffidit, ac multâ porrectum extendit arenâ.—*Æn. IX.*
 Stantem

Black was the Cov'ring too, where lay the God,
 And slept supine, his Limbs display'd abroad.
 About his Head fantastic Visions fly,
 Which various Images of Things supply,
 And mock their Forms: the Leaves on Trees not more,
 Nor bearded Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon the Shore.—

Dryden alter'd.

The God his Eye-lids struggles to unloose,
 Seal'd, by his deep unbroken Slumbers, close:
 Half-way his Head he rears, with sluggish Pain,
 Which, heavy, sinks upon his Breast again:
 Frequent Attempts without Success he makes,
 But, at the last, with long Endeavours, wakes:
 Half-rais'd, and half-reclining on his Bed,
 Upon his Hand he leans his nodding Head.— *Hopkins.*

— Again he seeks his Bed,
 In whose soft Down he sinks his drooping Head:
 Again his Eye-lids are with Sleep oppress'd,
 And the whole God dissolves again to rest.— *Id.*

— O sacred Rest!
 Sweet pleasing Sleep! of all the Pow'rs the best!
 O Peace of Mind! Repairer of Decay,
 At whose Approach, Care, sullen, flies away:
 Whose Balm renews the weary'd Limbs to Labours of
 the Day.— *Dryden.*

Sweet Sleep despises not the Poor,
 Nor passes by the Cottage Door:
 He loves the Shades, he loves the Plains,
 And favours most the lowly Swains.—
 Fool, what is Sleep, but th' Image of cold Death?
 The Fates will grant a long long Time of Rest.—

SLING.

M *Ezentius* quits his Arms, and round his Head
 Thrice whirls his sounding Sling: Shot from the
 The Lead, half-melted as it flies, divides [Thong
 His Temples, and extends him on the Sand.— *Trag.*
As

Stantem sublimi Tyrrhenum culmine proræ
 Lygdamus excusâ balearis tortor habene
 Glande petens, solido fregit cava tempora plumbo.
 Sedibus expulsi, postquam cruor omnia rupit
 Vincula, procurrunt oculi. Stat lumine rapto
 Attonitus.

Lucan. Lib. III.

DESIDIA. Vide MOLLITIES.

JAM liber, & bicolor positus membrana capillis,
 Inque manus chartæ, nodosâque venit arundo.
 Tunc queritur crassus calamo quod pendeat humor:
 Nigra quod infusâ vanescat sepia lymphâ:
 Dilutas queritur geminet quod fistula guttas.

O miser! inque dies ultrâ miser! hucclne rerum
 Venimus! at cur non potiùs, teneroque columbo
 Et similis regum pueris, pappare minutum
 Poscis, & iratus mammæ lallare recusas?
 An tali studeam calamo? cui verba? quid istas
 Succinis ambages? tibi luditur,——

Pers. Sat. III.

Non coeptæ assurgunt turres, non arma Juventus
 Exercet: portûsve aut propugnacula bello
 Tuta parant: pendent opera interrupta, minæque
 Murorum ingentes, æquatâque machina cælo.——

Æn. Lib. I.

Ut jugulent homines, surgunt de nocte latrones;
 Ut teipsum serves, non expergisceris? atqui
 Si noles sanus, cures hydropicus.——

Hon. Lib. I. Epist. 2.

Adde

As *Tyrrhen* stood high on the Galley's Prow,
 Sure aiming, from his *Balearic* Thong,
 Bold *Lydamus* a pond'rous Bullet flung:
 Thro' liquid Air the Ball shrill whistling flies,
 And cuts its Way thro' hapless *Tyrrhen's* Eyes.
 Th' astonish'd Youth stands struck with sudden Night,
 While bursting start the bleeding Orbs of Sight.—*Rowe.*

SLOTH. See EFFEMINACY.

WITH much adoe, his Book before him laid,
 And Parchment with the smother Side display'd,
 He takes the Papers: lays 'em down again:
 And with unwilling Fingers tries the Pen.
 Some peevish Quarrel strait he strives to pick:
 His Quill writes double: or his Ink's too thick.
 Infuse more Water;—now 'tis grown so thin,
 It sinks, nor can the Characters be seen.

O Wretch! and still more wretched ev'ry Day!
 Are Mortals born to dream their Lives away!
 Go back to what thy Infancy began,
 Thou who wert never meant to be a Man:
 Eat Pap and Spoon-meat: for thy Gewgaws cry:
 Be fullen, and refuse the Lullaby.
 No more accuse thy Pen, but charge the Crime
 On native Sloth, and Negligence of Time.
 Think'st Thou thy Master, or thy Friends, to cheat?
 Fool, 'tis Thyself, and that's a worse Deceit.—*Dryden.*

Th' unfinish'd Tow'rs no longer rise: the Youth
 Undisciplin'd in Arms, no longer form
 Ports, and strong Fortresses of War: the Works
 Neglected stand: the Threat'nings of the Walls,
 And tall Machines no more invade the Sky:
 But, sticking in mid way, come short of Heav'n.—*Trap.*

Rogues rise before 'tis Day to kill, and thief:
 Will You not wake to save Yourself alive?
 If now, when well, you will not leave your Ease,
 In vain you'll try when prest with a Disease.—*Creech.*
 Man's

378 Parvissima Corpora. Consortium. Solstitium.

Adde quod ingenium longa rubigine læsum
Torpet, & est multò, quam fuit antè, minus.
Fertilis, assiduo si non renovetur aratro,
Nil nisi cum spinis gramen habebit ager.
Tempore qui longo steterit malè curret, & inter
Carceribus missos ultimus ibit equus. — *Op. I. Trist. 12.*

PARVISSIMA CORPORA.

— **A** Nimalia sunt jam partim tantula, eorum
Tertia pars nulla ut possit ratione videri.
Horum intestinum quodvis quale esse putandum 'st?
Quid cordis globus aut oculi? quid membra? quid artus?
Quantula sunt? quid præterea primordia quæque,
Unde anima, atque animi constet natura, necessum 'st? —
Lucret. Lib. IV.

CONSORTIUM. Vide HOMO. HOMINES Primavi.

— **S** Eparat hoc nos
A grege brutorum: —
— Indulfit communis conditor illis
Tantum animas, nobis animum quoque: mutuus ut nos
Affectus petere auxilium, & præstare juberet:
Dispersos trahere in populum, & migrare vetusto
De nemore, & præavis habitatas linquere silvas:
Ædificare domos, laribus conjungere nostris
Tectum aliud, tutos vicino limine somnos
Ut collata daret fiducia: protegere armis
Lapsum, aut ingenti nutantem vulnere civem;
Communi dare signa tubâ, defendier isdem
Turribus, atque unâ portarum clave teneri. — *Juv. Sat. XV.*

SOLSTITIUM.

H A C vice discedunt noctes ad sydera Brumæ;
Tollunturque dies, annique invertitur orbis,
Solstitium tardi cùm sit sub sydere Cancræ,

Tuncque

Man's Understanding dull'd by Idleness,
 Contracts a Rust, that makes it daily less.
 Unless you often plow the fruitful Field,
 No Grain, but mixt with Thistles, will it yield.
 Ill runs the Horse, and hind-moſt in the Race,
 Who long has been unpractic'd in the Chace.——

SMALLNESS.

Creatures ſo ſmall there are, their midmoſt Part,
 The ſharpeſt Sight, by all the Helps of Art
 Aſſiſted, cannot poſſibly deſcry :
 How fine are then the Guts, the Heart, the Eye ?
 How fine each Limb, each Fibre of the whole ?
 How infinitely fine the Texture of the Soul ?——

SOCIETY. See MAN. PEOPLE (Firſt.)

Between the Brutes and Us this Difference lies :
 Jove did to them but Earth-born Life diſpence,
 To Us, for mutual Aid, celeftial Senſe :
 From ſtraggl'ing Mountaineers, for publick Good,
 To rank in Tribes, and quit the ſavage Wood,
 Houſes to build, and them contiguous make,
 For cheerful Neighbourhood and Safety's Sake ;
 In War a common Standard to erect :
 A wounded Friend in Battle to protect :
 To march together at the Trumpet's Call,
 Sally from one Port, or man one public Wall,——*Tate.*

SOLSTICE.

FROM Capricorn, decreaſing Nights appear,
 And Heav'n turns up the right Side of the Year :
 The Day proceeds to lengthen all the Way,
 Till high in Cancer rais'd, it makes a Stay ;

The

Tuncque diem Brumæ nox æquat, tempora noctis
 Longa dies ; similisque redit, quàm creverat actu,
 Illa etiam poterit nascens via ducere ad Austrum,
 Quod quandôque vadis emissum redditur orbi.—*Manil.* III.

ANIMA. Vide Druidæ. Elysiûm. Inferi. Manes.
 Animarum Purgatio.

MORTE carent Animæ : sempérque, priore relicta
 Sede, novis domibus habitant, vivuntque receptæ.
 Omnia mutantur : nihil interit. Errat, & illinc
 Huc venit, hinc illuc, & quolibet occupat artus
 Spiritus : eque feris humana in corpora transit,
 Inque feras noster : nec tempore deperit ullo,
 Utque novis facilis signatur cera figuris,
 Nec manet ut fuerat, nec formas servat easdem,
 Sed tamen ipsa eadem est : animam sic semper eandem
 Esse, sed in varias doceo migrare figuras.—

Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

Ignoratur enim quæ sit natura Animæ :
 Nata sit, an, contra, nascentibus insinuetur :
 Et simul intereat nobiscum morte diremta :
 An tenebras Orci visat, vastasque lacunas,
 An pecudes alias divinitus insinuet se.—

Lucret. Li. 1.

—Fortes animæ, dignatæque nomina cœlo
 Corporibus resoluta suis, terræque remissa
 Huc migrant ex orbe, suumque habitantia cœlum
 Æthereos vivunt annos, mundoque fruuntur.— *Manil. I.*

Quis cœlum possit nisi cœli munera nossit ?
 Et reperire Deum, nisi quis pars ipsa Deorum est ?
 Atque hanc connexi molem sine fine parentis,
 Signorumque choros, ac mundi flammea tecta,
 Æternum & stellis adversus sidera bellum
 Cernere, & angusto sub pectore claudere possit,
 Ni tantos animis oculos natura dedisset?—

Manil. Lib. II.
 An

The *Solstice* then :—when Day and Night are found
Equal to Day and Night that drove the Winter round.
Then, by the said Degrees, again the Light,
Decreasing, what it took returns to Night.— *Creech.*

S O U L. See Druids. Elysium. Hell. Manes.
Purgatory.

—SOULS for ever live :
But often their old Habitations leave,
To dwell in new ; which them, as Guests, receive. }
All alter, Nothing finally decays ;
Hither, and thither, still the Spirit strays :
Free to all Bodies ; out of Beasts it flies
To Men, from Men to Beasts : and never dies.
As pliant Wax each new Impression takes,
Fixt to no Form, but still the Old forsakes,
Yet is the same : so Souls the same abide,
Tho' various Figures their Reception hide.—*Sandys alter'd.*

We know not yet the Soul : how 'tis produc'd :
Whether with Body born, or else infus'd :
Whether, in Death, breath'd out into the Air,
She mix confus'dly with't, and perish there :
Or thro' vast Shades, and horrid Silence go,
To visit Brimstone Caves, and Pools below :
Or into Beasts retires.— *Creech.*

Brave Souls when loos'd from this ignoble Chain
Of Clay, and sent to their own Heav'n again,
From Earth's gross Orb on Virtue's Pinions rise,
In *Æther* wanton, and enjoy the Skies.— *Creech alter'd.*

Who could know Heav'n, unless that Heav'n bestow'd
The Knowledge ? or find God, but Part of God ?
How could the Space immense be e'er confin'd
Within the Compass of a narrow Mind ?
How could the Skies, the Dances of the Stars,
Their Motions adverse, and eternal Wars,
Unless kind Nature in our Breasts had wrought,
Proportion'd Souls, be subject to our Thought.— *Id. alt.*
Can

An dubium est habitare Deum sub pectore nostro?
 In cœlûmque redire animas, cœloque venire?
 Utque sit ex omni constructus corpore mundus,
 Ætheris, atque ignis summi, terræque, marisque,
 Spiritum & in toto rapidum, qui iussa gubernat:

Sic esse in nobis terrenæ corpora fortis,
 Sanguineâsque animas, animi qui cuncta gubernat,
 Dispensâtque hominem? quid mirum noscere mundum,
 Si possunt homines, quibus est & mundus in ipsis?
 Exemplumque Dei quisque est in imagine parva.

Mamil. Lib. IV.

————— Certis ambagibus ævi
 Rursus corporeos Animæ mutantur in artus. ———

Claud. Rapt. Prof.

————— Quodcunque fuit populabile flammæ,
 Mulciber abstulerat: nec cognoscenda remansit
 Herculis effigies: nec quidquam ab imagine ductum
 Matris habet: tantumque Jovis vestigia servat.
 Utque novus serpens, posita eum pelle senecta,
 Luxuriare solet, squammâque nitere recenti:
 Sic, ubi mortales Tirynthius exuit artus,
 Parte sui meliore viget: majorque videri
 Cœpit, & augusta fieri gravitate verendus
 Quem pater omnipotens, inter cava nubila raptum,
 Quadrijugo curru radiantibus intulit astris. ———

Ovid. Met. Lib. IX.

ADRIANI morientis ad ANIMAM.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
 Hospes comêsque corporis,
 Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
 Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
 Nec (ut soles) dabis joca. ———

ARS

Can any doubt that God resides in Man,
 That Souls from Heav'n descend, and when the Chain }
 Of Life is broke, return to Heav'n again?
 As in the greater World, aspiring Flame,
 Earth, Water, Air, make the material Frame:
 And thro' the Members a commanding Soul
 Infus'd, directs the Motion of the Whole:
 So 'tis in Man, the lesser World: the Case
 Is Clay, unactive, and an earthly Mass:
 But the Blood's Streams the ruling Soul convey
 Thro' ev'ry Part, to actuate the Clay.

Then who can wonder that the World is known
 So well by Man, since he himself is One?
 The same Composure in his Form is shew'd,
 And Man's the little Image of the God.— *Creech alter'd.*

When once th' appointed Years are roll'd away,
 The passing Minds their former Load sustain,
 Are born a-new, and sheath'd in Flesh again.— *Hugbes.*

Mean while whate'er was in the Pow'r of Flame
 Was all consum'd: his Body's nervous Frame
 No more was known, of human Form bereft:
 Th' eternal Part of Jove was only left.
 As an old Serpent, cast his scaly Vest,
 Writhes in the Sun, in youthful Glory drest:
 So when *Alcides'* mortal Mold resign'd,
 His better Part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd:
 August his Visage shone: Almighty Jove
 In his swift Car his honour'd Offspring drove:
 High o'er the hollow Clouds the Coursers fly,
 And lodge the Hero in the starry Sky.— *Gay.*

Dying Reflections of the Emperor ADRIAN.

Poor little, pretty, flutt'ring Thing!	Ah fleeting Spirit! wandering Fire
Must we no longer live together?	That long has warm'd my tender Breast!
And dost Thou prune thy trembling Wing,	Must Thou no more this Frame inspire?
To take thy Flight, Thou know'st not	No more a pleasing chearful Guest?
whither?	
Thy humorous Vein, thy pleasing Folly	Whither, ah whither art Thou flying!
Lies all neglected, all forgot:	To what dark undiscover'd Shore?
And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,	Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,
Thou dread'st, and hop'st, Thou know'st	And Wit and Humour are no more.—
not what. —	<i>Pope.</i>
<i>Prior.</i>	

SPEECH.

ARS LOQUENDI

AT varios linguæ sonitus Natura subegit
Mittere, & utilitas expressit nomina rerum:
Non alia longè ratione, atque ipsa videtur
Protrahere ad gestum pueros infantia linguæ, [Lib. V.
Cum facit, ut digito, quæ sint præsentia, monstrent. — *Lucret.*

Proinde putare aliquem tum nomina distribuisse
Rebus, & inde homines didicisse vocabula prima,
Desipere 'st, nam cur hic posset cuncta notare
Vocibus, & varios sonitus emittere linguæ,
Tempore eodem alii facere id non quisse putentur?

Præterea, si non alii quoque vocibus usi
Inter se fuerant: unde infinita notities est
Utilitatis, & unde data 'st huic prima potestas,
Quid vellet facere, ut scirent, animoque viderent?
Cogere enim plureis unus, victosque domare
Non poterat, rerum ut perdiscere nomina vellent:
Nec ratione docere ulla, suaderéque surdis
Quid factu esset opus: faciles neque enim paterentur
Nec ratione ulla sibi ferrent ampliùs aureis
Vocis inauditos sonitus obtundere frustra.

Postremò, quid in hac mirabile tantopere est re,
Si genus humanum, cui vox, & lingua vigeret,
Pro vario sensu varias res voce notaret,
Cum pecudes mutæ, cum denique sæcla ferarum
Diffimileis soleant voces variasque ciere,
Cum metus, aut dolor est, & cum jam gaudia gliscunt? — *Ibid.*

V E R. Vide ANNI TEMPORA. V E N U S. A N N U S.

EXtremæ sub casum hiemis, jam vere sereno,
Tum pingues agni, & tum mollissima vina:
Tum somni dulces, densæque in montibus umbræ. —

Virg. Georg. Lib. I.

Ver adeo frondi nemorum, ver utile sylvis:

Vere

SPEECH.

Nature the Power of framing Sounds affords
To Man, but 'twas Convenience taught us Words.
As Infants now for Want of Words devise
Expressive Signs, and speak with Hands and Eyes:
Their speaking Hand the Want of Words supplies.

But, that one Man the Names of Things contriv'd,
And that from him their Knowledge all deriv'd,
'Tis fond to think: for how could that Man tell
The Names of Things, or speak a Syllable,
And not another Man do so as well?

Besides, if Others us'd not Words as soon,
How was their Profit and Convenience known?
Or how could he instruct the Other's Mind?
Or make them understand what he design'd?
Since being single, neither Force nor Wit
Could conquer many, or make them submit
To learn his Words, or e'en with Patience bear
A meanless Jargon rattling in their Ear?—

Therefore since proper Parts, since Voice, and Tongue,
By Nature's Gift bestow'd, to Man belong,
Where lies the Wonder, that Mankind should frame
For ev'ry diff'rent Thing a diff'rent Name?
Since even brute Creatures make a diff'rent Noise, [alt.
Oppress'd by Pains, or Fears, or fill'd with Joys.—*Greech*

SPRING. See SEASONS. VENUS. YEAR.

WHEN *Winter* ends, and *Spring* serenely shines;
Then fat the Lambs, and mellow are the Wines:
Then soft the Slumbers on the verdant Ground;
Then with thick Shades the lofty Mountain's crown'd.—*An.*
The *Spring* to Forests yields a kindly Aid:
To Woods the *Spring* restores the useful Shade:

Vere tument terræ, & genitalia semina poscunt.
 Tum pater omnipotens fecundis imbribus Æther
 Conjugis in gremium lætæ descendit, & omnes
 Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, foetus.
 Avia tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris,
 Et Venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus.
 Parturit almus ager : Zephyrique tepentibus auris
 Laxant arva sinus : superat tener omnibus humor :
 Inque novos soles audent se gramina tuto
 Credere : nec metuit surgentes pampinus Austros,
 Aut actum cœlo magnis Aquilonibus imbrem :
 Sed trudit gemmas, & frondes explicat omnes.
 Non alios primâ crescentis origine mundi
 Illuxisse dies, aliûmve habuisse tenorem
 Crediderim : ver illud erat, ver magnus agebat
 Orbis, & hibernis parcebant flatibus Euri.——

Virg. Geor. Lib. II.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos :
 Nunc frondent Sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.——

Virg. Ecl. III.

Tum——muta pelagus consternitur unda,
 Et varios audet flores emittere tellus.
 Tunc pecudum volucrumque genus per pabula læta
 In Venerem partumque ruit, totumque canora
 Voce nemus loquitur, frondemque virescit in omnem :
 Viribus in tantum signis natura movetur.——

Manil. Lib. III.

Solvitur acris hyems gratâ vice Veris, & Favoni,
 Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas :
 Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni :
 Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.

Jam

In the kind Spring the Lands abound with Juice,
And ask for Seeds that give a large Produce.
Then the All-potent Air, prolific Showers
On the soft Lap of his glad Consort pours :
From her vast Womb the mighty Store proceeds,
And all, the mighty He commix'd, with Plenty feeds,
The Birds their Songs repeat to ev'ry Grove ;
And Herds perceive the Season of their Love :
Then teem the Fields, and make their Bosoms bare
To the warm Breezes of the western Air.
Then kindly Moisture over all Things sheds :
Plants trust new Suns, and boldly rear their Heads :
Nor fears the Vine lest southern Storms should rise,
Or the rough North pour Rivers from the Skies :
But boldly shoots her Buds from ev'ry Bough,
And all her Leaves displays with pompous Show.
So dawn'd the Days, such was, methinks, their Course
In the weak Childhood of the Universe :

Then Spring was all, for then the mighty Ring, [*Id. alt.*
Roll'd, free from Winter's Storms, in constant Spring.—

And now the Fields all teem, and every Tree :
Now bloom the Groves, now smiles the beauteous Year.—
Trap.

Seas then lie hush'd : then Earth grows bold to bear,
And trusts young Flow'rs to the serener Air :
Then Beasts in Fields, and Birds in every Grove,
Press on with Fury, to consummate Love.
With joyous Song the vocal Forests ring,
And various Leaves adorn the gaudy Spring :
With such brisk Powers are Nature's Parts possest,
When, wak'd, she rouses from her Winter's Rest.—

Creech.

Sharp Winter melts, *Favonius* spreads his Wing,
And brings a pleasing Change, the smiling Spring.
Ships from the Docks are now drawn out again,
And spread their Canvas on the curling Main.
Nor Stalls the Ox, nor Fires the Clown delight,
Nor Frosts no longer cloth the Fields in White.

C c 2

The

Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, imminente Luna
 Junctæque Nymphis Gratia decentes
 Alternò terram quatunt pede, dum grave Cycloppum
 Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.
 Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
 Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ.
 Nunc & in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
 Seu poscat agnam, sive malit hœdum.—*Hor. I. Ode. 4.*
 Diffugère nives, redeunt jam gramina campis,
 Arboribusque comæ :
 Mutat terra vices, & decrescencia ripas
 Flumina prætereunt :
 Gratia cum Nymphis, geminisque sororibus audet
 Ducere nuda choros.— *Hor. L. IV. Ode 7.*

Ver novum, ver jam canorum : vere natus orbis est :
 Vere concordant amores : vere nubent alites :
 Et nemo comam resolvit de maritis imbribus.

Ecce, jam super genestas explicat aonii latus :
 Quisque tuus quo tenetur conjugali fœdere.
 Subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantum gregem.
 Et canoras non tacere Diva jussit alites.
 Jam loquaces ore rauco stagna cygni perstrepunt,
 Adsonant Terei puellæ subter umbram populi.
Cat. Pervig. Veneris.

T H E A T R U M.

I Gnotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Camœnzæ
 Dicitur, & plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis :
 Quæ canerent, ageréntque peruncti sæcibus ora.

The Nymphs and Graces joyn'd, thro' flow'ry Meads,
By Moon-light dance, and lovely *Venus* leads.
Nimbly they shift their Feet, and shake the Ground,
While *Vulcan* lab'ring at his Forge is found.
Then crown'd with Myrtle be, or fragrant Flow'rs,
Rais'd from the loos'ned Earth by balmy Show'rs:
To *Faunus* offer, in the sacred Groves,
A Lamb, or Kid, which e'er he best approves.—*Creechbalt.*

The Snows are gone, behold a World's new Face!
How Grass the Ground, how Leaves their Branches grace.
The Streams that lately over-flow'd the Grounds,
Now gently glide within their proper Bounds.
The Nymphs and Graces naked dance around,
And nimbly o'er the flow'ry Meadows bound.——

The Spring, the new, the warbling Spring appears,
The youthful Season of reviving Years:
In Spring the Loves enkindle mutual Heats,
The feather'd Nations chuse their tuneful Mates:
The Trees grow fruitful with descending Rain,
And' drest in diff'ring Greens adorn the Plain.— *Parnel.*

Now Bulls o'er Stalks of Broom extend their Sides,
Secure of Favours from their lowing Brides.
Now stately Rams their fleecy Conforts lead,
Who bleating follow thro' the winding Shade.
And now the Goddess-bids the Birds appear,
Raife all their Musick, and salute the Year:
Then deep the Swan begins, and deep the Song
Runs o'er the Water where he sails along:
While *Philomela* tunes a treble Strain,
And from the Poplar charms the list'ning Plain.—— *Id.*

THE STAGE.

THESPIS, 'tis said, did Tragedy devise.
Unknown before, and rude at it's first Rise,
In Carts the Gypsy-Actors strol'd about,
Their Faces smear'd with Lees of Wine and Soot,
And thro' the Towns amus'd the wond'ring Rout.

C c 3

Then

Post hunc personæ, pallæque repertor honestæ
 Æschylus, & modicis instravit pulpita tignis:
 Et docuit magnûmque loqui, nitique cothurno.——

Hor. Art. Poet.

Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
 Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, & asper
 Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eò quod
 Illecebris erat, & gratâ novitate morandus
 Spectator, functûsque sacris, & potus, & exlex.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vineta, tubæque
 Æmula, sed tenuis, simplèxque, foramine pauco
 Adspirare:——

Quò sanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
 Et frugi, castûsque, verecundûsque coibat.
 Postquàm cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
 Latio amplecti murus,——

Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
 Sic priscae motûmque, & luxuriam addidit arti
 Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.
 Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,
 Et tulit eloquiûm insolitum facundia præceps,
 Utiliûmque sagax rerum, & divîna futuri
 Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.——

Ibid.

STELLÆ. Vide Sors. Orion. Navis Rector.

HÆC igitur texunt æquali sidera tractu
 Ignibus in varias cœlum laqueantia formas.
 Altius his nihil est: hæc sunt fastigia mundi
 Publica: Naturæ domus his contenta tenetur
 Finibus, complectens pontum, terrâsque jacentes.
 Omnia concordi tractu veniuntque, caduntque,
 Quà semel incubuit cœlum, versumque resurgit.——

Manil. Lib. I.

Nec

Then *Æschylus* brought Masks and Habits in,
And built a Play-House, and contriv'd a Scene,
The buskin'd Heroes taught, with Grace and Art
To tread the Stage, and boldly speak their Part. —

Oldham alter'd.

He, who at first in Tragick Numbers wrote,
(When the poor Poet labour'd for a Goat,)
Brought in his Satyrs naked to divert
And mix'd the comick with the serious Part :
This was the Bait to bribe the Crowd to stay,
When drunk and wanton, and sit out the Play.

No Flute, or Trumpet, grac'd the antient Scene,
But Pipes whose Stops were few, and Model mean.
Such gain'd Applause, and pleas'd in former Days,
When to be chaste and modest was a Praise,
When Folks lov'd Thrift, and few frequented Plays.
But after *Rome* had stretch'd her Conquests round,
And wider Walls enlarg'd the City's Bound :
Then Bards in bolder Strains began to sing,
And form'd their Numbers to the tuneful String.
Then graceful Motion, and a pompous Dress,
Gave to the growing Stage deserv'd Success :
The Lyre in more melodious Style was heard,
And Art in all it's Elegance appear'd :
With manly Sense sweet Elocution flow'd,
And spok'e prophetick as the *Delpbick* God. — *Ames* alt.

S T A R S. See Chance. Orion. Pilot.

THE glittering Stars at equal Distance lie,
Make various Shapes, and chequer all the Sky.
Above them Nought : to the World's Top they rose,
Painting the Roof of Nature's common House :
Which in a wide Embrace does all contain,
The spacious Air, the Earth, and raging Main.
They set in order, and in order rise, [Creech.
As West drives down, or East brings up the Skies. —

Nec spatium stellis mundo, nec cedere summa
 Floribus, aut siccae currunt per littus arenæ:
 Sed quot eant semper nascentes æquore fluctus,
 Quot delapsa cadant foliorum millia sylvis,
 Amplius hoc ignes numero volitare per orbem.
 Utque per ingentem populus describitur urbem,
 Præcipuûmque patres retinent, & primum equester
 Ordo locum, populûmque equiti, populoque subire
 Vulgus iners, videas etiam sine nomine turbam:
 Sunt Stellæ procerum similes, sunt proxima primis
 Sydera, suntque gradus, atque omnia juncta priori:
 Maximus est populus, summo qui culmine fertur:
 Cujus pro numero vires Natura dedisset,
 Ipse suas æther flammæ sufferre nequiret,
 Totus & accenso mundus flagraret Olympo.—

Manil. Lib. V.

STYLUS. Vide Authores. Poësis. Poëtæ.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
 Viribus: & versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
 Quid valeant humeri. Cui lecta potenter erit res,
 Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.—

Hor. Art. Poet.

—————Licuit, semperque licebit
 Signatum præsentem notâ producere nomen.
 Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
 Læta cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
 Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata, vigentque.
 Debemur morti nos, nostræque.—

—————Mortalia facta peribunt:
 Nedum sermonum stet honos, & gratia vivax.
 Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore, vocabula, si volet Usus:
 Quem penes Arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquendi.—*Ib.*

Scribendi rectè, sapere est & principium & fons:
 Verbaque

So thick with Stars the Skies are spangled o'er,
 That not the Sands upon the winding Shore,
 That not the Billows in tempestuous Floods,
 That not the Leaves when Autumn shakes the Woods,
 Can shew their Number.——Numbers they surmount;
 Arithmetick is lost in the Account.——
 And as in Cities, where, in Ranks decreed,
 First Nobles go, and then the Knights succeed;
 A Right to come the next the People claim;
 The Rabble last, a Croud without a Name.
 So are the Heav'ns by different Stars possess'd:
 Some, like the Nobles, with more Rays are dress'd,
 Some shine with less, the num'rous Croud with least.
 Were these endow'd with a proportion'd Heat,
 Were they in Pow'r, as they're in Number great,
 They, long agoe, must have dissolv'd the Frame,
 Nor could the World have born so fierce a Flame.— *Id.*

S T Y L E. See Authors. Poetry. Poets.

L E T Writers match their Subject to their Strength,
 And often try what Weight they can support,
 And what their Shoulders are too weak to bear:
 After a serious and judicious Choice,
 Method and Eloquence will never fail.— *Roscommon.*

Men ever had, and ever will have leave
 To coin new Words, well suited to the Age.
 Words are like Leaves; some wither ev'ry Year,
 And ev'ry Year a younger Race succeeds.
 Death is a Tribute all Things owe to Fate.
 Why then should Words challenge Eternity,
 When greatest Men, and greatest Actions die?
 Use may revive the obsoletest Words,
 And banish those that now are most in Vogue:
 Use is the Judge, and Law, and Rule of Speech.— *Id.*

Good Sense must be the certain Standard still,
 To All, that e'er pretend to Writing well:

Chuse

Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur. — *Ibid.*

Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis :
 Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, & hospes :
 Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium ; quæ
 Partes in bellum missi ducis : ille profectò
 Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique, — *Ibid.*

Heraclitus —

Clarus ob obscuram linguam magis inter inaneis,
 Quam de graveis inter Graïos, qui vera requirunt.
 Omnia enim Stolidi magis admirantur, amantque
 Inversis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt ;
 Veraque constituunt, quæ bellè tangere possunt
 Aureis, & lepido quæ sunt fucata sonore. — *Lucret. L. I.*

Obscurata diu populo, bonus eruet, atque
 Profert in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum :
 Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus, atque Cethegis,
 Nunc situs informis premit, & deserta vetustas.
 Adscisset nova, quæ genitor produxerit Usus :
 Vehemens & liquidus, puròque simillimus amni,
 Fundet opes, Latiùmque beabit divite linguâ.
 Luxuriantia compescet : nimis aspera sano
 Lævabit cultu : virtute carentia tollet :
 Ludentis speciem dabit, & torquebitur. —

Hor. Lib. II. Epist. 2.

Indignor quidquam reprehendi : non quia crasse
 Compositum, illepidève putetur : sed quia nuper :
 Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem, & præmia polci.

Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud,
 Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri :
 Ingeniis non ille favet, plauditque sepultis :
 Nostra sed impugnat : nos, nostraque lividus odit.
 Quòd si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset,
 Quàm nobis, quid nunc esset vetus ? aut quid haberet
 Quod legeret, tererétque viritum publicus usus. —

Hor. Lib. II. Epist. 1.

TEMPESTAS

Chuse but a Subject which You thoroughly know,
And Words, unfought, therefrom with Ease will flow.—

Who knows the Duty of all Ranks of Men,
And what we owe to Country, Parents, Friends,
How Judges, and how Senators should act,
And what becomes a General to do,
And give to all their proper Characters.— *Roscom.*

— *Heraclitus* whom vain *Greeks* admire
For dark Expression : but the sober few,
Who seek for, and delight in what is true,
Scorn and contemn :—for Fools alone regard
What seems obscure, and intricate, and hard :
Take that for Truth whose Phrases smooth appear,
And dancing Periods charm the wanton Ear.— *Creecb.*

Mark where a bold expressive Phrase appears,
Bright thro' the Rubbish of some hundred Years :
Command old Words that long have slept, to wake ;
Such as wise *Bacon*, or brave *Raleigh* spake :
Or bid the New be *English* Ages hence,
(For Use will father what's begot by Sense.)
Pour the full Tide of Eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the Treasures of each foreign Tongue.
Prune the Luxuriant, the Uncouth refine,
But shew no Mercy on an empty Line :
Then polish all with so much Life and Ease,
You think 'tis Nature, and a Knack to please.— *Pope.*

I lose my Patience, and I own it too,
When Works are censur'd, not as bad, but new :
While if our Elders break all Reason's Laws,
These Fools demand not Pardon, but Applause.

He who to seem more deep than You or I,
Extols old Bards, or *Merlin's* Prophecy,
Mistake him not : he envies, not admires,
And to debase the Sons exalts the Sires.
Had antient Times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been antient now ?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned Criticks, of the mighty Dead ?—— *Id.*

STORM

TEMPESTAS COELI. Vide Cœlum Turbidum.

Sæpe ego, cum flavis messorum induceret arvis
 Agricola, & fragili jam stringeret hordea culmo,
 Omnia ventorum concurrere prœlia vidi,
 Quæ gravidam late segetem ab radicibus imis
 Sublime expulsam eruerent: ita turbine nigro
 Ferret hyems culmumque levem, stipulasque volantes,
 Sæpe etiam immensum cœlo venit agmen aquarum,
 Et foedam glomerant tempestatem imbris atris
 Collectæ ex alto nubes: ruit arduus æther
 Et pluviam ingenti sata læta, boumque labores
 Diluit: implentur fossæ, & cava flumina crescunt
 Cum sonitu, fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor.
 Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, coruscâ
 Fulmina molitur dextrâ: quo maxima motu
 Terra tremit: fugere feræ, & mortalia corda
 Per gentes humilis stravit pavor.——

——Ingeminant Austri, & densissimus imber:
 Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc litora plangunt.——

Virg. Georg. Lib. I.

Qualis Hyperboreis Aquilo cum densus ab oris
 Incubuit: Scythiæque hyemes atque arida differt
 Nubila: tum segetes altæ campique nutantes
 Lenibus horrescunt flabris, summæque sonorem
 Dant sylvæ, longique urgent ad littora fluctus:
 Ille volat, simul arva fugâ, simul æquora verrens.——

Virg. Georg. Lib. III.

Adversi rupto ceu quondam turbine Venti
 Confligunt, Zephyrusque, Notusque, & lætus Eois
 Euris equis: stridunt sylvæ: sævitque tridenti

Spumeus,

II. STORM at LAND. See Tempest.

OFT have I seen, when now the Farmer brought
 The Reaper to his yellow Fields, and bound
 His Sheaves with brittle Straw, the warring Winds
 All rise at once, and from the Roots uprend
 His full-ear'd Corn, and whirl it high in Air.
 With such a Gust an Hurricane would drive
 Light flying Stubble.——Oft too Floods immense
 Of Waters gush from Heav'n: and gather'd Clouds
 Brew the black Storm aloft, with dusky Show'rs:
 The rushing Sky descends, and with vast Rain
 Drowns the rich Crop, and Labours of the Plough.
 The hollow Dykes are fill'd: with roaring Noise
 The foaming Rivers swell: and in the Friths
 Toss'd by the Winds the wintry Ocean boils.
 Great *Jove* himself, amidst the Night of Clouds,
 Hurls with his red Right-hand the forky Fire:
 Earth trembles: Savage Beasts to Covert fly:
 And Mortals Hearts, o'er all the World, with Dread
 Sink shudd'ring, and appall'd.——

With redoubled Force
 The Winds condense the Tempest: Woods roar loud
 With struggling Blasts: and Rivers lash their Shores.—*Trap.*

Like *Boreas* in his Race, when rushing forth,
 He sweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North:
 The waving Harvest bends beneath his Blast,
 The Forest shakes, the Groves their Honours cast:
 He flies aloft, and with impetuous Roar,
 Pursues the foaming Surges to the Shore.—— *Dryden.*

So, when the Winds in airy Conflict rise,
 Here South and West charge dreadful in the Skies,
 There louder *Eurus*, to the Battle born,
 Mounts the swift Coursers of the purple Morn:
 Beneath the Whirlwind roar the bending Woods:
 With his huge Trident *Neptune* strikes the Floods,

Foams,

398 TEMPESTAS MARIS. NAUFRAGIUM.

Spumeus, atque imo Nereus ciet æquora fundo. —

Virg. Æn. Lib. II.

————— Effusis imbris atra

Tempesta sine more furit : tonitruque tremiscunt

Ardua terrarum, & campi : ruit æthere toto

Turbidus imber aqua, densisque nigerrimus Austris. —

Virg. Æn. Lib. V.

TEMPESTAS MARIS. NAUFRAGIUM.

Portubus exierant : & moverat aura rudentes :

Obvertit lateri pendentes navita remos :

Cornuaque in summa locat arbore : totaque malo

Carbasa deducit, venientésq; accipit auras.

Aut minus, aut certè medium non amplius æquor

Puppe secabatur : longèque erat utraque tellus :

Cum mare sub noctem tumidis albescere coepit

Fluctibus, & præceps spirare valentius Eurus.

Ardua, jamdudum, demittite cornua, Rector

Clamat : & antennis totum subnectite velum.

Hic jubet : impediunt adversæ jussa procellæ ;

Nec finit audiri vocem fragor æquoris ullam.

Sponte tamen properant alii subducere remos :

Pars munire latus : pars ventis vela negare.

Egerit hic fluctus : æquorque refundit in æquor :

Hic rapit antennis. —————

————— Quæ dum sine lege geruntur

Aspera crescit hyems : omniq; e parte feroces

Bella gerunt venti : fretaque indignantia miscunt.

Ipse pavet : nec se, qui sit status, ipse fatetur

Scire ratis Rector : ne quid jubeatve, vetèrve :

Tanta mali moles, totaque potentior arte est.

Quippe

Foams, Storms, and tempesting the Deep's around,
Bares the broad Bosom of the dark Profound.—— *Pitt.*

—————Black with rushing Rain
A Tempest rag'd enormous, and the Hills
And Fields with Thunder shook : o'er all the Sky
A Shower with Water dark, and thickned Winds,
Turbid descends.————— *Trapp.*

STORM at SEA. SHIPWRECK.

NOW got from Shore, a Breeze began to blow,
The Sailors ship their Oars, and cease to Row :
Then hoist their Yards a-trip, and all their Sails
Let fall, to court the Winds, and catch the Gales.
The Vessel scarce half Way, at most no more,
By this had run, far off from either Shore,
When, in the Night, the foaming Billows rise, [alt.
And the fierce East-Wind blusters thro' the Skies.—*Dryd.*

At this, the Master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the Topfail : let the Main-sheet fly,
And furl your Sails :—the Winds repel the Sound,
And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is drown'd.
Yet of their own accord, as Danger taught,
Each in his Way, officiously they wrought :
Some stow their Oars, or stop the leaky Sides :
Another bolder yet, the Yard bestrides,
And folds the Sails : A fourth with Labour laves
Th' intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on Waves.

In this Confusion while their Work they ply,
The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,
And wage intestine War : the suff'ring Seas
Are tofs'd and mingl'd, as their Tyrants please.
The Master would command, but in despair
Of Safety, stands amaz'd with stupid Care :
Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd Tempest to such Fury grows :
Vain is his Force, and vainer is his Skill,
With such a Concourse comes the Flood of Ill,

The

400 TEMPESTAS MARIS. NAUFRAGIUM.

Quippe sonant clamore viri, stridore rudentes,
Undarum incurſu gravis unda, tonitribus æther.

Fluctibus erigitur, cœlûmque æquare videtur
Pontus: & inductas aspergine tangere nubes.
Et modo, cum fulvas ex imo vertit arenas,
Concolor est illis: Stygia modo nigrior unda:
Sternitur interdum, ſpumisque ſonantibus albet.
Ipſa quoque his agitur vicibus Trachinia puppis:
Et modo ſublimis veluti de vertice montis
Deſpicere in valles, imûmque Acheronta videtur:
Nunc ubi demiffam curvum circumſtetit æquor,
Suſpicere inferno ſummum de gurgite cœlum.
Sæpe dat ingentem fluctu latus icla fragorem:
Nec levius pulſata ſonat, quam ferreus olim
Cum laceras aries baliftave concutit arces.
Utque ſolent, ſumtis in curſu viribus, ire
Pectore in arma feri, prætentâque tela leones:
Sic ubi ſe ventis admiferat unda coortis,
Ibat in arma ratis: multoque erat altior illis.

Jamque labant cunei, ſpoliataque tegmine ceræ
Rima patet: præbétque viam lethalibus undis.
Ecce cadunt largi reſolutis nubibus imbres:
Inque fretum credas totum deſcendere cœlum:
Inque plagas cœli tumefactum adſcendere pontum.
Vela madent nimbis: & cum cœleſtibus undis
Æquorea miſcentur aquæ. Caret ignibus Æther:
Cœcaque nox premitur tenebris hyemisque ſuiſque.
Diſcutiunt tamen has, præbéntque micantia lumen
Fulmina: fulmineis ardeſcunt ignibus undæ.

Dat quoque jam ſaltus intra cava texta carinæ
Fluctus: &, ut miles numero præſtantior omni,

Cum

The Cries of Men are mixt with rattling Shrowds :
 Seas dash on Seas, and Clouds encounter Clouds :
 At once from East to West, from Pole to Pole, [*Dryd.*
 The forky Lightnings flash, the roaring Thunders roll.—

Now Waves on Waves ascending from on high,
 Seas mix with Clouds, and dash against the Sky :
 Now from the Bottom yellow Sands they lave :
 Now black : alike in Colour shews the Wave :
 Now white with Froth appear the flatted Seas :
 The Vessel shifts, and changes, as they please.
 As on a Mountain-Top, she rides on high,
 And from the Clouds beholds the nether Sky :
 Then sinking with the Wave on which she rose,
 Down to the Bottom of the Deep she goes :
 Whence, as from Hell's Abyss, they lift their Sight,
 And, distant far, see Heav'n's superior Light.—*Dryd. alt.*

The lashing Billows make a loud Report,
 And beat her Sides, as batt'ring Rams a Fort :
 Or as chaff'd Lions, with redoubled Rage,
 Rush with a Roar, and pointed Spears engage :
 So Seas by Winds impell'd, with added Pow'r,
 Assault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.— *Id. alt.*

The Planks (their pitchy Cov'ring wash'd away)
 Now yield : and now a yawning Breach display :
 The roaring Waters, with a hostile Tide,
 Rush thro' the Ruins of her gaping Side.—
 Mean time the Sky descends in Sheets of Rain :
 You'd think all Heav'n were pouring on the Main :
 One rising, falling one, the Heav'ns and Sea
 Meet at their Confines in the middle Way.
 The Sails are drunk with Show'rs, and drop with Rain,
 Sweet Waters mingle with the briny Main.
 No Star appears to lend it's friendly Light ;
 Darkness and Tempest make a double Night.
 But flashing Fires disclose the Deep by turns,
 And while the Lightnings blaze, the Water burns.—*Dryd.*

The bounding Billows now her Deck possess'd :
 And as some Soldier, braver than the rest,

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Who

402 TEMPESTAS MARIS. NAUFRAGIUM.

Cum sæpe affluit defensæ mœnibus urbis,
 Spe potitur tandem : laudisque accensus amore,
 Inter mille viros, murum tamen occupat unus.
 Sic ubi pulsarunt acres latera ardua fluctus,
 Vastius insurgens decimæ ruit impetus undæ :
 Nec prius abstinit fessam oppugnare carinam,
 Quam velut in captæ descendat mœnia havis.
 Pars igitur tentabat adhuc invadere pinum :
 Pars maris intus erat. Trepidant haud segnius omnes,
 Quam solet urbs, aliis murum fodientibus extra,
 Atque aliis murum, trepidare, tenentibus intus.
 Deficit ars : animique cadunt : totidémque videntur,
 Quot veniunt fluctus, ruere atque irrumpere mortes.

Non tenet hic lachrymas : stupet hic : vocat ille beatos
 Funera quos maneat : hic votis numen adorat :
 Brachiaque ad cœlum, quod non vidit, irrita tollens
 Poscit opem : subeunt illi fratresque, parénsque :
 Huic cum pignoribus domus, & quod cuique relictum est.

Frangitur incursu nimborum turbinis arbor :
 Frangitur & regimen : spoliisque animosa superstans
 Unda, velut victrix, sinuatas despicit undas.
 Nec levius, quam si quis Athon Pindumve revulsos
 Sede sua totos in apertum everterit æquor,
 Præcipitata ruit : pariterque & pondere & ictu
 Mergit in ima ratem. Cum qua pars magna virorum
 Gurgite pressa gravi, neque in æra reddita, fato
 Functa suo est. Alii partes & membra carinæ
 Trunca tenent. ————— *Ovid. Met. Lib. XI.*

—Venti,

Who oft to scale a City's Wall essays,
 At last succeeds, and fir'd with Hopes of Praise;
 Amongst a thousand gains the Wall alone:
 So, while the rolling Waves come raging on,
 The Hero Tenth, high tow'ring o'er her Sides,
 Claims all the Vessel, and in triumph rides.
 Waves urg'd by Waves the Bark without assail,
 Waves too are got within:—————

The frighted Crew all tremble and look pale:
 As in a City, whose surrounding Wall,
 Part of the Foe is batt'ring to it's fall,
 While part, a Passage forc'd, with Sword in Hand,
 Destruction threaten, and within command.——

Art fails, and Courage falls: no Succour near:

As many Waves, as many Deaths appear.

One weeps and wails, despairing of Relief:

One stupid stands, his Fears congeal his Grief:

One loud laments his miserable State,

And calls those happy whom their Fun'ral wait.

This Wretch with Pray'rs and Vows the Gods adores,

Uplifts his useless Hands,—————

And Aid from Heav'n, from Heav'n unseen, implores:

That on his Friends at home his Thoughts bestows,

His Parents, Brethren, and his dearer Spouse:

His House, his Children, fill Another's Mind;

And each deplores what He shall leave behind.—*Dryd. alc.*

The giddy Ship ran round: The Tempest tore

Her Mast, and over-board the Rudder bore.

One Billow mounts, and with a scornful Brow,

Proud of her Conquest gain'd, insults the Waves below;

Nor lighter falls, than if some Gyant tore

Pindus and *Aibos* with the Freight they bore,

And tofs'd on Seas: press'd with the pond'rous Blow,

Down sinks the Ship within th' Abyss below:

Down with the Vessel sink into the Main

The Many, never more to rise again.

Some few on scatter'd Planks, with fruitless Care,

Lay hold, and swim, but while they swim, despair.—*Dryd.*

404 TEMPESTAS MARIS. NAUFRAGIUM.

———Venti, velut agmine facto,
Quà data porta, ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.
Incubere mari, totumque à sedibus imis
Una Eurúsque Notúsque ruunt, crebérque procellis
Africus : & vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.
Insequitur clamórque virum, stridórque rudentum.
Eripiunt subito nubes cœlúmque diémque
Teucrorum ex oculis : ponto nox incubat atra.
Inponere poli, & crebris micat ignibus æther :
Præsentémque viris intentant omnia mortem.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. I.

———Stridens Aquilone procella
Velum adversa ferit, fluctúsque ad sidera tollit.
Franguntur remi : tum prora avertit, & undis
Dat latus : insequitur cumulo præruptus aquæ mons.——

Ibid.

———Ingens à vertice pontus
In puppim ferit : excutitur pronúsque Magister
Volvitur in caput : ast illam ter fluctus ibidem
Torquet agens circum, & rapidus vorat æquore vortex.——*Id.*

Postquam altum tenuere rates, nec jam amplius ullæ
Apparent terræ : cœlum undique & undique pontus :
Tum mihi cæruleus supra caput astitit imber,
Noctem hyemémque ferens : & inhorruit unda tenebris.
Continuo venti volvunt mare, magnæque surgunt
Æquora : dispersi jactamur gurgite vasto :
Involvere diem nimbi, & nox humida cœlum
Abstulit : ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes.
Excutimur cursu, & cæcis erramus in undis.
Ipse diem noctémque negat discernere cœlo,
Nec meminisse viæ media Palinurus in unda.
Tres adeo incertos cæca caligine soles
Erramus pelago, totidem sine sidere noctes.
Quarto terra die primum se attollere tandem
Visa, aperire procul montes, ac volvere fumum.

Vela

——— Out rush the Winds,
 Thronging, where way they find : with giddy Whirls
 Scour o'er the Lands, and then with Fury fall
 Upon the Sea : East, South, and stormy West,
 Together, from it's lowest Caverns rouse
 The Deep : and roll vast Billows to the Shore.
 Cracking of Cordage, and the Cries of Men
 Succeed : by sudden Clouds the Heavens and Day
 Are ravish'd from the *Trojans* Eyes : Dun Night
 Lies hovering o'er the Sea : loud Thunder rocks
 The Poles : the Sky with nimble Lightning glares :
 And ev'ry Object threatens present Death.—— *Trap.*

——— The Tempest from the North,
 Loud roaring, struck across the Sails, and toss'd
 The Billows to the Stars : the Oars are stav'd :
 The Prow inclines, and on the Surges lays
 It's Side : a Mountain-heap of Waves succeeds.
 From Prow to Stern a mighty Billow strikes
 Full o'er the Ship : the Master, swept from Deck,
 Rolls headlong : her the circling Eddy thrice
 Works round, and swallows in the rapid Gulf.—— *Id.*

Now from the Sight of Land our Gallies move,
 With only Seas around, and Skies above:
 When o'er our Heads descends a Burst of Rain,
 And Night with sable Clouds involves the Main :
 The rustling Winds the foamy Billows raise :
 The scatter'd Fleet is driven several Ways :
 The Face of Heav'n is ravish'd from our Eyes,
 And in redoubled Peals the roaring Thunder flies.
 Cast from our Coast, we wander in the dark :
 No Stars to guide, no point of Land to mark.
 No Difference to the Pilot did appear
 'Twixt Night and Day : nor knew he how to steer.
 Three star-less Nights the doubtful Navy strays,
 We know not whither, and three sunless Days.
 The fourth renews the Light, and from our Shrowds
 We view a rising Land, like distant Clouds :
 The Mountain Tops confirm the pleasing Sight,
 And curling Smoke ascending from their Height.

Vela cadunt, remis insurgimus: haud mora, nautæ
Adnixi torquent spumas, & cærule verrunt.—*Virg. Æn. III.*

SUICIDIUM. Vide Desperatio, Amator perditus.

AT trepida & cæptis immanibus effera Dido,
Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque tremantes
Interfusa genas, & pallidâ morte futurâ,
Interiora domûs irrumpit limina, & altos
Conscendit furibunda rogos, ensémque recludit
Dardanum, non hos quæsitum munus in usus,

Hic, postquam Iliacas vestes notûmque cubile
Conspexit, paullum lachrymis & mente moratâ,
Incubuitque toro, dixitque novissima verba.

Dulces exuviae, dum fata Deusque finebant:
Accipite hanc animam, meque his exsolvite curis.
Vixi, &, quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi:
Et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.
Felix! heu nimium felix! si litora tantum
Numquam Dardaniæ tetigissent nostra carinæ.
Dixit, &, os impressa toro, moriemur inultæ?
Sed moriamur, ait: sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Dixerat: atque illam media inter telia ferro
Collapsam aspiciunt comites, ensémque cruore
Spumantem, sparsasque manus. It clamor ad alta
Atria, concussam bacchatur fama per urbem,
Lamentis geruitque & foemineo ululatu
Tecta fremunt, resonat magnis plangoribus æther—
Æn. Lib. IV.

Imminet æquoribus scopulus: pars ima cavatur
Fluctibus, & tectas defendit ab imbribus undas:

Summa

The Canvas falls : their Oars the Sailors ply :
From their strong Strokes the whirling Waters fly.—*Dryd.*

S U I C I D E . See Despair. Lover desponding.

NOW to the inmost Court fierce *Dido* flies,
And rolls with ghastly Looks her glaring Eyes :
Tho' pale, and shiv'ring, at her purpos'd Doom,
And ev'ry dreadful Thought of Death to come,
Yet many a crimson Flush, with various Grace,
Glows on her Cheek, and kindles in her Face.

Furious she mounts the Pyre, and draws the Sword,
The fatal Present of the *Dardan* Lord :
For no such End bestow'd. The conscious Bed,
And Robes she view'd, and Tears in Silence shed :
Stood still, and paus'd a Moment :—Then she cast
Her Body on the Couch, and spoke her last.

Ye dear, dear Relicks of the Man I lov'd,
While Fate consented, and the Gods approv'd,
Relieve my Woes, this Rage of Love controul,
Take my last Breath, and catch my parting Soul.
My fatal Course is finish'd, and I go
A Ghost majestic to the Realms below :
Happy ! thrice happy ! if the *Dardan* Band
Had never touch'd upon the *Lybian* Land.
Then pressing with her Lips the *Trojan* Bed,
Shall I then die, and unreveng'd ? (she said,)
Yet die I will :—and thus, and thus, I go—
Thus—fly with Pleasure, to the Shades below.

Mean time, the sad Attendants as she spoke,
Beheld her strike, and sink beneath the Stroke.
At once her snowy Hands were purpled o'er, [Pitt.
And the bright Faulchion smok'd with streaming Gore.—

With sudden Shrieks the Palace rings around :
The long, long Cries, from Street to Street resound :
Nothing is heard but Groans and Women's Cries,
And loud Laments re-echo thro' the Skies.— *Id. alt.*

A Rock there stood, whose Side the beating Waves
Had long consum'd, and hollow'd into Caves :

Summa riget, frontemque in apertum porrigit æquor.
 Occupat hunc (vires insania fecerat) Ino :
 Seque super pontum, nullo tardata timore,
 Mittit, onusque suum. Percussa recanduit unda. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

Hectora qui solus, qui ferrum, ignemque, Jovemque
 Sustinuit toties, unam non sustinet iram :
 Invictumque virum vincit dolor. Arripit ensen :
 Et meus hic certè est : An & hunc sibi poscet Ulysses ?
 Hoc, ait, utendum est in me mihi : quique cruore
 Sæpe Phrygum maduit, domini nunc cæde madebit :
 Ne quisquam Ajacem, possit superare, nisi Ajax.

Dixit : & in pectus tum denique vulnera passum
 Qua patuit ferro, letalem condidit ensen :
 Nec valere manus infixum educere telum,
 Expulit ipse cruor. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. XIII.

Libera non ultrà parvâ quàm nocte juventus,
 Consulite extremis angusto tempore rebus.

Vita brevis nulli superest, qui tempus in illâ

Quærendæ sibi mortis habet : nec gloria lethi

Inferior, juvenes, admoto occurrere fato.

Omnibus

The Head shot forwards in a bending Steep,
And cast a dreadful Covert o'er the Deep.
The wretched *Ino*, on Destruction bent,
Climb'd up the Cliff: such Strength her Fury lent:
Thence with her guiltless Boy, who wept in vain,
At one bold Spring she plung'd into the Main.—*Eusden.*

He who could often, and alone, withstand
The Foe, the Fire, and *Jove's* own partial Hand,
Now cannot his un-master'd Grief sustain,
But yields to Rage, to Madness, and Disdain.
Then snatching out his Faulchion, Thou, said He,
Art mine:—or lays *Ulysses* claim to Thee?
O often try'd, and ever trusty Sword,
Now do thy last kind Office to thy Lord:
'Tis *Ajax* who requests thy Aid, to show,
None but himself, himself could overthrow.
He said, and with so good a Will to die,
Did to his Breast the fatal Point apply,
It found his Heart: a Way till then unknown,
Where never Weapon enter'd, but his own.
No Hands could force it thence, so fixt it stood, [*Dryd.*
Till out it rush'd, expell'd by Streams of spouting Blood.—

* My gallant Friends! whom our hard Fates decree,
This Night, this short Night only, to be free:
Think what remains to do, but think with Haste,
E'er the brief Hour of Liberty be past.
Perhaps, reduc'd to this so hard Extream,
Too short, to some, the Date of Life may seem:
Yet know, brave Youths! that none untimely fall,
Whom Death obeys, and comes but when they call.
'Tis true, the neighb'ring Danger waits us nigh:
We meet but that from which we cannot fly:
Yet think not with inferior Praise we die.

* *Vulteius*, one of *Caesar's* Officers, with a thousand Men under his Command, being intercepted by *Pompey's* Party, and unable either to escape, or defend himself, against the Attack which he expected the next Morning, thus encouraged his Soldiers to destroy themselves; which they did accordingly.

Dark

Omnibus incerto venturæ tempore vitæ
 Par animi laus est, & quos speraveris annos
 Perdere, & extremæ momentum abrumpere lucis,
 Accerfas dum fata manu. Non cogitur ullus
 Velle mori: fuga nulla patet: stant undique nostris
 Intenti cives jugulis. decernite lethum,
 Et metus omnis abest. cupias quodcunque necesse est.

Vulteius——poscens jam fata,——
 Ecquis, ait, juvenum est, cujus sit dextra cruore
 Digna meo?——nec plura locuto
 Viscera non unus jamdudum transfigit ensis.
 Collaudat cunctos; sed eum, cui vulnera prima
 Debebat, grato moriens interficit ictu.

Concurrunt alii, totumque in partibus unis
 Bellorum fecere nefas.——

Lucan. Lib. IV.

Æ S T A S. Vide ANNI TEMPORA. ANNUS.

Cancer ad æstivæ fulget fastigia Zonæ,
 Extenditque diem summum, parvoque recessu
 Destruit: & quanto fraudavit tempore noctes,
 In tantum lucēs auget: stat summa per omnes,
 Cum Cererem fragili properat distinguere culmo
 Campus, & in varias distinguunt membra palæstras,
 Et tepidum pelagus jactatis languet in undis.
 Tunc & bella fero tractantur Marte cruenta,
 Nec Scythiam defendit hyems.——

Hic iterum situs est Cancri, cum sidere Phœbus
 Solstitium facit, & summo versatur Olympo.——

Manil. Lib. III.

——Jam

Dark and uncertain is Man's fatal Doom :
 If Years, or only Moments, are to come,
 All is but Dying : he who gives an Hour,
 Or he that gives an Age, gives all that's in his Pow'r.
 Sooner or late, all Mortals know the Grave,
 But to chuse Death distinguishes the Brave.
 Behold where, waiting round, yon hostile Band,
 Our Fellow-Citizens, our Lives demand.
 Prevent we then their cruel Hands, and bleed :—
 Tis but to do what is too sure decreed,
 And where our Fate would drag us on, to lead.

Is there a gen'rous Youth, *Vulturnus* cry'd,
 Whose worthy Sword may pierce your Leader's Side?
 He said : and at the Word, from ev'ry Part,
 An hundred pointed Weapons reach'd his Heart.
 Dying he prais'd 'em all, but him the chief,
 Whose eager Duty brought the first Relief :
 Deep in his Breast he plung'd the deadly Blade,
 And with a grateful Stroke the friendly Gift repaid.
 At once all rush, at once to Death they fly,
 And on each others Swords alternate dye,— *Rowe.*

SUMMER. See SEASONS. YEAR.

IN Heav'n's high Arch, and on the utmost Line
 Of Summer's Progress, *Cancer* seats his Sign :
 There stretches out the greatest Length of Day,
 And then declines, and makes it soon decay :
 But all the Time, which, as he bears the Light,
 He takes from Day, he still returns to Night,
 Then Corn grows yellow on the fruitful Soil,
 And lusty Reapers bear their Arms for Toil :
 Then Seas grow warm, the Flood forbears to roar,
 And Billows languish on the quiet Shore.
 Then *Mars* goes forth, nor is the *Scythian* Coast
 From *Roman* Arms defended by her Frost.

Thus lies the World, when with exalted Ray,
 I' th' Summer Solstice, *Phæbus* bears the Day
 Thro' *Cancer's* Sign, and drives the highest Way.—*Creech.*
 The

———— Jam Procyon furit,
Et stella vefani Leonis,
Sole dies referente ficcòs.

Jam paffor umbras cum grege languido,
Rivúmque feffus quærit, & horridi
Dumeta Sylvani: carétque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.——

Hor. Lib. III. Od. 29.

Rura ferunt melfes calidi cum fideris æftu
Deponit flavas annua terra comas.—*Tibul. Lib. II. El. 1.*

S O L. Vide S O R S.

S O L I S R E G I A.

Regia Solis erat fublimibus alta columnis,
Clara micante auro, flammáſque imitante pyropo:
Cujus ebur nitidum faftigia fuma tegebat:
Argenti bifores radiabant lumine valvæ.
Materiam ſuperabat opus: nam Mulciber illic
Æquora cœlarat medias cingentia terras,
Terrarúmque orbem, cœlúmque quod imminet orbi.

Cæruleos habet unda Deos: Tritona canorum,
Proteáque ambiguum, balænarúmque prementem
Ægæona ſuis immania terga lacertis,
Doridáque, & natas: quarum pars nare videntur,
Pars in mole ſedens virides ficcare capillos:
Piſce vehi quædam. Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diverſa tamen: qualem decet eſſe ſororum.

Terra viros, urbésque gerit, ſylvásque, férásque,
Flumináque, & nymphas, & cætera numina ruris.

Hæc

The Sun is in the *Lion* mounted high :
 The *Syrian* Star
 Barks from afar,
 And with his sultry Breath infects the Sky.
 The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock,
 Beneath the Covert of a Rock,
 And seeks refreshing Riv'lets nigh :
 The *Sylvans* to their Shades retire, [quire :
 Those very Shades and Streams new Shades and Streams re-
 And want a cooling Breeze of Wind to fan the raging
 Fire.—— Dryden.
 Fields Corn produce, when *Syrius*' Star appears,
 And annual Harvests wave their yellow Ears.——

S U N. See C H A N C E.

P A L A C E of the S U N.

T H E Sun's bright Palace, on high Columns rais'd,
 With burnish'd Gold, and flaming Rubies blaz'd :
 The Roof with polish'd Iv'ry was inlaid,
 The folding Doors a silver Light display'd.
 Rich was the Ground on which the Work was wrought,
 But far inferior to the Workman's Thought :
 For in the Portal was display'd on high,
 (The Work of *Vulcan*) a fictitious Sky :
 A waving Sea th' inferior Earth embrac'd,
 And Gods and Goddesses the Waters grac'd.
Egeon here a mighty Whale bestrode :
Triton, and *Proteus*, (the deceiving God)
 With *Doris* here were carv'd, and all her Train :
 Some loosely swimming in the figur'd Main,
 While some on Rocks their dropping Hair divide,
 And some on Fishes thro' the Waters glide.
 Tho' various Features did the Sisters grace,
 A Sister's Likeness was in ev'ry Face.
 On Earth a different Prospect courts the Eyes,
 Men, Towns, and Beasts in distant Prospect rise, [ties.
 And Nymphs, and Streams, and Woods, and rural Dei- }
 High

Hæc super imposita est coeli fulgentis imago ! [Lib. II.
Signaque sex foribus dextris, totidemque sinistris.—Ov. Met.

PHOEBUS.

—————Purpurea velatus veste sedebat
In folio Phoebus claris lucente smaragdis :
A dextra lævæque, Dies, & Mensis, & Annus,
Sæculæque, & positæ spatiis æqualibus Horæ :
Vérque novum stabat cinctum flore coronâ :
Stabat nuda Æstas, & Spicea ferta gerebat :
Stabat & Autumnus calcatis sordidus uvis :
Et glacialis Hyems canos hirsuta capillos. ——— *Ibid.*
Ille ego sum, dixit, qui longum metior annum,
Omnia qui video : per quem videt omnia tellus :
Mundi oculus. ———— Ov. Met. Lib. IV.

CURRUS PHOEBI.

Aureus axis erat, terno aureus, aureâ summæ
Curvatura rotæ : radiorum argenteus ordo.
Per juga chrysolithi, positæque ex ordine gemmæ,
Clara repercussio reddebant lumina Phœbo.
—————Ut terras, mundumque rubescere vidit,
Cornuæque extremæ velut evanescere Lunæ :
Jungere equos Titan velocibus imperat Horis.
Iussa Deæ celeres peragunt : ignemque vomentes
Ambrosiæ succo saturos præsepibus altis
Quadrupedes ducunt : adduntque sonantia fræna.

Interea volucres Pyroëis, & Eous, & Æthon,
Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon, hinnitibus auras
Flammiferis implent, ————

Corripuere viam, pedibusque per aëra motis
Obstantes findunt nebulas, pennisque levati
Prætereunt ortos iisdem de partibus Euros. ———

*Ibid.**Ipsa*

High above all Heav'n's bright Effigies shines;
And on each Gate are fix refulgent Signs.— *Addison.*

PHOEBUS, or the SUN.

In purple Robes sat *Phæbus* on his Throne,
That with the Blaze of lucid Em'ralsd shone.
The Hours, in equal Rows, on either Hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages stand.
There stood the Spring, her Head with Flowers bound;
There Summer, naked, and with Wheat Ears crown'd:
There Autumn, stain'd with purple Juice, appear'd,
And icy Winter, with his hoary Beard.— *Addison alt.*

I am the God who measure out the Year,
The World's vast Eye, of Light the Source serene,
Which all Things sees, by which all Things are seen.—

CHARIOT of the SUN.

Gold was the Axle, and the Beam was Gold:
The Wheels, with silver Spokes, on golden Circles roll'd.
Gems set in Rows adverse, and sparkling bright,
Reflected on the God the dazling Light.

When *Phæbus* saw the Moon's pale Horns withdrawn,
And the World round him red'ning at the Dawn,
He bid the nimble Hours his Steeds array
With Harness: strait the Goddesses obey:
From their high Mangers with *Ambrosia* fed,
And breathing Flame, the gen'rous Beasts they led:
And fit the ratling Bridles.—

Mean while hot *Pyroeis*, with *Eōus* join'd,
With *Æthon* Fleet, and *Phlegon* wild as Wind,
The Sun's swift Steeds, each other's Rage provoke,
Neighing aloud, and snorting Fire and Smoke.— *Trapp.*

They spring together forth, and swiftly bear
Their rapid Course thro' Clouds and yielding Air:
With winged Speed outstrip the Eastern Wind,
And leave the Breezes of the Morn behind.— *Dryden.*
The

Ipsc Dei elypeus, terra cum tollitur ima;
 Mane rubet : terræque rubet, cum eonditur ima;
 Candidus in summo est : melior natura quod illic
 Ætheris est, terræque procul contagia vitat.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

Axe sub Hesperio sunt pascua Solis equorum :
 Ambrosia pro gramine habent : ea fessa diurnis
 Membra ministeriis nutrit, reparatque labori.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

SUPERSTITIO.

QUIS nescit———qualia demens
 Egyptus portenta colat? Crocôdilon adorat
 Pars hæc : illa pavet saturam serpentibus Ibin.
 Effigies sacri nitet aurea Cercopithecî,
 Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnonæ chordæ,
 Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.
 Illic cœruleos, hic piscem fluminis, illic
 Oppida tota canem venerantur, nemo Dianam.
 Porrum & cæpe nefas violare, aut frangere morsu.

O sanctas gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis
 Numina! lanatis animalibus abstinet omnis
 Mensa. Nefas illic foetum jugulare capellæ :
 Carnibus humanis vesci licet.———

Juv. Sat. XV.

Pallida Cecropidæ, Minoia Creta Dianam,
 Vulcanum tellus Hypsipylæa colit.
 Junonem Spartæ, Pelopeiadésque Mycenæ,
 Pinnigerum Fauni Moenalis ora caput.
 Mars Latio venerandus.———

Ovid. Fast. Lib. III.

Quidam

The Disk of *Phæbus*, when he climbs on high,
Appears at first but as a bloodshot Eye:
And when his Chariot downward drives to Bed,
His Ball is with the same Suffusion red:
But mounted high in his meridian Race,
All bright he shines, and with a fairer Face:
For there, pure Particles of *Ether* flow,
Far from th' Infection of the World below. — *Dryden*.

In pleasant Vales, beneath th' *Hesperian* Sky,
For the Sun's fiery Steeds green Pastures lie:
Ambrosia there they eat, and thence they gain
New Vigour, and their daily Toils sustain. — *Eusden*.

SUPERSTITION.

HOW EGYPT, mad with Superstition grown,
Makes Gods of Monsters, but too well is known:
One Sect Devotion to *Nile's Serpent* pays,
Others to *Ibis*, that on Serpents preys.
Where, *Thebes*, thy hundred Gates lie unrepair'd,
And where maim'd *Memnon's* magic Harp is heard,
Amidst their Ruins, wondrous to behold,
A *Monkey's* sacred Statue glows with Gold.
Fish-Gods you'll meet, with Fins and Scales o'ergrown: }
Diana's Dog's ador'd in ev'ry Town: }
The *Dog* has Temples, but the Goddess none!
'Tis mortal Sin an *Onion* to devour,
Each Clove of *Garlick* is a sacred Power.
Religious Nations sure, and blest Abodes,
Where ev'ry Orchard is o'er-run with Gods!
To kill, is Murder, Sacrilege to eat
A Kid, or Lamb:—Man's Flesh is lawful Meat.—*Tate alt.*

Athena does *PALLAS*, *CYNTHIA* *Crete* adore,
VULCAN is pray'd to on the *Lemnian* Shore,
Altars to *JUNO* are at *Sparta* rais'd,
FAUNUS th' *Arcadians* worship, — }
And *MARS*, at *Latium*, is the God that's prais'd. — }

Quidam fortiti metuentem Sabbata patrem,
Nil præter nubes, & cœli numen adorant :
Nec distare putant humanâ carne fuillam.

Romanas autem soliti contemnere leges,
Judaicum ediscunt, & servant, ac metuunt jus,
Tradidit arcano quodcunque volumine Moses :

Non monstrare vias, eadem nisi sacra colenti :
Quæsitum ad fontem solos deducere verpos.

Sed pater in causâ, cui septima quæque fuit lux
Ignava, & partem vitæ non attingit ullum.

Juv. Sat. XIV.

————— Simulacrâque mœsta Deorum
Arte carent, cæsisque extant informia truncis.
Ipse situs, putrique facit jam robore pallor
Attonitos : non vulgatis sacrata figuris
Numina sic metuunt : tantum terroribus addit,
Quos timeant non nosse Deos. —————

Lucan. Lib. III.

————— Cum stabulis & messibus ingens
Ira Deum, & Calabri populator Sirius arvi
Incubuit : coit agrestum manus inscia priscum
In nemus, & miseris dictat pia vota Sacerdos. —————

Val. Flac. Arg. Lib. I.

Inter finitimos vetus atque antiqua simulas,
Immortale odium, & nunquam sanabile vulnus
Ardet adhuc Ombos & Tentyra : summus utrinque
Inde furoi vulgo, quod Numina vicinorum

The *Jews*, like their bigotted Sires before,
Do nothing but the * Clouds and Heav'n adore :
So superstitious, that they'll sooner dine
Upon the Flesh of Men, than that of Swine.
Our *Roman* Customs they despise and jeer,
But learn and keep their Country *Rites* with Fear.
That Worship only they in Rev'rence have,
Which in dark Volumes their great *Moses* gave.
Ask 'em the Road, and they shall point you wrong,
Because you do not to their Tribe belong.
They'll not betray a Spring to quench your Thirst,
Unless you shew 'em Circumcision first.
So they are taught, and do it to obey
Their Fathers, who devote the Seventh Day
To Idleness, nor will thereon perform
The least Concern of Life.——— *Dryden junr.*

Old Images, of Form mishapen, stand,
Rude and unknowing of the Artist's Hand :
With hoary Filth begrim'd each ghastly Head
Strikes the astonish'd Gazer's Soul with Dread.
No Gods, who long in common Shapes appear'd,
Were e'er with such religious Awe rever'd :
But zealous Crowds in Ignorance adore,
And still the less they know, they fear the more.—*Rowe.*

When the bright Dog-Star o'er *Calabria* reigns,
And parches with excessive Heat her Plains,
The stupid Peasants, struck with annual Fear,
Assembled in some ancient Grove appear :
In superstitious Rites they pass the Day,
And, as the Priest directs, the Wretches pray.——

Ombus and *Tentyr*, neighb'ring Towns, of late
Broke into Outrage of deep-fester'd Hate :
A Grudge in both, Time out of Mind begun,
Was mutually bequeath'd from Sire to Son.
Religious Spight and pious Spleen bred first
This Quarrel, which the headstrong Bigots nurs'd.

* *Juvenal* probably alludes to God's Presence in the Cloud upon Mount *Sinai*.

Odit uterque locus : cum solos credat habendos
 Esse Deos, quos ipse colit. ————— *Juv. Sat. XV.*

Primus in orbe Deos fecit timor : ardua coelo
 Fulmina cum caderent, discussaque mœnia flammis,
 Atque ictus flagraret Athos, mox Phoebus ad ortus
 Lustrata dejectus humo, Lunæque senectus,
 Et reparatus honos : hinc signa effusa per orbem,
 Et permutatis disjunctus mensibus annus
 Projecit vitium hoc : atque error jussit inanis
 Agricolas primos Cereri dare messis honores :
 Palmitibus plenis Bacchum vincere : Palémque
 Pastorum gaudere manus. Natat obrutus omni
 Neptunus demersus aqua : Pallásque cavernas
 Vindicat. Et voti reus, & qui vendidit orbem,
 Jam sibi quisque Deos avido certamine fingit. —

Petron. Arb.

Ecce avia, aut metuens Divum matertera, cunis
 Exemit puerum, frontemque atque uda labella
 Infami digito, & lustralibus antè salivis
 Expiat, urentes oculos inhibere perita. —

Perf. Sat. II.

Jupiter, ingentes qui das adimisque dolores,
 Mater, ait, pueri menses jam quinque cubantis,
 Frigida si puerum quartana reliquerit : illo
 Manè die, quo tu indicis jejunia, nudus
 In Tiberi stabit. —————

————— Casus, medicòsve levarit
 Ægrum ex præcipiti : Mater delira necabit
 In gelidâ fixum ripâ, februmque reducet.

Quònt

Each calls the Other's God a senseless Stock,
His own divine.

Tate.

From servile Fear the fancy'd Gods first came ;
For when the Lightnings, with impetuous Flame,
Proud Walls beat down, and lofty *Athos* fir'd,
Religious Horror ev'ry Breast inspir'd :
Lustrations strait were paid the radiant Sun,
And changing *Cynthia* heav'nly Honours won.
Hence Idol-Crowds the tim'rous World o'erflow'd,
And not one Month but had its Patron God.
By such an Impotence of Mind betray'd,
The Swain to *Ceres* Autumn-Honours paid :
Bacchus was crown'd with Clusters of the Vine,
And from the Sheep-Cote *Pales* grew divine :
Neptune was set to rule the Ocean's Tide,
And *Pallas* o'er deep Caverns to preside.
Each, as his Guilt or Av'rice prompts Deceit,
Invents new Gods, and aids the pious Cheat.—*Addison* jun.

Our *Superstitions* with our Life begin :
The good old Grandame, or the next of Kin,
The new-born Infant from the Cradle takes,
And of her Spittle a Lustration makes :
Then in the Spawl her middle Finger dips,
And dawbs the Temples, Forehead, and the Lips,
Of *Evil Eyes* the Mischiefs to prevent,
By Virtue of her nasty Excrement.—

Dryden.

The Mother, whose dear Son has lain oppress'd
By a cold *Quartan*, half a Year at least,
Gets up betimes, and prays ;—O mighty *Jove* !
Who dost Diseases bring, and dost remove,
If Thou wilt stop the Fits, restore my Joy,
And spare the Body of my lovely Boy,
At thy next solemn Fast, Thou gracious God !
I'll set him naked in cold *Tiber's* Flood.
And, now, let Chance, or Nature's Strength release,
Or Physick's Force suppress the long Disease,
The frantic Mother will perform her Vow,
And her weak Son into the *Tiber* throw :

422 NATATIO. DELIQUIUM ANIMI.

Quóne malo mentem concussa? timore Deorum.—

Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 3.

NATATIO.

HUC it: & hinc illuc: & in alludentibus undis
Summa pedum, taloque tenus vestigia tingit.
Nec mora: temperie blandarum captus aquarum,
Mollia de tenero velamina corpore ponit.
Ille, cavis velox applauso corpore palmis,
Defilit in latices: alternaque brachia ducens
In liquidis translucet aquis: ut eburnea si quis
Signa tegat claro, vel candida lilia, vitro.—

Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.

Mox, ut erat, pharetrâque gravis, spolióque leonis,
(Nam clavam, & curvos trans ripam miserat arcus)
Quandoquidem coepi, superentur flumina, dixit.
Nec dubitat: nec, qua sit clementissimus amnis,
Quærit: & obsequio deferri spernit aquarum.—

Ovid. Met. Lib. IX.

DELIQUIUM ANIMI.

—**N**Otavit
Deformem pallore ducem, vultûsq; prementem
Canitiem, atque atro squalentes pulvere vestes.
Obvia nox miseræ cœlum, lucémque tenebris
Abstulit, atque animam clausit dolor: omnia nervis
Membra relicta labant: riguerunt corda: diúque
Spe mortis depressa jacet.—

Lucan. Lib. VII.

—Suscipiunt famulæ, collapsaque membra
Marmoreo referent thalamo, stratisque reponunt.—

Æn. Lib. IV.

—Uti

The Cold brings a Relapse, and kills the Lad :
And hath not *Superstition* made her mad?—*Creech* alter'd.

SWIMMING.

P Layful, and wanton, to the Stream he trips,
And dips his Foot, and shivers as he dips :
The Coolness pleas'd him, and with eager Haste,
His airy Garment on the Bank he cast.
Now, all undrest, upon the Shore he stood,
And clap'd his Sides, and leapt into the Flood :
His skilful Limbs the limpid Waves divide,
And shine more lovely thro' the silver Tide :
As iv'ry Figures which the Life surpass,
Or Lillies cover'd with a Chrystal Glass.—*Addison* alter'd.
Cloath'd, as * he stood, in the fierce Lion's Hide,
The laden Quiver o'er his Shoulders ty'd,
(For cross the Stream his Bow and Club were cast)
Swift he plung'd in : These Billows shall be past,
He said : nor sought where smoother Waters glide,
But stem'd the Dangers of the rapid Tide.— *Gay.*

SWOONING.

—**T**HE Chief she knew,
Tho' mournful all, and ghastly was his Hue :
Rude, o'er his Face, his hoary Locks were grown,
And Dust obscene was cast upon his Gown.
She saw ; and fainting, sunk in sudden Night :
Grief stop'd her Breath, and shut out loathsome Light :
The loos'ning Nerves no more their Force exert,
And Motion ceas'd within the freezing Heart :
Death kindly seem'd her Wishes to obey, [alt.
And, stretch'd upon the Ground, a Coarse she lay.—*Rowe*
—Her Maids support
Her Body, as she sinks into their Arms
And lay her fainting on the Royal Bed.— *Trap.*

* *Hercules.*

424 TEMPERANTIA. COELUM TURBIDUM.

— Ubi vehementi magis est commota metu mens,
Consentire animam totam per membra videmus :
Sudores itaque & pallorem existere toto
Corpore, & infringi linguam, vocemque oboriri,
Caligare oculos, sonere aureis, succidere artus.—

Lucret. Lib. III.

TEMPERANTIA. Vide Prodigalitas. Gula.
Luxuria.

QUÆ virtus, & quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo !

— — — Hic sermo præcepit Ofellus
Rusticus, abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minervâ.

— Leporem sectatus, equòve lassus —

Cùm labor extuderit fastidia ; siccus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem. — Foris est Promus, & atrum
Defendens pisces hyemat mare : cum sale panis
Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. Unde, putas, aut
Quo partum ? Non in caro nidore voluptas

Summa, sed in te ipso est. — *Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 2.*

Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ, quantaque secum
Afferat. In primis valeas bene : nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius escæ,
Quæ simplex olim tibi federat. At simul assis
Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis,
Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. —

Ibid.

COELUM TURBIDUM. Vide TEMPESTAS COELI.

— JAM claustra regentis
Æoliæ percussâ sonant, venturaque rauco
Ore minatur hyems, venti transversa frementes
Configunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt,
Dum cœlum sibi quisque rapit. Sed plurimus Auster
Inglomerat noctem, & tenebrosa volumina torquet,
Defunditque imbres : sicco quos asper hiatu

Perfoliat

When Fear's strong Agonies the Mind oppress,
Each suffering Member shews the Soul's Distress :
Cold Sweats and Paleness o'er the Body rise,
And Speech and Voice the failing Tongue denies ;
With Noise the Ears are fill'd ; the Eyes grow dim ;
And Tremblings seize on ev'ry languid Limb.—

TEMPERANCE. See Extravagance. Gluttony.
Luxury.

WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a cheerful Heart !
Hear *Bethel's* Sermon, one not vers'd in Schools,
But strong in Sense, and wise without the Rules.
Go work, hunt, exercise ; (he thus began,)
Then scorn a homely Dinner if You can.
Your Wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,
Or kept from Fish, (the River yet unthaw'd,)
If then plain Bread and Milk will do the Feat,
The Pleasure lies in You, and not the Meat.— *Pope.*

Now hear what Blessings Temperance can bring.
First Health : The Stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry Dish,
A Tomb of boil'd, and roast, and Flesh, and Fish,
Where Bile, and Wind, and Phlegm, and Acid jar,
And all the Man is one intestine War,)
Remembers oft the School-Boy's simple Fare,
The temp'rate Sleeps, and Spirits light as Air.— *Id.*

TEMPEST. See STORM at LAND.

AT once the rushing Winds with roaring Sound
Burst from th' *Aolian* Caves, and rend the Ground,
With equal Rage their airy Quarrel try,
And win by turns the Kingdom of the Sky :
But with a thicker Night black *Auster* shrouds
The Heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling Clouds :
From whose dark Womb a rattling Tempest pours,
Which the cold North congeals to haily Show'rs.

Perfolidat Boreas. Nec non abrupta tremiscunt
 Fulgura, & attritus subita face rumpitur æther.
 Jam Nemea, jam Tænareis contermina lucis
 Arcadiæ capita alta madent : ruit agmine facto
 Inachus, & gelidas surgens Erasinus ad Arctos.
 Pulverulenta prius, calcandâque flumina nullæ
 Aggeribus tenuere moræ : —————
 Frangitur omne nemus : rapiunt antiqua procellæ
 Brachia sylvarum. —————

Ille tamen modo saxa jugis fugientia ruptis
 Miratur, modo nubigenas è montibus amnes
 Aure pavens, passimque insano turbine raptas
 Pastorum pecorûmque domos. ——— Stat. Theb. Lib. I.

Qualis ubi ad terras abrupto fidere nimbus
 It mare per medium : miseris, heu, præscia longe
 Horrescunt corda agricolis, dabit ille ruinas
 Arboribus, stragémque satis, ruet omnia late.
 Antevolant, sonitûmque ferunt ad litora venti. ———

Æn. Lib. XII.

G R A T E S.

O Sola infandos Trojæ miserata labores !
 Quæ nos, reliquias Danaûm, terræque marisque
 Omnibus exhaustos jam casibus, omnium egenos,
 Urbe, domo socias. Grates persolvere dignas
 Non opis est nostræ, Dido : nec quicquid ubique est
 Gentis Dardaniæ, magnum quæ sparsa per orbem :
 Dii tibi (si qua pios respectant numina, si quid
 Usquam justitiæ est) & mens sibi conscia recti,
 Præmia digna ferant. —————

Æn. Lib. I.

——Ego

From Pole to Pole the Thunder roars aloud,
 And broken Lightnings flash from ev'ry Cloud.
 Now smoaks with Show'rs the misty Mountain-Ground,
 And floated Fields lie undistinguish'd round :
 Th' *Inacbian* Streams with headlong Fury run,
 And *Erasinus* rolls a Deluge on.
 Where late was Dust, now rapid Torrents play,
 Rush thro' the Mounds, and bear the Dams away :
 Old Limbs of Trees from crackling Forests torn,
 Are whirl'd in Air, and on the Winds are born.
 Frighted, he hears the bursting of the Sky,
 Sees yawning Rocks in massy Fragments fly,
 And views astonish'd from the Hill afar,
 The Floods descending and the watry War,
 That driv'n by Storms, and pouring o'er the Plain,
 Swept Herds, and Hinds, and Houses to the Main.—*Pope.*

—————As when a Storm to Land,
 By some tempestuous Constellation rais'd,
 Thro' the mid Ocean rolls : With sad Presage
 The Peasants shudder at the distant Noise,
 Foreboding Corn laid flat, and Trees o'erturn'd,
 And universal Ruin spread around :
 The Winds before it fly, and to the Shore
 Waft the hoarse Murmur.————— *Trap.*

T H A N K S.

O You, who only with Compassion see
Troy's endless Toils, receive Us for Allies,
 And in this City yield a safe Retreat
 To Us, the Reliques of the *Greeks*, fatigu'd
 With all the Hazards of the Land, and Sea,
 Of all Things indigent : Due Thanks to pay
 Is not in Us, nor whatfoe'er remains
 Of *Trojan* Race dispers'd thro' all the World.
 The Gods to You (if Virtue be their Care,
 And any Justice yet remain) the Gods,
 And your own Mind self conscious of the Right,
 Equal Rewards shall give.—————

Trap.
 Your

———Ego te, quæ plurima fando
Enumerare vales, nunquam, Regina, negabo
Promeritam : nec me meminisse pigebit Ælisæ,
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.———

Æn. Lib. IV.

Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominûmque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt :
Ploravêre suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis.———

Hor. Lib. II. Epist. I.

S I T I S.

J Amque inopes undæ primûm tellure refosâ
Occultos latices, abstrusâque flumina quærunt :
Nec solum rastris, durisque ligonibus arva,
Sed gladiis fodere suis : puteûsque cavati
Montis ad irrigui premitur fastigia campi.
Non se tam penitus, tam longè luce relictâ
Merserit Asyrii scrutator pallidus auri.

Non tamen aut tectis sonuerunt cursibus amnes,
Aut micuere novi, percusso pumice, fontes :
Antra nec exiguo stillant sudantia rore,
Aut impulsâ levi turbatur glareâ venâ.

Tunc exhausta super multo sudore juvenus
Extrahitur, duris silicum lassata metallis :
Quoque minûs possent siccos tolerare vapores,
Quæsitæ, fecistis, aquæ. Nec languida fessi
Corpora sustentant epulis, mensâsque perosi
Auxilium fecere famem.——— Si mollius arvom
Prodidit humorem, pingues manus utraque glebas

Exprimit

Your Favours great, and numerous, conferr'd
On me, fair Queen, you justly may recount,
Nor shall I once deny : nor e'er forget
Eliza, while I'm mindful of my self :
While Life inspires this Frame.—— *Id.*

Bacchus, *Quirinus*, and the Sons of *Jove*,
Whose Virtues rais'd them to the Gods above,
Whilst here they liv'd, check'd War's destructive Rage,
Built Towns, made Laws, and civiliz'd the Age ;
Complain'd that from the very Times they serv'd,
They met far less Respect than they deserv'd.— *Anon. alt.*

T H I R S T.

NOW, wanting Water, every Place they try,
And both the delving Spade and Sword employ :
Earth's Bosom dark, laborious they explore,
And search the Sources of her liquid Store.
Deep in the hollow Hill the Well descends,
Till level with the moister Plain it ends :
Not lower down from chearful Day decline
The pale *Assyrians*, in the golden Mine.
In vain they toil, no secret Streams are found
To roll their murm'ring Tides beneath the Ground :
No bursting Springs repay the Workman's Stroke,
Nor glitt'ring gush from out the wounded Rock ;
No sweating Caves in dewy Droppings stand,
No slender Rills run gurgling o'er the Sand.
Spent and exhausted with the fruitless Pain,
The fainting Youth ascend to Earth again :
And now, less patient of the Drought they grow,
Than in those cooler Depths of Earth below.
No sav'ry Viands crown the chearful Board,
Ev'n Food for want of Water stands abhorr'd :
To Hunger's meager Refuge they retreat,
And since they cannot drink, refuse to eat.
Where yielding Clods a moister Clay confess,
With griping Hands the clammy Glebe they press :
Where-e'er

Exprimit ora super. Nigro si turbida limo
 Colluvies immota jacet, cadit omnis in haustus
 Certatim obscenos miles: moriensque recepit,
 Quas nollet victurus, aquas: ritumque ferarum
 Distentas siccant pecudes, & lacte negato,
 Sordidus exhausto sorbetur ab ubere sanguis.
 Tunc herbas, frondisque terunt, & rore madentes
 Distringunt ramos: & siquos palmitum crudo,
 Arboris aut tenera succos pressere medulla.——

——— Torrentur viscera flammâ
 Oraque sicca rigent squamosis aspera linguis.
 Jam marcent venæ, nulloque humore rigatus
 Aëris alternos angustat pulmo meatus,
 Rescisioque nocent suspiria dura palato.
 Pandunt ora siti, nocturnumque aëra captant.
 Expectant imbres, quorum modo cuncta natabant
 Impulsu, & siccis vultus in nubibus hærent.——

Lucan. Lib. IV.

Ut primùm justæ placuerunt foedera pacis,
 Incustoditos decurrit Miles ad amnes.
 Incumbit ripis, permissaque flumina turbat:
 Continuus multis subitarum tractus aquarum
 Aëra non passus vacuis discurrere venis,
 Arctavit, clausitque animam: nec fervida pestis
 Cedit adhuc, sed morbus egens jam gurgite plenis
 Visceribus sibi poscit aquas. Mox robora nervis,
 Et vires rediere viris.———

Ibid.

TONITRU

Where-e'er the standing Puddle loathsome lies,
 Thither in Crowds the thirsty Soldier flies:
 Horrid to Sight, the miry Filth they quaff'd,
 And drain'd, with dying Jaws, the deadly Draught.
 Some seek the bestial Mothers for Supply,
 And draw the Herds extended Udders dry:
 Till Thirst, unsated with the milky Store,
 With lab'ring Lips sucks in the putrid Gore.
 Some strip the Leaves, and suck the Morning Dews:
 Some grind the Bark, the woody Branches bruise,
 And squeeze the Sapling's unconcocted Juice.——

With secret Flames their with'ring Entrails burn,
 And fiery Breathings from their Lungs return:
 The shrinking Veins contract their purple Flood,
 And urge, laborious, on the beating Blood:
 The heaving Sighs thro' straiter Passes blow,
 And scorch the painful Palate as they go:
 The parch'd rough Tongue Night's humid Vapour draws,
 And restless rolls within the clammy Jaws:
 With gaping Mouths they wait the falling Rain,
 And want those Floods that lately spread the Plain:
 Vainly to Heav'n they turn their longing Eyes,
 And fix 'em on the dry relentless Skies.——

Rowe.

The Truce on equal Terms at length agreed,
 The Waters from the watchful Guard are freed.
 Eager to drink, down rush the thirsty Crowd,
 Hang o'er the Banks, and trouble all the Flood.
 Some, while too quick the fatal Draughts they drain,
 Forget the gasping Lungs that heave in vain:
 No breathing Air the choaking Channels fill,
 But ev'ry Spring of Life at once stands still.
 Some drink, nor yet the fervent Pest assuage,
 With wonted Fires their bloated Entrails rage:
 With bursting Sides each Bulk enormous heaves,
 While still for Drink th' insatiate Fever craves.
 At length returning Health dispers'd the Pain,
 And lusty Vigour strung the Nerves again.——

Id.

THUNDER

TONITRUM & FULGUR. Vide CYCLOPS.

— **C**UI non animus formidine Divum
 Contrahitur? cui non conrepunt membra pavore,
 Fulminis horribili cum plaga torrida tellus
 Contremit, & magnum percurrunt murmura cœlum?
 Non populi, gentesque tremunt? regesque superbi
 Conripiunt Divum perculsi membra timore,
 Ne quod ob admissum fœdè, dictumve superbè
 Poenarum grave sit solvendi tempus adactum? —

Lucret. Lib. V.

————— Tonitru quatiuntur cœrula cœli,
 Propterea, quia concurrunt sublime volantes
 Ætheriæ nubes contra pugnantibu' ventis.
 Nec fit enim sonitus cœli de parte serena,
 Verùm ubicunque magis denso sunt agmine nubes,
 Tam magis hinc magno fremitus fit murmure sæpe. —

Lucret. Lib. VI.

Fulgit item, nubes ignis cùm semina multa
 Excussere suo concursu, ceu lapidem si
 Percutiat lapis, aut ferrum: nam tum quoque lumen
 Exsilit, & claras scintillas diffusat ignis.
 Sed Tonitrum fit, uti post auribus accipiamus,
 Fulgere quàm cernant oculi, quia semper ad aureis
 Tardiùs adveniunt, quàm visum quæ moveant res. —

Ibid.

FLUXUS & REFLUXUS MARIS.

Qualis ubi alterno procurrens gurgite pontus
 Nunc ruit ad terras, scopulosque superjacet undam
 Spumeus, extremamque sinu perfundit arenam:
 Nunc rapidus retro atque aestu revoluta resorbens
 Saxa, fugit, litusque vado labente relinquit. —

Æn. Lib. XI.

Quaque

THUNDER and LIGHTNING. See CYCLOPS.

WHAT Mind's unshaken? and what Soul not aw'd?
 And who not thinks the angry Gods abroad?
 Whose Limbs don't shrink, when dreadful Thunder hurl'd,
 Roars in the Clouds, and shakes the frighted World?
 What do not Cities, do not Nations fear,
 When dismal Desolation seems so near?
 Then do not Tyrant Kings, and haughty Lords,
 Repent their wicked Deeds, and boasting Words?
 Do they not tremble at approaching Doom,
 And fear their dreaded Punishment is come?— *Creech* alt.

———— The dreadful Thunder roars aloud,
 When fighting Winds drive heavy Cloud on Cloud:
 For where the Heaven is clear, the Sky serene,
 No dreadful Thunder's heard, no Lightning seen,
 But where the Clouds are thick, there Thunders rise,
 Exert their Rage, and roar along the Skies.— *Id.*

Quick Lightning flies, when heavy Clouds rush on,
 And strike, as Steel and Flint, or Stone and Stone:
 For then small Sparks appear, and scatter'd Light
 Breaks swiftly forth, and wakes the sleepy Night.

The Flash first strikes the Eye, and then we hear
 The Clap, which does more slowly reach the Ear:
 For Light, and Images of Things, still fly
 More swift than Sound, and quicker strike the Eye.— *Id.*

T I D E S.

AS when the Ocean, with alternate Tide,
 Now rushes to the Beach, and o'er the Rocks
 Tosses the Waves, and to th' extreamest Sand
 Dashes it's curling Foam: Now reflux rolls
 With rapid Ebb, sucks back the rattling Stones,
 Flies from the Shelves, and naked leaves the Shore.—

Trap.

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F f

Wash'd

Quaque jacet littus dubium, quod terra, fretumque
 Vendicat, alternis vicibus cum funditur ingens
 Oceanus, vel cum refugis se fluctibus aufert.
 Ventus ab extremo pelagus sic axe volutet,
 Destituatque ferens : an fidere mota secundo
 Tethyos unda vagæ lunaribus æstuet horis :
 Flammiger an Titan ut alentes hauriat undas,
 Erigat Oceanum, fluctusque ad sidera tollat,
 Quærite, quos agitat mundi labor : at mihi semper
 Tu quæcunque moves tam crebros causa meatus,
 Ut superi voluere, late. ————— *Lucan. Lib. I.*

T E M P U S.

T Empus item per se non est : sed rebus ab ipsis
 Consequitur sensus, transactum quid sit in ævo :
 Tum quæ res instet, quid porro deinde sequatur :
 Nec per se quemquam Tempus sentire fatendu 'st
 Semotum ab rerum motu, placidæque quiete. —————
Lucret. Lib. I.

————— Nihil est toto quod perftet in Orbe.
 Cuncta fluunt : omnisque vagans formatur Imago.
 Ipsa quoque assiduo labuntur tempora motu,
 Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,
 Nec levis hora potest : sed ut unda impellitur unda,
 Urgeturque prior veniente, urgetque priorem,
 Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur :
 Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit antè, relictum est :
 Fitque, quod haud fuerat : momentaque cuncta novantur. —
Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

Labitur occultè, fallitque volatilis ætas :
 Et nihil est annis velocius. ————— *Ovid. Met. Lib. X.*
 T E M P U S

Wash'd with successive Seas, the doubtful Strand
 By turns is Ocean, and by turns is Land.
 Whether the Winds in distant Regions blow,
 Moving the World of Waters to and fro:
 Or waning Moons their settled Periods keep
 To swell the Billows, and ferment the Deep;
 Or the tir'd Sun, his Vigour to supply,
 Raises the floating Mountains to the Sky,
 And flakes his Thirst within the mighty Tide,
 Do You who study Nature's Works decide:
 Whilst I the dark mysterious Cause admire,
 Nor, into what the Gods conceal, presumptuously en-
 quire. ——— *Addison.*

T I M E.

T I M E of itself is Nothing: but from Thought
 Receives it's Rise, by lab'ring Fancy wrought
 From Things consider'd; while we think on some
 As present, some as past, and some to come.
 For none can think of Time, must be confess'd,
 Without considering Things, in Motion, or at Rest. ———
Creech alter'd.

In all the World there's Nothing at a Stay:
 Like Shadows, Things appear, and pass away:
 Ev'n Time itself still hastens to be gone,
 Like some swift River always rolling on:
 The rapid Stream for ever forward flows;
 Time does the same, nor any Stoppage knows.
 As Waves urg'd on by Waves no Rest can find,
 Each driving that before, and drove by that behind;
 So Moments other Moments fast pursue,
 For ever changing, and for ever new:
 What's just now past we never more shall see,
 Nor what is present shall hereafter be,
 But new shall still succeed, thro' all Eternity. ——— }

Time glides along with undiscover'd Haste,
 And mocks our Hopes: no Wings can fly so fast. ———

TEMPUS edax rerum. Vide MUTATIO.

TEmpus edax rerum, tuque, invidiosa senectus,
Omnia destruitis : vitiataque dentibus ævi
Paulatim lentâ consumitis omnia morte.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

Ferreus assiduo consumitur annulus usu :

Interit assidua vomer aduncus humo :

Quid magis est durum saxo ? quid mollius unda ?

Dura tamen molli saxa cavantur aquâ.—*Ovid. Art. L. I.*

Quin etiam, multis Solis redeuntibus annis,

Annulus in digito subtertenuatur habendo:

Stillicidii casus lapidem cavat : uncus aratri

Ferreus occultè decrescit vomer in arvis :

Strataque jam volgi pedibus detrita viarum

Saxea conspiciamus.——

Lucret. Lib. I.

——Non Lapides quoque vinci cernis ab ævo ?

Non altas turreis ruere, & putrescere Saxa ?

Non delubra Deûm, Simulacrâque fessa fatisci ?

Nec sanctum Numen fati protollere sineis

Possè ? Neque adversus Naturæ foedera niti ?

Denique non Monumenta virûm dilapsa videmus

Cedere proporrò, subitòque senescere casu ?—— *Luc. L. V.*

Mutat enim mundi naturam totius ætas,

Neu manet ulla sui similis res : omnia migrant,

Omnia commutat Natura, & vertere cogit.

Namque aliud putrescit, & ævo debile languet :

Porro aliud concrescit, & è contemptibus exit.—— *Ibid.*

Utendum est ÆTATE. Vide Mora. Memor
esto Mortis. Opportunitas.

VEnturæ memores jam nunc estote senectæ

Sic nullum vobis tempus abibit iners.

Dum licet, & veros etiam nunc editis annos,

Ludite : eunt anni more fluentis aquæ.

Nec quæ præteriit, rursus revocabitur unda :

Nec quæ præteriit, hora, redire potest.

Utendum

T I M E wears out all Things. See CHANGE.

TH Y Teeth, devouring Time! thine, envious Age!
 On Things below still exercise your Rage :
 With venom'd Grinders you corrupt your Meat :
 And then, at lingring Meals, the Morsels eat.— *Dryden.*
 Ev'n the hard Ploughshare Use will wear away,
 And stubborn Steel in length of Time decay :
 Water is soft, and marble hard, and yet,
 We see soft Water thro' hard Marble get.— *Id.*

Nay more: 'tis certain, ev'ry circling Year,
 The Rings, which grace the Hands, diminish there :
 Drops hollow Stones; and while we plow, the Share
 Grows less: the Streets by often treading wear.— *Creech.*

Hard Stones, and Tow'rs, and Rocks, all feel the Rage
 Of pow'rful Time: ev'n Temples waste by Age :
 Nor can the Gods themselves prolong their Date,
 Change Nature's Laws, or be repriev'd from Fate :
 Ev'n Tombs grow old, and waste, by Years o'erthrown,
 Men's Graves before, but now become their own.— *Id.*

Time changes all: and as with swiftest Wings
 He passes forward on, he quickly brings
 A diff'rent Face, a diff'rent State of Things. }
 Nature still alters: this grows weak, this strong :
 This dies: this rises from it, firm and young.—*Creech alt.*

T I M E to be used. See Delay. Death to be re-
 member'd. Opportunity.

EV'N now, in bloom of Youth, and Beauty's Prime,
 Beware of coming Age, nor waste your Time :
 Now, while You may, and rip'ning Years invite,
 Enjoy the seasonable, sweet Delight :
 For rolling Years, like stealing Waters, glide,
 Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing Tide :

F f 3.

Think

Utendum est ætate : cito pede labitur ætas :

Nec bona tam sequitur quam bona prima fuit.——

Ovid. Art. III.

Anguibus exuitur tenui cum pelle vetustas :

Nec faciunt cervos cornua jacta senes.

Vestra sine auxilio fugiunt bona : carpite florem :

Qui nisi carptus erit, turpiter ipse cadet.——

Ibid.

—— Festinat enim decurrere velox

Flosculus angustæ, miseræque brevissima vitæ

Portio : dum bibimus, dum ferta, unguenta, puellas

Poscimus, obrepat non intellecta senectus.——

Juv. Sat. IX.

At si tardus eris, errabis, transiet ætas.

Quàm citò non segnis stat, remeâtque dies :

Quàm citò purpureos deperdit terra colores,

Quàm citò formosas populus alta comas :

Quam jacet, infirmæ venere ubi fata senectæ,

Qui prior Ælæo est carcere missus, Equus !

Vidi jam juvenem, premeret cùm senior ætas

Moerentem stultos præteriisse dies.

Crudeles Divi, serpens novus exuit annos,

Formæ non ullam fata dedere moram.——

Tibul. Lib. I. El. 4.

—— Ille potens sui

Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem

Dixisse vixi, cras vel atra

Nube polum Pater occupato,

Vel sole puro.——

Hor. Lib. III. Ode 29.

—— Spatio brevi

Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida

Ætas : carpe diem, quàm minimùm credula postero.——

Hor. Lib. I. Ode 11.

Qui

Think not, hereafter will the Loss repay,
 For ev'ry Morrow will the Taste decay,
 And leave less Relish than the former Day. *Congreve.*

The Snake his Skin, the Deer his Horns may cast,
 And both renew their Youth and Vigour past :
 But no Receipt can Humankind relieve,
 Doom'd to decrepid Age without Reprieve.
 Then crop the Flow'r which yet invites your Eye,
 And which, ungather'd, on it's Stalk must die.—— *Id.*

The Flow'r of Youth decays and fades apace,
 (Of our short Being 'tis the shortest Space!)
 While the full Bowl with Pleasure circles round,
 While we're perfum'd, and with gay Garlands crown'd,
 While in the fair One's Arms entranc'd we lie,
 Old Age creeps on us, e'er we think it nigh.——

But if you wave your Hopes, and use Delays,
 You're wrong, for happy Youth apace decays.
 Alas, how swiftly flies away the Light!
 Nor slowly moves the Day, nor wheels the Night :
 How quickly fades the Earth, as Seasons slide,
 Losing it's flow'ry Grace, and purple Pride!
 How quickly does the tow'ring Poplar shed
 The leafy Honours of it's beauteous Head!
 Un-nerv'd by Age, how slothful lies the Horse,
 Which flew, when young, in the Olympic Course!
 I've known the Old desire their youthful Prime,
 And wail their foolish Hours and ill-spent Time.
 Ye cruel Gods! the Serpent can renew
 His speckl'd Lustre, and his shining Hue :
 But Beauty lost, our Art and Pow'r is vain,
 E'er to renew the precious Prize again.—— *Dart.*

He, free and merrily may live, can say,
 As the Day passes, I have liv'd to Day :
 And for to Morrow little do I care,
 Let the World's Ruler make it foul or fair.——

Cut off long Cares from thy contracted Span,
 Nor stretch thy Hopes beyond the Reach of Man.
 Now, while we speak, Time, envious, hastes away:
 Trust not to morrow then, but seize the present Day.——

Creech alt.
 Where

Quâ pinus ingens, albâque populus
 Umbram hospitalem confociare amant
 Ramis, & obliquo laborat
 Lympha fugax trepidare rivo :
 Huc vina, & unguenta, & nimium breves
 Flores amcenæ ferre jube rosæ :
 Dum res, & ætas, & sororum
 Fila trium patiuntur atra.
 Cedet coëmptis saltibus, & domo,
 Villâque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
 Cedet : & exstructis in altum
 Divitijs potietur hæres. — *Hor. Lib. II. Ode 3.*

TISIPHONE. Vide FURIÆ.

CEntum illi stantes umbrabant ora cerasæ,
 Turba minor diri capitis : sedet intus abactis
 Ferrea lux oculis : qualis per nubila Phœbes
 Atracea rubet arte labor : suffusa veneno
 Tenditur, ac sanie gliscit cutis : igneus atro
 Ore vapor : quo longa sitis, morbiq̃ue, famêsq̃ue,
 Et populis mors una venit. Riger horrida tergo
 Palla, & cœrulei redeunt in pectore nodi :
 Atropos hos, atque ipsa novat Proserpina cultus,

Tum geminas quatit illa manus : hæc igne togali
 Fulgurat, hæc vivo manus æera verberat hydro. —

Stat. Theb. Lib. I.

Nec mora : Tisiphone madefactam sanguine sumit
 Importuna facem : fluidoque cruore rubentem
 Induitur pallam : tortoque incingitur angue :
 Egrediturque domo. Luctus comitantur euntem,
 Et Pavor, & Terror, trepidoque Infania vultu.

Limine

Where the white Poplar and the lofty Pine,
 Their friendly Branches inter-twine,
 And hospitable Shades compose :
 Where, near at Hand, a limpid River glides,
 In winding Streams, and gently chides
 The interrupting Pebbles as it flows :
 There drink thy gen'rous Wine, thy Odours shed,
 And short-liv'd Roses crown thy Head,
 While Fortune, Time, and Fate permit :
 For thou must soon resign thy Groves, thy House,
 Thy Farm where yellow *Tyber* flows,
 And all thy hoarded Wealth thy Heir shall get. —

TISIPHONE. See FURIES.

A Hundred Snakes her gloomy Visage shade,
 A hundred Serpents guard her horrid Head :
 In her sunk Eyeballs dreadful Meteors glow :
 Such Rays from *Phæbe's* bloody Circle flow,
 When lab'ring with strong Charms, she shoots from high
 A fiery Gleam, and reddens all the Sky.
 Blood stain'd her Cheeks, and from her Mouth there came
 Blew steaming Poisons, and a Length of Flame.
 From ev'ry Blast of her contagious Breath,
 Famine and Drought proceed, and Plagues, and Death.
 A Robe obscene was o'er her Shoulders thrown,
 A Dress by Fates and Furies wore alone :
 She tofs'd her meager Arms : her better Hand
 In waving Circles whirl'd a Fun'ral Brand :
 A Serpent from her left was seen to rear
 His flaming Crest, and lash the yielding Air. — *Pope.*

A flaming Torch besmear'd with clotted Gore
Tisiphone snatch'd up : then hurrying on
 Her crimson Robe, in streaming Blood deep'd dy'd,
 And girding round her Waist a twining Snake,
 Furious she issues forth. — Her close attend
 Lamenting Grief, and Fear, and shudd'ring Horror,
 And raving Rage with pale and trembling Looks.

When

Limine constiterat ; postes tremuisse feruntur
 Æolii, pallorque fores infecit acernas :
 Sólque locum fugit. Monstris exterrita conjux,
 Territus est Athamas : testoque exire parabant :
 Obstetit infelix, aditúmque obsedit, Erynnis :
 Nexaque vipereis distendens brachia nodis,
 Cæsariem excussit. Motæ sonuere colubræ.
 Pársque jacens humeris, pars circum tempora lapsæ
 Sibila dant, saniémque vomunt, linguasque coruscant.

SEPULCHRUM. Vide EXEQUIÆ. MANES.

AT pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulcrum
 Imponit, suáque arma viro, remúmque, tubámque,
 Monte sub ærio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
 Dicitur, æternúmque tenet per secula nomen.—

Æn. Lib. VI.

Illic Pellæi proles vesana Philippi
 Felix prædo jacet terrarum, vindice fato
 Raptus : sacratis totum spargenda per orbem
 Membra viri posuere adytis.—

Nam sibi Libertas unquam si redderat orbem,
 Ludibrio servatus erat, non utile mundo
 Editus exemplum, terras tot posse sub uno
 Esse viro.—

Lucan. Lib. X.

Nil agis hâc irâ : tabésne cadavera solvat,
 An rogos, haud refert : placido natura receptat
 Cuncta sinu, finémque sui sibi corpora debent.

Hos

When she arriv'd at the *Eolian Court*,
 'Tis said the Columns shook, the Ebon Gate
 Turn'd pale, and *Phæbus* in his Course shrunk back.
 Scar'd at these Omens, both the King and Queen
 Attempt to fly their Palace : but the Fiend
 Fills up the Entrance, and their Passage stops.
 Wide she her Arms extends writh'd round with Adders :
 And shakes her horrid Locks. The Snakes disturb'd,
 Ruffle, and Part a-down her Shoulders hang,
 Part curling round her Temples loudly hiss,
 Their Poison spew, and dart their quiv'ring Tongues.—

T O M B. See F U N E R A L. M A N E S.

BUT good *Aeneas* rear'd a stately Tomb,
 The Hero's Arms, his Oar, and Trumpet fix'd,
 Beneath a lofty Mountain : which from him
 Is now *Misenus* call'd, and keeps it's Name
 To everlasting Ages.————— *Trap.*
 There the vain Youth, who made the World his Prize,
 The prosp'rous Robber, *Alexander* lies.
 When pitying Death, at length, had freed Mankind,
 To sacred Rest his Bones were here consign'd :
 His Bones, that better had been toss'd and hurl'd,
 With just Contempt, around the injur'd World.
 Oh ! should auspicious Years roll round again,
 And Godlike *Liberty* resume her Reign,
 Preserv'd to scorn, the Reliques would be shewn
 Of the bold Chief, whose boundless Pride alone
 This curst Example to Ambition gave,
 How many Realms one Mortal can enslave !— *Rowe alt.*
 But know, proud Conqueror ! thy Wrath, in vain,
 Strews with unbury'd Carcasses the Plain.
 What is it to thy Malice, if they burn,
 Rot in the Field, or moulder in the Urn ?
 The Forms of Matter all, dissolving, die,
 And lost in Nature's blending Bosom lie.

Tho'

Hos, Cæsar, populos si nunc non pferit ignis,
 Uret cum terris, uret cum gurgite ponti :
 Communis mundo superest rogos, ossibus astra
 Mixturus. Quocunque tuam fortuna vocabit,
 Hæ quoque eunt animæ : non altiùs ibis in auras,
 Non meliøre loco Stygiâ sub nocte jacebis.

Libera fortunæ mors est : capit omnia tellus
 Quæ genuit : cœlo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.—

Lucan. Lib. VII.

P E R F I D I A. Vide D I S S I M U L A T I O.

EST, ubi Troja fuit, Phrygiæ contraria tellus :
 Bistoniis habitata viris. Polymeſtoris illic
 Regia dives erat, cui te commisit alendum
 Clam, Polydore, pater, Phrygiisq; removit ab armis.
 Consilium sapiens : sceleris nisi præmia magnas
 Adjecisset opes, animi irritamen avari.
 Ut cecidit Fortuna Phrygum, capit impius ensẽ
 Rex Thracum, jugulòque sui defigit alumni :
 Et, tanquam tolli cum corpore crimina possent,
 Exanimem è scopulo subjectas misit inundas.—*Ov. Met. XIII.*

—Me fata mea & scelus exitiale Lacenæ
 His mersere malis :
 Namque ut supremam falsa inter gaudia noctem
 Egerimus, nosti :
 Cum fatalis equus saltu super ardua venit
 Pergama, & armatum peditem gravis attulit alvo.
 Illa chorum simulans, Evantes orgia circum

Ducebat

Tho' now thy Cruelty denies a Grave,
 These and the World one common Lot shall have:
 One last appointed Flame, by Fate's Decree,
 Shall waste yon azure Heav'ns, this Earth, and Sea:
 Shall knead the Dead up in one mingled Mass,
 Where Stars and They shall undistinguish'd pass.
 And tho' Thou scorn them now, yet *Cæsar* I know,
 High as thy own can soar, these Souls shall go:
 Or find, perhaps, a better Place below.
 Death is beyond thy Goddess *Fortune's* Pow'r,
 And Parent Earth receives what-e'er she bore.
 Nor will we mourn the Fate of those who lie
 Beneath the glorious Cov'ring of the Sky:
 That starry Arch for ever round 'em turns,
 A nobler Shelter far than Tombs or Urns. — *Rowe.*

TREACHERY. See DISSIMULATION.

O Ppos'd to *Ilium* lie the *Thracian* Plains,
 Where *Polymester* safe in Plenty reigns.
 King *Priam* to his Care commits his Son
 Young *Polydore*, the Chance of War to shun.
 A wise Precaution! had not Gold, consign'd
 For the Child's Use, debauch'd the Tyrant's Mind.
 When sinking *Troy* to its last Period drew;
 With impious Hands his royal Charge he slew:
 Then in the Sea the lifeless Coarse is thrown,
 As, with the Body, he the Guilt could drown. — *Stanyan.*

My cruel Fate, and * my more cruel Wife,
 To *Grecian* Swords betray'd my sleeping Life.
 You know in what delusive Joys we past
 The Night, that was by Heav'n decreed our last.
 For when the fatal Horse, descending down,
 Pregnant with Arms, o'er-whelm'd th' unhappy Town:
 She feign'd nocturnal Orgies, left my Bed,
 And, mix'd with *Trojan* Dames, the Dances led.

* *Deiphobus*, betrayed by *Helen*, whom he took to Wife after the
 Death of *Paris*.

Then

Ducebat Phrygias: flammam media ipsa tenebat
 Ingentem, & summa Danaos ex arce vocabat.
 Tum me confectum curia somnóque gravatum
 Infelix habuit thalamus, pressitque jacentem
 Dulcis & alta quies, placidaque simillima morti.
 Egregia interea conjux arma omnia tectis
 Emovet, & fidum capiti subduxerat enssem,
 Intra tecta vocat Menelaum, & limina pandit.
 Scilicet id magnum sperans fore munus amanti,
 Et famam extinguí veterum sic posse malorum.
 Quid moror? irrumpunt thalamo.

Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.

————— Jam vento vela negarat
 Magnus, & auxilio remorum infanda petebat
 Littora: quem contra non longâ vecta biremi
 Appulerat scelerata manus: Magnóque patere
 Fingens regna Phari, celsâ de puppe carinæ
 In parvam jubet ire ratem, litusque malignum
 Incurat, bimarémque vadis frangentibus æstum,
 Qui vetat externas terris advertere classes.

Quòd nisi fatorum leges, intentaque jussu
 Ordinis æterni miseræ vicinia mortis
 Damnatum leto traherent ad littora Magnum,
 Non ulli comitum sceleris præfagia deerant:
 Quippe fides si pura foret, si regia Magno
 Sceptrorum autori vera pietate pateret,
 Venturum totâ Pharium cum classe tyrannum.
 Sed cessit fatis, classémque relinquere jussus
 Obsequitur, letumque juvat præferre timori.

Ibat in hostilem præceps Cornelia puppim,
 Hôc magis impatiens egresso deesse marito,

Quòd

Then waving high her Torch, the Signal made,
Which rous'd the *Grecians* from their Ambuscade.
With watching over-worn, with Cares oppress'd;
Unhappy I had laid me down to Rest,
And heavy Sleep my weary Limbs possess'd.
Mean Time, my worthy Wife our Arms misslaid,
And from beneath my Head my Sword convey'd:
The Door unlock'd: and with repeated Calls,
Invites her former Lord within my Walls.
Thus in her Crime her Confidence she plac'd,
And with new Treasons would redeem the past.
What need I more: into the Room they ran,
And basely murder'd a defenceless Man. — Dryden.

Pompey approaching near the fatal Shore,
Strikes the wide Sail, and plies the plunging Oar.
Him, in a two-bank'd Boat, the Villains meet,
And with dissembled Cheer the *Roman* greet.
They feign their hospitable Land address'd
With ready Friendship to receive her Guest.
Excusing much an inconvenient Shore,
Where Shoals lie thick, and meeting Currents roar:
From his large Ship, unequal to the Place,
They beg him to their lighter Boat to pass.
Had not the Gods, unchangeably decreed,
Devoted *Pompey* in that Hour should bleed,
A thousand Signs the Danger near foretell,
Seen by his sad presaging Friends too well.
If fair and faithfully they had design'd,
If Truth could lodge in an *Egyptian* Mind,
Their King, himself, with all his Fleet had come,
To lead, in *Pomp*, his Benefactor home.
But thus Fate wills, and *Pompey* yields to Fate;
Nor, at their Bidding, stay'd to hesitate:
But left his Ship, and rather chose to bear
Death, tho' 'twere certain, than ignoble Fear.
His Wife, impatient, to be left behind,
To rush, with him, into the Boat design'd:
For now, his Danger only fill'd her Mind,

But,

Quod metuit clades. Remane, temeraria conjux,
Et tu, nate, precor, longéque è litore casus
Expectate meos : & in hac cervice tyranni
Explorate fidem, dixit. *Lucan. Lib. VIII.*

Transire parantem
Romanus Phariâ miles de puppe salutat
Septimius : qui arma Satelles
Regia gestabat.

Jam venerat horæ
Terminus extremæ, Phariâque ablatus in alnum
Perdiderat jam jura sui. Tunc stringere ferrum
Regia monstra parant. Ut vidit cominus enses,
Involvit vultus : atque indignatus apertum
Fortunæ præbere caput, tunc lumina preffit,
Continuitque animam, ne quas effundere voces
Posset, & æternam fletu corrumpere famam.
At postquam mucrone latus funestus Achilles
Perfodit, nullo gemitu consensit ad ictum :
Despexitque nefas, servâtque immobile corpus,
Séque probat moriens. *Ibid.*

Sævus in ipso
Septimius sceleris majus scelus invenit actu :
Ac reteggit sacros, scisso velamine, vultus
Semianimis Magni, spirantiâque occupat ora,
Collâque in obliquo ponit languentia transtro.
Tunc nervos, venâsque secat, nodosóque frangit
Ossa diu : nondum artis erat caput ense rotare.

Impius ut Magnum nôsset puer, illa verenda
Regibus hirta coma, & generosâ fronte decora
Cæsaries comprehensa manu est. *Ibid.*

But, Oh! forbear, (he cries,) my Love! forbear:
 Thou and my Son remain in Safety here:
 Let this old Head the Danger first explore,
 And prove the Faith of yon suspected Shore.—*Rowe alt.*

Just as he enter'd o'er the Vessel's Side,
 Hail General! the curs'd *Septimius* cry'd:
 A *Roman* once, and brave in Arms was He,
 Now of the Guard, and Slave to *Ptolemy*.—*Id. alt.*

Defenceless, in the Boat, now, *Pompey* sat,
 Surrounded, and abandon'd to his Fate.
 Nor long they hold him, in their Power, aboard,
 E'er ev'ry Villain drew his ruthless Sword:
 The Chief perceiv'd their Purpose soon, and spread
 His *Roman* Gown, with Patience, o'er his Head:
 And when the curs'd *Achillas* pierc'd his Breast,
 His rising Indignation close repress'd.
 No Sighs, no Groans, his Dignity prophan'd,
 Nor Tears his still unshak'd Glory stain'd:
 Unmov'd, and firm, he fix'd him on his Seat,
 And dy'd, as when he liv'd and conquer'd, Great.—*Id.*

The bloody Business now compleatly done,
 New Furies urge the fierce *Septimius* on:
 He rends the Robe that veil'd the Hero's Head,
 And to full View expos'd the recent Dead:
 Hard in his horrid Gripe the Face he press'd,
 While yet the quiv'ring Muscles Life confess'd:
 He drew the dragging Body down with Haste,
 Then cross a Rower's Seat the Neck he plac'd:
 There, awkward, haggling, he divides the Bone,
 (The Headsman's Art was yet but little known.)

Caught by the venerable Locks, which grow,
 In hoary Ringlets on his gen'rous Brow,
 To *Egypt's* impious King that Head they bear,
 Which Lawrels us'd to bind, and Monarchs fear.—*Id.*

PRODITIO. Vide PERFIDIA.

PRima quies aderat, qua curis fessa diurnis
Pectora somnus habet. Thalamos taciturna paternos
Intrat : &, (heu facinus !) fatali nata parentem
Crine suum spoliat : —————

—————Prædâque potita nefanda
Fert secum spolium sceleris, progressâque porta
Per medios hostes (meritis fiducia tanta est)
Pervenit ad regem, quem sic affata paventem.

Suasit amor fascinus. Proles ego regia Nisi,
Scylla, tibi trado patriosque meosque Penates :
Præmia nulla peto, nisi te. Cape pignus amoris,
Purpureum crinem. Nec me nunc tradere crinem,
Sed patrium tibi crede caput. Sceleratâque dextra
Munera porrexit. Minos porrecta refugit.

Turbatusque novi respondit imagine facti :
Dii te submoveant, ô nostri infamia sæcli !
Orbe suo : tellusque tibi pontusque negentur.
Certè ego non patiar Jovis incunabula Creten,
Quæ meus est orbis, tantum contingere monstrum.——
Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

ARBORES. Vide Musica. Locus Amœnus.

PRincipio arboribus varia est natura creandis.
Namque aliæ, nullis hominum cogentibus, ipsæ

Sponte

TREASON. See TREACHERY.

THE Hour was come, when Man's o'erlabour'd Breast
 Surceas'd its Care, by downy Sleep possess'd :
 All Things now hush'd, * *Scylla* with silent Tread,
 Urg'd her Approach to *Nisus*' royal Bed :
 There of the fatal Lock (accursed Theft!)
 She her unwitting Father's Head bereft:

In safe Possession of her impious Prey,
 Out at a Postern Gate she takes her Way:
 Embolden'd by the Merit of the Deed,
 She traverses the adverse Camp with Speed,
 Till *Minos*' Tent she reach'd : The righteous King
 She thus bespoke, who shiver'd at the Thing.
 Behold th' Effect of Love's resistless Sway!
 I, *Nisus*' royal Seed, to Thee betray
 My Country, and my Gods.—For this strange Task,
Minos, no other Boon but Thee I ask.

This purple Hair, the Pledge of Love, receive,
 And with that Hair my Father's Life I give.
 Then off'ring to present the guilty Prize,
Minos the Giver and the Gift denies:
 Shock'd at a Crime so new, he thus exclaim'd;
 (With Mein indignant, and with Eyes inflam'd,
 Perdition seize Thee, Thou, thy Kind's Disgrace!
 May thy devoted Carcass find no Place
 In Earth, or Air, or Sea, by all outcast!
 Shall *Minos* with so foul a Monster blast
 His *Cretan* World, where cradled *Jove* was nurs'd? [alt.
 Forbid it Heav'n!—away, Thou most accurst!—*Croxall*

TREES. See Harmony. Place (Pleasant.)

FIRST, Trees by various Propagation grow :
 (So Nature has ordain'd : for some unforc'd

* *Scylla*, in Love with *Minos*, who besieged her Father *Nisus* in his Capitol, cut off her Father's purple Hair, on which the Fate of his Kingdom depended, and fled away with it to his Enemy.

Sponte suâ veniunt, campósque & flumina latè
 Curva tenent : ut molle filer, lentæque genistæ,
 Populus, & glaucâ canentia fronde salicta.
 Pars autem posito surgunt de semine, ut altæ
 Castaneæ, nemorúmque Jovi quæ maxima frondet
 Æsculus, atque habitæ Graiis oracula quercus.
 Pullulat ab radice aliis densissima sylva :
 Ut cerasis, ulmísque : etiam Parnassia laurus
 Parva sub ingenti matris se subjicit umbra.—

Virg. Georg. Lib. II.

— Truncis oleæ melius, propagine vites
 Respondent, solido Paphiæ de robore myrtus.
 Plantis eduræ coryli nascuntur, & ingens
 Fraxinus, Herculeæque arbos umbrosa coronæ,
 Chaoniiue patris glandes : etiam ardua palma
 Nascitur, & casus abies visura marinos.—

Ibid.

Fluminibus salices, crassisque paludibus alni
 Nascuntur, steriles saxosis montibus orni,
 Litora myrtetis lætissima : denique apertos
 Bacchus amat colles, Aquilonem & frigora taxi.—

Ibid.

Divisæ arboribus patriæ. Sola India nigrum
 Fert Ebenum, solis est turea virga Sabæis.
 Media fert tristes succos tardúmque saporem
 Felicis mali : quo non præsentius ullum
 (Pocula si quando sævæ infecere novercæ,
 Miscuerúntque herbas, & non innoxia verba)
 Auxilium venit, ac membris agit atra venena.

Ipsa ingens arbos, faciémque simillima lauro :
 Et, si non alium latè jactaret odorem,
 Laurus erat : folia haud ullis labentia ventis :
 Flos apprima tenax : animas & olentia Medi
 Ora sovent illo, & senibus medicantur anhelis.—

Ibid.

Et

By human Industry, spontaneous rise,
 In Fields abroad, and shade the winding Streams :
 As the soft Sallow, and the flexile Broom,
 The Poplar, and grey Willow. Some from Seed :
 The lofty Chestnut, and *Jove's* spreading *Esculus*,
 Supreme of Woods : and Oaks, by *Greece* esteem'd
 Oracular. A num'rous leafy Race
 Springs from the Roots of Others : as the Elm,
 And Cherry : Thus too sprouts the infant Bay
 (*Parnassus*-born, and by the *Muses* lov'd,)
 Beneath its Parent's more diffusive Shade.

From Trunks the Olive, from the Arch the Vine
 More happy answers : From the solid Stock
 The *Paphian* Myrtle : From the Layer's Slip
 The hardy Hazle springs, and the tall Ash :
 The shady Tree which binds *Alcides'* Brows :
Jove's *Dodonæan* Oak : the lofty Palm,
 And Pine for future Storms at Sea reserv'd. — *Trap.*

—————Willows grow
 Near Rivers : Alders, in the marshy Lakes :
 Barren Wild-Ashes, on the rocky Hills :
 The Shores rejoyce in Myrtles : *Bacchus* loves
 The open Mountains : Eughs, the North, and Cold.

—————By its proper Trees
 Each Country is distinguish'd. *India* sole
 Bears Ebony : *Sabæa*, Incence sweet.
Media the happy Citron bears, of Juice
 Pungent, of Taste that dwells upon the Tongue :
 Than this no Aid more present (when, in Rage
 Of Jealousy, Step-Dames have Draughts infus'd,
 And mingled Herbs, and Incantations dire,)
 T' expel black Poysons from infected Limbs.
 Large is the Tree, and like a Lawrel grows :
 And, did it not a diff'rent Scent diffuse,
 A Lawrel it would be : no Winds its Leaves
 Unfix : Its Blossoms most tenacious grow :
 The *Medes* with this foment their Mouths, correct
 Their smelling Breath, and wheezing Sires relieve. — *Trap.*

454 TROPHÆUM. TYRANNUS.

Et juvat undantem buxo spectare Cytorum,
Naryciæque picis lucos! —————

Ibid.

————— Utile lignum
Navigiis pinos, domibus cedrosque cupressosque,
Viminibus salices fecundæ, frondibus ulmi:
At myrtus validis hastilibus, & bonâ bello
Cornus: Itryæos taxi torquentur in arcus:
Nec tiliæ leves, aut torno rasile buxum,
Non formam accipiunt, ferroque cavantur acuto:
Nec non & torrentem undam levis innatat alnus,
Missa Pado. —————

Ibid.

Populus Alcidiæ gratissima, vitis Iaccho:
Formosæ myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phœbo. —————

Virg. Ecl. VII.

Fraxinus in sylvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis,
Populus in fluviis, abies in montibus altis. —————

Ibid.

TROPHÆUM.

— Æ Neas.
Ingentem quercum decisis undique ramis
Constituit tumulo, fulgentiaque induit arma
Mezentî ducis exuvias: tibi, magne, trophæum,
Bellipotens: aptat rorantes sanguine cristas,
Telaque trunca viri, & bis sex thoraca petitem
Perfossûmque locis: clypeûmque ex ære sinistra
Subligat, atque ensẽ collo suspendit eburnum. —————

Æn. Lib. XI.

TYRANNUS. Vide REX.

— Q Uondam
Gens bello præclara, —————
Hanc multos florentem annos rex deinde superbo
Imperio & sævis tenuit Mezentius armis.

Quid

How pleasing to the Sight *Cyturus* looks,
 Flowing in gentle Waves of livid Box!
 How soft! how solemn is *Naricia's* Shade!
 Where pitchy Groves the gloomy Skies invade.— *Anon.*

Tall Pines for Vessels: for the stately Room
 Cypress, and Cedar, with its strong Perfume:
 The binding Osier shoots a num'rous Brood:
 And Elms for Cattle yield a leafy Food:
 For Spears, the Myrtle, and the Cornel grows,
 And *Parthians* bend the Eugh-Tree into Bows.
 Nor will the smooth-grain'd Lime, or Box disdain
 The rounding Chissel, or the hollowing Plane:
 Or the light Alder dread th'impetuous Tide,
 But lightly skim the *Po*, and on its Surges ride.— *Id.*

To *Hercules* the Poplar is most dear:
 The Vine to *Bacchus*: To the Cyprian Dame
 The Myrtle: To *Apollo* his own Bay.— *Trap.*

In Groves the Beach, in Gardens is the Pine
 Most beautiful: The Poplar near the Streams:
 On the high Mountains Tops the stately Fir.— *Id.*

T R O P H Y.

— **Æ** *Neas* plants upon a Hill
 An Oak of mighty Bulk, on ev'ry Side
 Shorn off its Boughs: and all with shining Arms,
 The Spoils of King *Mezentius*, clothes the Trunk:
 A Trophy rais'd, great Warrior God, to Thee.
 He fits the bloody Crest, and broken Darts,
 And plated Corset with twelve Wounds transfix'd:
 On the left Side the brazen Buckler hangs,
 And from the Neck his iv'ry-hilted Sword.— *Trap.*

T Y R A N T. See K I N G.

— **T** H E Nation flourish'd long,
 In Pride of Wealth, and warlike People strong.
 Till curs'd *Mezentius*, in a fatal Hour,
 Assum'd the Crown with arbitrary Pow'r,

Quid memorem infandas cædes? quid facta tyranni
 Effera? Dî capiti ipsius generique reservent.
 Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis,
 Componens manibûsque manus, atque oribus ora,
 Tormenti genus! & sanie taboque fluentes
 Complexu in misero, longa sic morte necabat.

At fessi tandem cives, infanda furentem
 Armati circumstant, ipsûmque, domûmque;
 Obtruncant socios, ignem ad fastigia jactant.
 Ille inter cædes, Rutulorum elapsus in agros
 Confugere, & Turni defendier hospitis armis.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. VIII.

——Victima haud ulla amplior
 Potest, magisque opima mactari Jovi,
 Quam Rex iniquus.—— *Senec. Herc. fur.*

Magne pater Divûm, sævos punire Tyrannos
 Haud aliâ ratione velis, cûm dira libido
 Moverit ingenium, ferventi tineta veneno:
 Virtutem videant: intabescantque relicta.
 Anne magis seculi gemuerunt æra juveni?
 ——Intûs palleat infelix.——

Perf. Sat. III.

Ad generum Cereris finè cæde & vulnere pauci
 Descendunt reges, & siccâ morte tyranni.——

Juv. Sat. XVI.

V A C U U M.

NEC tamen undique corporea stipata tenentur
 Omnia natura, namque est in rebus Inane.——

——Locus

What Words can paint those execrable Times,
 The Subject's Suff'rings, and the Tyrant's Crimes!
 That Blood, those Murders, O, ye Gods, replace
 On his own Head, and on his impious Race!
 The Living and the Dead, at his Command,
 Were coupled, Face to Face, and Hand to Hand:
 Till choak'd with Stench, in loath'd Embraces ty'd,
 The ling'ring Wretches pin'd away, and dy'd.
 Thus plung'd in Ills, and meditating more,
 The People's Patience tir'd, no longer bore
 The raging Monster: But with Arms beset
 His House, and Vengeance, and Destruction threat.
 They fire his Palace: While the Flame ascends,
 They force his Guards: and execute his Friends.
 He cleaves the Crowd: and favour'd by the Night,
 To *Turnus'* friendly Court directs his Flight.— *Dryden.*

A Sacrifice which pleases *Jove* much more
 Than all the Victims at his Altar slain,
 Is an unjust, oppressive Tyrant-King.—

Great Father of the Gods, when for our Crimes,
 Thou send'st some heavy Judgment on the Times:
 Some Tyrant-King, the Terror of his Age,
 The Type, and true Vicegerent of thy Rage:
 Thus punish him:—Set Virtue in his Sight,
 With all her Charms adorn'd, with all her Graces bright:
 But set her distant, make him pale to see
 His Gains out-weigh'd by lost Felicity.
Sicilian Tortures, and the brazen Bull
 Are Emblems, rather than express the full
 Of what he feels: Yet what he fears is more.— *Dryden.*

Down to the Grave, but seldom, sink in Peace
 Oppressive Kings, escaping Wounds and Murder:
 Tyrants but rarely die a bloodless Death.—

BUT Matter does not fill up ev'ry Place:
 For besides that, there is an empty Space,
 A V O I D. —————

—Locus est intactus, inane, vacansque.
 Quod si non esset, nulla ratione moveri
 Res possent: namque officium, quod Corporis extat,
 Officere, atque obitare, id in omni tempore adesset
 Omnibus: haud igitur quidquam procedere posset,
 Principium quoniam cedendi nulla daret res.—

Præterea quamvis solidæ res esse putentur,
 Hinc tamen esse licet raro cum corpore cernas:
 In faxis, ac speluncis permanat aquarum
 Liquidus humor, & uberibus flent omnia guttis.
 Inter septa meant voces, & clausa domorum
 Transvolitant: rigidum permanat frigus ad ossa:
 Quod nisi inania sint, quæ possent corpora quæque
 Transire, haud ulla fieri ratione videres.

Denique cur alias aliis præstare videmus
 Pondere res rebus, nihilo majore figura?
 Nam, si tantundem 'st in lanæ glomere, quantum
 Corporis in plumbo 'st, tantundem pendere par est:
 Corporis officium est quoniam premere omnia deorsum:
 Contra autem natura manet sine pondere Inanis,
 Ergo quod magnum est æquè, leviúsque videtur,
 Nimirum plus esse sibi declarat Inanis.—

Lucret. Lib. I.

VARIETAS.

NOlo ego semper idem capiti suffundere costum:
 Nec toto Stomachum conciliare mero.
 Taurus amat gramen mutata carpere valle,
 Et fera mutatis sustinet ora cibis.
 Ipsa dies ideo nos grato perluit haustu,
 Quod permutatis hora recurrit equis.— *Petron. Arb.*

VINDICTA

A VOID is Space intangible : thus prov'd :
 For were there none, no Body could be mov'd :
 Because where-e'er the pressing Motion goes,
 It still must meet with Stops, still meet with Foes :
 'Tis natural for Matter to oppose.
 So, that to move would be in vain to try,
 For motionless and stubborn all must lie :
 Because no yielding Body could be found,
 Which first should move, and give the other Ground.
 Tho' free from Pores, tho' Solid, Things appear,
 Yet many Reasons prove them to be rare.
 For Drops distil, and trickling Moisture creeps
 Thro' hardest Rocks, and ev'ry Marble weeps.
 Sounds pass thro' well clos'd Rooms and hardest Stones,
 And Winter's rig'rous Frost pervades our Bones :
 Which could not be, were there no empty Space,
 Thro' which the subtle Parts of Matter pass.
 Besides, why have not Bodies equal Weight
 With others, which in Bulk are but as great ?
 Did the same Quantity of Matter frame
 Both Wool and Lead, their Weight must be the same.
 Since ev'ry Part of Matter downward tends,
 By Nature heavy : but no Void descends.
 Wherefore those lighter Things of equal Size,
 Do less of Matter, more of Void comprize.— *Creech alt.*

VARIETY.

I Would not always the same Odours prove,
 Nor satiate with one sort of Wine my Taste.
 From Mead, to Mead, the Bull delights to rove,
 And the wild Beast to vary his Repast.
 Ev'n Day itself would yield Us less Delight,
 But for the sweet Vicissitude of Night.— *Addison junr.*

VENGEANCE

VINDICTA Deorum. Vide SUPERBIA.

— **Q**UID me mihi detrahis? inquit.
 Clamanti cutis est summos derepta per artus:
 Nec quicquam, nisi vulnus, erat. Cruor undique manat:
 Detectique patent nervi: trepidæque sine ulla
 Pelle micant venæ. Salientia viscera possis,
 Et pellucentes numerare in pectore fibras. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

Sunt tamen obscenæ Venerem Propoetides ausæ
 Esse negare Deam: pro quo sua numinis ira
 Corpora cum forma primæ vulgasse feruntur,
 Utque pudor cessit, sanguisque induruit oris,
 In rigidum parvo filicem discrimine versæ. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. X.

— Se præferre Dianæ
 Sustinuit: faciémque Deæ culpavit. At illi
 Ira ferox mota est: Factisque placebimus, inquit.
 Nec mora: curvavit cornu: nervoque sagittam
 Impulit: & meritam trajecit arundine linguam.
 Lingua tacet: nec vox tentatæque verba sequuntur:
 Conantemque loqui cum sanguine vita reliquit. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. XI.

V E N U S.

Æ Neadum genetrix, hominum divumque voluptas,
 Alma Venus, coeli subter labentia signa
 Quæ mare navigerum, quæ terras frugiferentis
 Concelebras: per Te quoniam genus omne animantum
 Concipitur, visitque exortum lumine Solis:

Te,

V E N G E A N C E Divine. See PRIDE.

A H! why d'ye tare me from myself? he cry'd :
 While from his Limbs *Apollo* * flay'd his Hide:
 One Wound, and raw all o'er, the Suff'rer stood:
 From ev'ry Part pour'd out the purple Flood:
 The trembling Veins their beating Pulse disclos'd:
 The stringy Nerves lay naked and expos'd:
 His working Bowels plain one might behold,
 And ev'ry Fibre in his Breast have told.—— *Croxall alt.*

The blasphemous *Propetides* deny'd
 To worship *Venus*, and her Pow'r defy'd:
 But soon that Pow'r they felt; the first that sold
 Their lewd Embraces to the World for Gold.
 Unknowing how to blush, and shameless grown,
 A small Transition changes them to Stone.—— *Ozell.*

——— † She with audacious Pride,
 Vain of her own, *Diana's* Charms decry'd.
 Her Taunts the Goddeſs with Reſentment fill:
 My Face You like not, You ſhall try my Skill,
 She ſaid; and ſtrait her vengeful Bow ſhe ſtrung,
 And ſent a Shaft that pierced her guilty Tongue:
 The bleeding Tongue in vain it's Accents tries;
 With the red Stream her Soul reluctant flies.—— *Croxall.*

V E N U S.

D Elight of Human Kind, and Gods above,
 Parent of *Rome*, propitious Queen of Love!
 Whoſe vital Pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea, ſupplies:
 And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling Skies.
 For ev'ry Kind, by thy prolific Might,
 Springs, and beholds the Regions of the Light.

* *Marſyas* preſuming to challenge *Apollo* to play upon the Pipe with him, the angry Deity ſtrip'd off his Skin alive.

† *Chione*.

Thee,

Te, Dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli,
 Adventumque tuum : tibi suaveis dædala tellus
 Summittit flores, tibi rident æquora ponti,
 Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum.
 Nam simul ac species patefacta est verna diei,
 Et referata viget genitalis aura Favonii :

Aëriæ primum volucres te, Diva, tuumque
 Significant initum percussæ corda tua vi :
 Inde feræ pecudes perfultant pabula læta,
 Et rapidos tranant amneis : ita capta lepore,
 Illecebrisque tuis omnis natura animantum
 Te sequitur cupide, quò quamque inducere pergis :
 Denique per maria, ac monteis, fluviòsque rapaceis,
 Frundiferasque domos avium, campòsque virenteis,
 Omnibus incutiens blandum per pectore amorem,
 Efficis, ut cupide generatim sæcla propagent.——

Lucret. Lib. I.

Dixit : & avertens roseâ cervice refulsit,
 Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
 Spiravere : pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
 Et vera incessu patuit Dea.——

Æn. Lib. I.

At Venus obscuro gradientes aëra sepsit,
 Et multo nebulae circum Dea fudit amictu :
 Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit
 Læta suas : ubi templum illi, centumque Sabæo
 Thure calent aræ, fertisque recentibus halant.——

Ibid.

It Venus :——
 Illi multifides crinis sinuatur in orbes
 Idalia divisus acu. Sudata marito
 Fibula purpureos gemma suspendit amictus.——

Claud. de Rapt. Prof. Lib. II.

VITIVM.

Thee, Goddess! Thee, the Clouds and Tempests fear,
 And at thy pleasing Presence disappear:
 For Thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is drest,
 For Thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy Breast,
 And Heav'n itself with more serene and purer Light is blest.
 For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead,
 And a new Scene of Nature stands display'd,
 When teeming Birds, and chearful Greens appear,
 And western Gales unlock the lazy Year,
 The joyous Birds thy Welcome first express,
 Whose native Songs thy genial Pow'r confess:
 Then savage Beasts bound o'er their slighted Food,
 Struck with thy Darts, and tempt the raging Flood.
 All Nature is thy Gift, Earth, Air, and Sea;
 Of All that breathes the various Progeny,
 Stung with Delight, is goaded on by Thee.
 O'er barren Mountains, o'er the flow'ry Plain,
 The leafy Forests, and the liquid Main,
 Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundless Reign.
 Thro' all the living Regions Thou dost move,
 And scatter'st, where Thou go'st, the kindly Seeds of
 Love. ——— Dryden.

She said: And, as she turn'd, her rosy Neck
 Shone bright: Her Hair a Fragancy divine
 Ambrosial breath'd: Down flows her waving Robe,
 And by her Walk the Goddess moves confess'd. — Trap.

But *Venus*, as they went, around them threw
 A cloudy Mantle, made of Air condens'd:
 Herself to *Paphos* goes sublime, and pleas'd
 Visits her Seat: where sacred to her stands
 A Temple: With *Sabeen* Incense smoke
 An hundred Altars, and fresh Garlands breath. — Id.

——— *Venus* went; ———
 In circling Rounds her braided Hair was dress'd,
 Whose curious Order heav'nly Skill express'd:
 Her purple Robes a sparkling Buckle bound,
 Her Husband's Gift, and held them from the Ground. —
 Hughes alter'd.

VICE.

VITIUM.

NIL erit ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat
 Posteritas : eadem cupient, faciëntque minores.
 Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit.—— *Juv. Sat. I.*

Non es avarus? abi. Quid cætera? jam simul isto
 Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
 Ambitione? caret mortis formidine, & ira?

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
 Nocturnos Lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?

Natales gratè numeras?——
 Lenior & melior fis accedente ſenectâ?

Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis de pluribus una?——
Hor. Lib. II. Epist. 2.

Doctrina ſed vim promovet inſitam,
 Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
 Utcunque defecere mores,
 Dedecorant benè nata culpæ.—*Hor. Lib. IV. Ode 4.*

VICTORIA.

NON aris non farre molæ Victoria felix
 Exorata venit: labor impiger, aſpera virtus,
 Viſanimi, excellens ardor, violentia, cura,
 Hanc tribuunt, durum tractandis robur in armis.
 Quæ ſi defuerint bellantibus,——
 Non aderit.——
 Quid miles propriis diffuſus viribus optas
 Irrita ſœmineæ tibimet ſolatia formæ?

Nunquam

VICE.

NO Age can go beyond Us : future Times
Can add no farther to the present Crimes :
Our Sons but the same things can wish and do :
Vice is at stand, and at the highest Flow.—— *Dryden.*

Well, art Thou really freed from Avarice ?
But what avails it, if some other Vice
Be suffer'd to bear sway ?—Say, art Thou free
From Pride, and empty Popularity ?
Art free from raging Anger, and the Fear
Of certain Death, that dreadful Messenger ?
Canst laugh at all the idle fond Conceits
Of Sprights, Dreams, Omens, all those vulgar Cheats ?
Art thankful for thy Age that's past and gone ?
And being older art Thou wiser grown ?
For, as it cannot much abate thy Pain
To draw one Thorn, while twenty more remain :
To hate one Vice is nothing, whilst the Mind
Indulges Vices of another Kind.—— *Anon. alt.*

The worthiest Breasts by Teaching are refin'd,
And virtuous Precepts fortify the Mind :
But Vice is sure to tarnish, and disgrace,
The Fame, and Glory, of the noblest Race.——

VICTORY.

SHALL Victory, intreated, lend her Aid,
For Cakes of Flour on smoaking Altars laid ?
Her Help from Toils and Watchings hope to find,
From the strong Body, and undaunted Mind :
If these be wanting on the embattel'd Plain,
Ye sue the unpropitious Maid in vain.
Shall the rough Soldier of himself despair,
And hope for female Visions in the Air ?

466 VIRGINITAS. VIRTUS.

Nunquam pennigeram legio ferrata puellam
Vidit anhelantum regeret quæ tela virorum?
Vincendi quæris dominam? sua dextra cuique est,
Et Deus omnipotens.—— *Prudentius contra Symm. L. II.*

VIRGINITAS.

Multi illam petiere: illa averfata petentes,
Impatiens expersque viri, nemorum avia lustrat:
Nec quid Hymen, quid Amor, quid sit connubia curat.
Sæpe pater dixit: Generum mihi, Filia, debes.
Sæpe pater dixit: Debes mihi, nata, nepotes.
Illa velut crimen tædas exosa jugales,
Pulchra verecundo suffunditur ora rubore:
Inque patris blandis hærens cervice lacertis,
Da mihi perpetua, genitor carissime, dixit,
Virginitate frui: dedit hoc pater ante Dianæ,
Ille quidem obsequitur: sed te decor iste, quod optas,
Esse vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

VIRTUS. Vide VIR Probus. VOLUPTAS.

Virtus est vitium fugere: & sapientia prima,
Stultitia caruisse.—— *Hor. Lib. I. Epist. 1.*

Virtus est medium vitiorum, & utrimque reductum.—
Ibid. Epist. 18.

Vilius

What Legion sheath'd in Iron e'er survey'd,
Their Darts directed by this winged Maid?
Dost thou the Power that gives Success demand?
'Tis He th' Almighty, and thy own right Hand:—*Addis.*

VIRGINITY.

BY many Suitors fought, * she mocks their Pains,
And still her vow'd Virginity maintains.
Impatient of a Yoke, the Name of Bride
She shuns, and hates the Joys she never try'd.
On Wilds, and Woods; she fixes her Desire,
Nor knows what Youth, and kindly Love inspire.
Her Father chides her oft: Thou ow'st, says he,
A Husband to thy self, a Son to me.
She, like a Crime, abhors the Nuptial Bed,
She glows with Blushes, and she hangs her Head:
Then casting round his Neck her tender Arms;
Sooths him with Blandishments, and filial Charms;
Give me, my Lord, she said, to live, and die,
A spotless Maid, without the Marriage Tye:
'Tis but a small Request: I beg no more
Then what *Diana's* Father gave before.
The good old Sire was soften'd to consent,
But said, her Wish would prove her Punishment:
For so much Youth and so much Beauty join'd,
Oppos'd the State, which her Desires design'd.—*Dryden.*

VIRTUE. See MAN Upright. PLEASURE.

'TIS Virtue, Friend, to be averse to Vice,
And the first Step towards being really wise,
Is to be free from Folly.—— *Creecb alter'd.*
Just in the midst fair Virtue does abide,
Between Extreams, and shrinks from either Side.——

* *Daphne.*

H h 2

Silver's

Vilius Argentum est Auro, Virtutibus Aurum.—

Hor. Lib. I. Epist. 1.

—Mercede caret, per seque petenda est,

Externis rebus incommutata bonis.—

Ovid. Lib. II. Pont. 3.

Ipse quidem Virtus sibi pulcherrima merces.—

Silius. Lib. XIII.

—Tanto major famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis. Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas?—

Juv. Sat. X.

Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus :
Nec fumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
Cælum, negatâ tentat iter viâ :
Cœtusque vulgares, & udam
Spernit humum, fugiente pennâ.—

Hor. Lib. III. Ode 2.

—Semita certè
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.— *Juv. Sat. X.*

Ipse quidem Virtus pretium sibi, solâque latè
Fortunæ secunda nitet : nec fascibus ullis
Erigitur, plausûve petit clarescere vulgi.
Nil opis externæ cupiens, nil indiga laudis ;
Divitiis animosa suis, immorâque cunctis
Casibus, ex alta mortalia despicit arce.

Claud. Conf. Mallis. Theod.

Mecum honor, & laudes, & læto Gloria vultu,
Et decus, & niveis victoria concolor alis.—

Sib. Ital. Lib. III.

Vile latens Virtus : quid enim submersa tenebris
Proderit obscuro ? veluti sine remige puppis,

Vel

Silver's less worth than Gold, and Gold than Virtue.—

———Virtue, without Reward

And destitute of every worldly Good,
Is, for itself alone, to be desir'd.———

Virtue itself is Virtues best Reward.———

———Virtue, now-a-days,

Is fought by few, but all are mad for Praise:

For who would Virtue, for herself, regard,

Or wed, without the Portion of Reward.——— *Dryden.*

All cowardly Baseness Virtue does disdain,

And bright it's Honours shine without a Stain :

Nor does it mount or abdicate the Throne,

As the wild Rabble chance to smile or frown.———

Virtue to those unbars the Sky,

Who merit Immortality,

Scorning the clam'rous busy Crowd,

She pants to try the arduous Road ;

Nor longer deigns on Earth to stay,

But spreads her Wings, and soars away.———

The only Road to Happiness is Virtue.

Virtue is really in itself Reward :

Alone secure, and out of Fortune's Pow'r,

It shines triumphant, let her smile, or frown.

Nor, in high Station, is it puff'd with Pride,

Nor meanly sues for popular Applause,

Nor covetous of Wealth, nor wanting Praise :

Rich in itself, and confident it stands,

Immoveable, superior to Events,

And with Contempt looks down on mortal Things.———

Virtue speaks.] With me the foremost Place let Honour

Fame and the Praises mingling in her Train : [gain,

Gay Glory next, and Victory on high,

White like myself, on snowy Wings shall fly.——— *Addison.*

Virtue conceal'd is but of little worth :

For what of Good, in dark Obscurity

Can it produce ? A Boat without a Rower,

Vel Lyra, quæ reticet, vel qui non tenditur arcus.
Hanc tamen haud quisquam qui non cognoverit ante
Semet, & incertos animi pacaverit æstus
Inveniet: longis illic ambagibus itur.—

Claud. IV. Conf. Hon.

V I S I O. Vide U M B R A.

IN somnis ecce ante oculos mœstissimus Hector
Visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus:
Raptatus bigis, ut quondam, atérque cruento
Pulvere, perque pedes trajectus lora tumentes.
Hei mihi! qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis,
Vel Danaûm Phrygios jaculatus puppibus ignes!
Squalentem barbam, & concretos sanguine crines,
Vulneraque illa gerens, quæ circum plurima muros
Accepit patrios.—

—Graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens:
Heu fuge, nate Dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis.
Hostis habet muros, ruit alto à culmine Troja.—

Virg. Æn. Lib. II.

Nox erat, & terris animalia somnus habebat.
Effigies sacræ Divûm, Phrygiique Penates,
Quos mecum à Troja mediisque ex ignibus urbis
Extuleram, visi ante oculos astare jacentis
In somnis, multo manifesti lumine; quæ se
Plena per insertas fundebat Luna fenestras.
Nec sopor illud erat: sed coram agnoscere vultus,
Velatâque comas, præsentiaque ora videbar.—

Virg. Æn. Lib. III.

Æneas celsa in puppi, jam certus eundi,
Carpebat somnos, rebus jam rite paratis.
Huic se forma Dei vultu redeuntis eodem
Obtulit in somnis.—

Cmnia

A Lyre unplay'd on, or a Bow unstrung,
It then resembles.——None, unless the Man
That knows himself, and does his Passions quell,
Can ever Virtue find : whose arduous Way
Thro' tedious and perplexed Windings lies.——

VISION. See GHOST.

LO! in a Dream, before my slumb'ring Eyes
The much afflicted *Hector* seem'd to stand,
Profuse of Tears: dragg'd with the Chariot's Wheels
As heretofore : besmear'd with bloody Dust :
And thro' his swelling Feet transfix'd with Thongs.
Ah me! how was he from that *Hector* chang'd,
Who once return'd triumphant in the Spoils
Of great *Achilles* : or who flung his Fire
Among the *Grecian* Vessels ! foul his Beard :
His Hair all clung, and clotted with his Blood :
And in his Body all the Wounds receiv'd
Before his native Walls.——
Fetching a dismal Groan ;—Ah ! fly, he cry'd ;
Fly, Goddess-born, and save Thee from these Flames :
The Enemy has gain'd our Walls ; and *Troy*
Is tumbling from it's Height.—— *Trap.*

'Twas Night : and Sleep possess'd the weary World.
Th' Effigies of our *Trojan* Country-Gods,
Whom from amidst the Fire of ruin'd *Troy*
I rescu'd, in my Sleep appear'd to stand
Before my Eyes : discover'd by the Light,
Where the full Moon profusely pour'd her Beams
Thro' the inserted Windows.——

Nor was it common Sleep : for plain I saw
Their Looks, their Forms, and Fillets of their Hair.—*Id.*

Aeneas, in his lofty Ship, resolv'd
Upon his Voyage, and prepar'd to sail,
Securely slept.——To him the Form divine
Returning, just the same in Mein, and Look,
Appear'd in Dream:——

H h 4

Resembling

Omnia Mercurio similis, vocémque, colorémque,
 Et crines flavos, & membra decora juventæ :
 Nate dea, potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos ?
 Nec, quæ circumstant te deinde pericula, cernis ?
 Demens ! ————— *Virg. Æn. Lib. IV.*

Nox erat ;

Cum pater in ripa gelidique sub ætheris axe
 Æneas, tristi turbatus pectora bello,
 Procubuit, serámque dedit per membra quietem.
 Huic Deus ipse loci, fluvio Tyberinus amceno,
 Populeas inter senior se attollere frondes
 Visus. Eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
 Carbasus, & crines umbrosa tegebat arundo. —

Virg. Æn. Lib. VIII.

Indè soporifero cesserunt languida somno
 Membra ducis : diri tum plena horroris imago
 Visa caput mœstum per hiantes Julia terras
 Tollere, & accenso furialis stare sepulcro.
 Sedibus Elysiis, campoque expulsa piorum
 Ad Stygias (inquit) tenebras, manésque nocentes,
 Post bellum civile trahor. —————

Conjuge me lætos duxisti, Magne, triumphos :
 Fortuna est mutata toris : sempérque potentes
 Detrahère in cladem fato damnata maritos,
 En nupsit tepido pellex Cornelia busto.

Hæreat illa tuis per bella, per æquora signis,

Dum

Resembling *Mercury* in ev'ry Part,
 His Voice, Complexion, and his yellow Hair;
 And well proportion'd beauteous Limbs of Youth.
 Canst Thou in this Conjunction, Goddess-born,
 Indulge thy Sleep? Nor think what Dangers round
 Inclose Thee, thoughtless Man? ——— *Id.*

——— 'Twas Night;
 When Prince *Aeneas*, on the Bank reclin'd,
 Beneath the open Canopy of Heaven,
 And troubled in his Breast with Woes of War,
 Late Rest indulg'd.—To him the local God,
 Old *Tyberinus*, from his pleasant Stream,
 Among the poplar Boughs, appear'd to rise:
 Thin azure Linnen o'er his Shoulders flew:
 And shady Reeds entwin'd his hoary Head. ——— *Id.*

At length the weary * Chieftain sunk to Rest,
 And creeping Slumbers sooth'd his anxious Breast:
 When, lo! in that short Moment of Repose,
 His † *Julia's* Shade, a dreadful Vision! rose:
 Thro' gaping Earth her ghastly Head she rear'd,
 And by the Light of livid Flames appear'd.
 These Civil Wars, she cry'd; my Peace infest,
 And drive me from the Mansions of the Blest:
Elysium's happy Fields no more I know,
 Dragg'd to the guilty *Stygian* Shades below.
 When Thou wert mine, what Laurels crown'd thy Head!
 But Thou hast chang'd thy Fortune with thy Bed:
 In an ill Hour thy second Choice was made,
 To Slaughter Thou, like *Crassus*, art betray'd:
 Death is the Dower *Cornelia's* Love affords,
 Ruin still waits upon her potent Lords.
 While yet my Ashes glow'd, she took my Place,
 And came a Harlot to thy loose Embrace:
 But let her, Partner of thy Warfare go,
 Let her, by Land and Sea thy Labours know:

* *Pompey*.

† *Julia*, *Caesar's* Daughter, was the first Wife of *Pompey*: soon after her Death, he marry'd *Cornelia* the Widow of *Crassus*, who was slain in the War against the *Parthians*.

Dum non securos liceat mihi rumpere somnos,
 Et nullum vestro vacuum sit tempus amanti,
 Sed teneat Cæsárque dies, & Julia noctes.
 Me non Letheæ, conjux, oblivia ripæ
 Immemorem secere tui, regésque silentium
 Permisere sequi. Veniam te bella gerente
 In medias acies. Nunquam tibi, Magne, per umbras,
 Pérque meos manes generum non esse licebit.
 Abscindis frustra ferro tua pignora. Bellum
 Te faciet civile meum.——Sic fata, refugit
 Umbra per amplexus trepidi delapsa mariti.——

Lucan. Lib. III.

Sed tunc ipsa——
 Nuntia, materno facies ingesta sopori.
 ——Squalebat pulchrior auro
 Cæsaries, & nox oculorum infecerat ignes.
 Exhaustúsque gelu pallet rubor. Ille superbi
 Flammeus oris honos, & non cessura pruinis
 Membra colorantur picei caligine regni.
 Ergo hanc ut dubio vix tandem agnoscere visu
 Evaluit:——
 Tu, mea tu proles? an vana fallimur umbra?——

Claud. Rapt. Prof. III.

EXPROBRATIO. Vide OPPROBRIUM.

Consumtis precibus violentam transit in iram:
 Intendénsque manus, passis furibunda capillis,
 Quo fugis, exclamat, meritorum auctore relicta,
 O patriæ prælate meæ, prælate parenti?
 Quo fugis, immitis? cujus victoria nostrum

Et

In all thy broken Sleeps I will be near,
 In all thy Dreams sad *Julia* shall appear:
 Your Loves shall find no Moment for Delight,
 The Day shall all be *Cæsar's*, mine the Night.
 Not the dull Stream where long Oblivions roll,
 Could blot Thee out, my Husband, from my Soul.
 The Powers beneath my Constancy approve,
 And bid me follow wheresoe'er You rove.
 Amidst the joyning Battles will I stand,
 And still remind Thee of thy plighted Hand.
 Nor think those sacred Ties no more remain:
 The Sword of War divides the Knot in vain,
 That very War shall make Thee mine again.

The Phantom spoke, and gliding from the Place,
 Deluded her astonish'd Lord's Embrace. — *Rowe.*

At last, in solemn Silence of the Night,
 * She rose before her slumb'ring † Mother's Sight:
 Her yellow Hair more bright than burnish'd Gold,
 All foul with Dirt, and squalid to behold:
 Pale are her beauteous Cheeks: her radiant Eyes
 Are dim'd with Night, and all their Lustre dies.
 Her ruddy Lips and snowy Limbs, the Soil
 Of *Stygian* Shades involves, and sooty Clouds defile.
 Scarce thro' the black Disguise the Parent knew
 The dismal Shape, and star'd with doubtful View:
 Art Thou, art Thou my Daughter?—Speak, declare:
 Or am I thus deceiv'd by empty Air? — *Hughes.*

UPBRAIDING. See REPROACH.

TO Rage and Fury || she converts her Pray'r,
 Spreads out her Hands, and flings aloft her Hair.
 Where fly'st Thou, (thus she vents her deep Distress)
 Why fly'st Thou her that crown'd Thee with Success?
 O Thou, beyond my Sire and Country priz'd!
 Where fly'st Thou, Cruel? Why am I despis'd?

* *Proserpine.*

† *Ceres.*

|| *Scylla.* See Treason.

The

Et scelus & meritum est. Nec te data munera, nec te
 Noster movit amor: nec quod spes omnis in unum
 Te mea congesta est? Nam quo deserta revertar?
 In patriam? superata jacet, Sed finge manere:
 Proditione mea clausa est mihi.——

———Obstruximus orbem
 Terrarum nobis, ut Crete sola pateret.

Nil agis, ô frustra meritorum oblite meorum;
 Insequar invitum: puppimque amplexa recurvam
 Per freta longa trahar.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. VIII.

Diffimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum
 Posse nefas, tacitusque meâ decedere terrâ?
 Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
 Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?

———Te propter eundem
 Extinctus pudor, & quâ solâ sidera adibam,
 Fama prior: cui me moribundam deseris, hospes?
 Hoc solum nomen quoniam de conjuge restat.——

Nec tibi Diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
 Perfide, sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
 Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres.

Num fletu ingemuit nostro? num lumina flexit?
 Num lachrymas victus dedit? aut miseratus amantem est?
 Nusquam tuta fides. Ejectum litore, egentem
 Excepi, & regni demens in parte locavi:
 Amissam classem, focios à morte reduxi.

The Guilt and Merit of thy Spoil is mine,
 And can not Gifts, nor Love, thy Soul incline?
 Can nothing move thee? can'st Thou throw off one
 Who has no Refuge left but Thee alone?
 Where shall I seek for Comfort? whither fly?
 My native Country does in Ashes lie:
 Or wer't not so, my Treason bars me there,
 And bids me wander: I myself have thrown
 From all the World, but *Crete* and Thee alone.
 Nor think, ungrateful Man! the liquid Way
 And foaming Billows shall inforce my Stay:
 I'll follow Thee in Spite: my Arms I'll throw
 Across thy Oars, or grasp thy crooked Prow,
 And drag thro' drenching Seas.—— *Croxall alter'd.*

And could'st thou hope, perfidious, to conceal
 So black a Crime? and silent leave my Coasts?
 Cannot my Love, nor thy once plighted Faith,
 Nor *Dido's* cruel, and untimely Death,
 (For Death inevitable must ensue)
 Detain Thee?——For thy Sake
 My Honour is extinguish'd, lost: and That
 By which alone I soar'd above the World,
 My once unfully'd Fame: to whom by Thee
 Dying am I abandon'd, cruel Guest?
 Since that's the only Name which now remains,
 Instead of Husband. ———

Nor art Thou of a Goddess Mother born:
 Nor is thy Birth from *Dardanus* deriv'd,
 Perfidious Wretch! but *Caucasus*, with Rocks
 Horrid, disclos'd thee from its flinty Sides,
 And fierce *Hircanian* Tygers gave thee suck.

———Did he once give a Groan
 To see me weep? Did he once bend his Eyes?
 Or shed one Tear in Pity to my Love?
 True Faith is no where to be found: him toss'd
 On Shore, of all Things indigent, I here
 Receiv'd: and made him Partner of my Throne,
 (Fool that I was!) repair'd his shatter'd Fleet,
 And hospitably sav'd his Friends from Death.

Furies

Heu! furiis incensa feror! Nunc augur Apollo,
 Nunc Lyciæ sortes; nunc & Jove missus ab ipso
 Interpres Divum fert horrida jussa per auras:
 Scilicet is superis labor est, ea cura quietos
 Sollicitat. Neque te teneo, neque dicta refello.

I, sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas.
 Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt,
 Supplicia hausurum scopulis, & nomine Dido
 Sæpe vocaturum. Sequar atris ignibus absens:
 Et, cum frigida mors animâ seduxerit artus,
 Omnibus umbra locis adero: dabis, improbe, pœnas.—
Virg. Æn. Lib. IV.

EGESTAS.

QUIS expedit Pſittaco suum XAIPE,
 Picasque docuit verba nostra conari?
 Magister artis, ingenique largitor
 Venter, negatas artifex sequi voces.
 Quòd si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
 Corvos poëtas, & poëtridas picas
 Cantare credas Pegaseum melos.—

Perf. Sat. I. Prologus.

—Cum longa dies acuit mortalia corda,
 Et labor ingenium miseris dedit: & sua quenque
 Advigilare sibi jussit fortuna premendo,
 Seducta in varias certarunt pectora curas:
 Et quæcunque sagax tentando repperit usus,
 In commune bonum commentum læta dedere.
 Tunc & lingua suas accepit barbara leges,
 Et fera diversis exercita frugibus arva,
 Et vagus incertum penetravit navita pontum:
 Fecit & ignoris itiner commercia terris:
 Tum belli pacisque artes commenta Vetustas.— *Manil. I.*
 —Diffuafor

Furies distract me! now *Apollo's* Shrines,
 Now *Lycian* Oracles have warn'd him hence :
 Th' Ambassador of Heav'n, from mighty *Jove*
 Dispatch'd, brings dreadful Mandates thro' the Air.
 Belike the Gods are wond'rously concern'd
 For his Affairs : that Care disturbs their Rest.
 I nor detain Thee, nor refel thy Words :
 Away for *Latium*, by the Winds : go, seek
 Thy Kingdom o'er the Waves : for me, I hope,
 If the just Gods, have Pow'r, thou wilt receive
 Thy due Reward among the Rocks : and there
 Call oft on *Dido* : wrapt in dusky Flames,
 I'll follow Thee : and, soon as icy Death
 Has freed my Soul from Flesh, in ev'ry Place
 My Ghost shall haunt thee : Villain ! thou shalt feel
 My Vengeance. *Trap.*

WANT.

WHO taught the Parrot human Notes to try,
 Or with a Voice endu'd the chatt'ring Pye ?
 'Twas witty Want, fierce Hunger to appease :
 Want taught their Masters, and their Masters these.
 Let Gain, that gilded Bait, be hung on high,
 The hungry Witlings have it in their Eye :
 Pyes, Crows, and Daws, poetic Presents bring :
 You say they squeak, but they will swear they sing.—*Dryd.*
 When human Reason Length of Time refin'd,
 And Want had set an Edge upon the Mind :
 When Men's Necessities did sorely press,
 And exercis'd their Wits to find Redress :
 Then various Cares their working Thoughts employ'd,
 And that which each invented all enjoy'd.
 Then Meanings first were fixt to barb'rous Sounds,
 Then Corn first grew, then Fruit enrich'd the Grounds :
 Thro' Seas unknown the Sailor then was hurl'd,
 And gainful Traffick joyn'd the distant World : [alt.
 Then Arts of War were found, and Arts of Peace.—*Creech*
 'Tis

————— Diffuasor honesti

Luxus, & humanas oblimat copia mentes:
Provocet ut segnes animos, rerumque remotas
Ingeniosa vias paulatim exploret Egestas.
Utque artes pariat sollertia, nutriet Usus. —

Claud. Rapt. Prof. Lib. III.

BELLUM. Vide Prælium. Effugium. Obsidium.
Cædes. Bellum Civile.

QUIS fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enses?
Quàm ferus, & verè ferreus ille fuit!

Tunc cædes hominum generi, tunc prælia nata,
Tunc breviter diræ mortis aperta via est.
At nihil ille miser meruit: nos ad mala nostra
Vertimus, in sævas quod dedit ille feras.

Divitis hoc vitium est auri: nec bella fuerunt,
Faginus astatat quum scyphus ante dapes.
Non arces, non vallus erat, somnūque petebat
Securus varias dux gregis inter oves. —

Tibul. Lib. X. El. 1.

Quis furor est atram bellis accerferere mortem?
Imminet, & tacito clām venit illa pede. —

Ibid.

————— Ubi fas versum atque nefas: tot bella per orbem,
Tam multæ scelerum facies: non ullus aratro
Dignus honos, squalent abductis arva colonis,
Et curvæ rigidum falces constantur in ensē.
Vicinæ ruptis inter se legibus urbes
Arma ferunt. Sævit toto Mars impius orbe. —

Virg. Georg. Lib. I.

Ardet

'Tis Luxury, the Bane of honest Minds;
That dulls the-Soul, and sharp Invention blinds:
While more ingenious Want inspires the Man,
To prove his Pow'r, and dare what-e'er he can.
For daily Need to virtuous Arts will move,
And Arts, invented, Practice will improve.—*Hughes alt.*

W A R: See Battle: Rout: Siege: Slaughter.
War (Civil.)

WHO was it first began the dang'rous Trade,
To work the Sword, and whet the shining Blade?
How savage must he be to learn such Ill!
And sure his very Soul itself was Steel.
Then Wars began, then 'rose the murd'ring Trade,
Then for fierce Death a shorter Way was made.
But he, unthinking Wretch! no Harm design'd;
We took the cursed Hint, to Ills inclin'd:
And what he made to tame the savage Beast,
We madly turn against each other's Breast.
This Vice proceeds from greedy Thirst of Gold,
For Wars and Tumults were unknown of old:
When cheerful Draughts were quaff'd from common Wood,
And bechen Bowls on homely Tables stood.
No Need was then of Tow'rs their Wealth to keep,
The Shepherd slept secure amidst his Sheep.— *Dart.*
What Madness is it, in distracted Broils,
To hasten on our Fate by martial Toils?
Or Death provoke, by seeking high Renown?
Uncall'd, with silent Pace, he comes, too soon.— *Id.*
———They Right and Wrong confound:
From ev'ry Quarter impious Arms resound,
And monstrous Crimes in ev'ry Shape are crown'd,
The peaceful Peasant to the War is prest;
The Fields lie fallow, in disgraceful Rest:
The Plain no Pasture to the Flocks affords:
The crooked Scythes are straiten'd into Swords.
Perfidious Mars long plighted Leagues divides,
And o'er the wasted World in Triumph rides.— *Dryden.*
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Ardet inexcita Aufonia, atque immobilis ante.

Pars, pedes ire parat campis : pars, arduus altis
Pulverulentus equis furit : omnes arma requirunt.

Pars levis clypeos & spicula lucida tergent
Arvinâ pingui, subiguntque in cote secures :
Tela novant :
Signâque ferre juvat, sonitûsque audire tubarum.
Tegmina tuta cavant capitem, flectuntque salignas
Umboꝝ crates : alii thoracas ahenos,
Aut leves ocreas lento ducunt argento.

Vomeris huc & falcis honos, huc omnis aratri
Cessit amor : recoquunt patrios fornacibus enses :
Classica jamque sonant : it bello tessera signum.
Hic galeam tectis trepidus rapit : ille frementes
Ad juga cogit equos : clypeumque aurôque trilicem
Loricam induitur, fidôque accingitur ense.——

Virg. Æn. VII.

Nobilitas cum plebe perit : latêque vagatur
Ensis : & à nullo revocatum est pectore ferrum.
Stat cruor in templis : multâque rubentia cæde
Lubrica faxes madent. Nulli sua profuit ætas.
Non senis extremum piguit vergentibus annis
Præcipitâsse diem, nec primo in limine vitæ
Infantis miseri nascentia rumpere fata.
Crimine quo parvi cædem potuere mereri ?
Sed satis est jam posse mori.——

Lucan. Lib. I.

Invenit artes bellicus Mavors novas
Et mille formas mortis : hinc terras cruor
Infecit omnes fusus & rubuit mare.
Tum scelera demto fine per cunctas domos
Ière. Nullum caruit exemplo nefas.——

*Senec. Hipp.
Indica*

The peaceful Cities of th' *Ausonian* Shore,
 Lull'd in their Ease, and undisturb'd before,
 Are all on Fire: and some, with studious Care,
 Their restiff Steeds in sandy Fields prepare:
 Some their soft Limbs in painful Marches try,
 And War is all their Wish, and Arms the gen'ral Cry.
 Part scour the rusty Shields with Seam, and Part
 New grind the blunted Ax, and point the Dart.
 With Joy they view the waving Ensigns fly,
 And hear the Trumpet's Clangor pierce the Sky.
 Some hammer Helmets for the fighting Field,
 Some twine young Sallows to support the Shield.
 The Corslet some, and some the Cuisses mold,
 With Silver plated, and with ductile Gold.
 The rustic Honours of the Scythe and Share,
 Give Place to Swords and Plumes, the Pride of War.
 Old Faulchions are new temper'd in the Fires:
 The sounding Trumpet ev'ry Soul inspires.
 The Word is giv'n: with eager Haste they lace
 The shining Headpiece, and the Shield embrace.
 The neighing Steeds are to the Chariot ty'd,
 The trusty Weapon sits on ev'ry Side.——

Dryden.

The high-born Nobles with the Vulgar fall:
 Wide wastes the Sword, and Slaughter reaches all:
 Murder ev'n Temples finds: distain'd with Gore,
 Slipp'ry with Carnage, is the sacred Floor.
 No Age is spar'd: low-bending to the Grave,
 Life's small Remains the Ancient cannot save:
 Infants, new-born, and reeking from the Womb,
 The plunging Steel sends hasty to the Tomb.
 What can such Infants do to merit Death?
 'Tis a sufficient Crime that they have Breath.——

———Horrid War invents

New Methods, and a thousand Forms of Death:
 War gluts the Earth, and dyes the Seas with Blood.
 Then Wickedness broke loose, ranges at Will
 Thro' ev'ry Place, nor House, nor Temple 'scapes.
 No Crime is uncommitted.——

484 BELLUM Indictum. BELLUM Civile.

Indica Tigris agit rapidâ cum Tigride pacem
Perpetuam : sævis inter se convenit Urfis.
Ast homini ferrum lethale incude nefandâ
Produxisse parum est. —————

Juv. Sat. XV.

BELLUM Indictum.

SUNT geminæ belli portæ, sic nomine dicunt,
Relligione sacræ & sævi formidine Martis :
Centum ærei claudunt vestes, æternaque ferri
Robora : nec custos absistit limine Janus.
Has, ubi certa sedet patribus sententia pugnæ :
Ipse, Quirinali trabea cinctûque Gabino
Insignis, referat stridentia limina consul :
Ipse vocat pugnas : sequitur cum cætera pubes.
Æreaque assensu conspirant cornua rauco. —

Æn. Lib. VII.

BELLUM Civile. Vide DISCORDIA.

— **E**CCE per orbem
Mitis turba Deum, terras exosa furentes
Deserit : atque hominum damnatum avertitur agmen.
Pax prima ante alias, niveos pulsata lacertos,
Abcondit galea victum caput, atque relicto
Orbe fugax Ditis petit implacabile regnum.
Huic comes it sincerâ Fides, & crine soluto
Justitia, ac mœrens lacerâ Concordia pallâ.
At contra, sedes Erebi qua rupta dehiscit,
Emergit late Ditis chorus ; horrida Erinnyes,
Et Bellona minax, facibûsque armata Megæra :
Letûmque, Infidiæque, & lurida Mortis imago.
Quas inter Furor, abruptis ceu liber habenis,
Sanguineum late tollit caput, orâque mille
Vulneribus confossa cruenta casside velat.

Innu-

The *Indian* Tiger a perpetual Peace
With Tigers keeps, and Bears with Bears agree :
But Man, with hellish Art, the murd'ring Sword
'Gainst his own Race prepares.——

WAR Declar'd.

TWO Gates of War there stand (so call'd their Name)
Tremendously Religious, by the Dread
Of horrid *Mars* : an hundred brazen Bolts,
And everlasting Iron's solid Strength
Secures them : Nor does *Janus* ever cease
To guard the Portal. Here, when certain War
The Fathers by their Sentence have decreed,
The Consul clad in his *Quirinal* Gown,
And rich *Gabinian* Robe, himself unlocks
The jarring Doors : Himself calls forth the Fight :
Then all the Forces follow : And at once
In shrill Assent the brazen Trumpets found.—— *Trap.*

WAR (Civil.) See DISCORD.

LO! from the Earth the mild and gentle Train
Of *Deities* departs, and leaves Mankind
To sure and dreadful Defolation doom'd.
Peace leads the Way, and beats her snowy Arms,
Within her Helmet hides her vanquish'd Head,
And flies affrighted to th' *Elysian* Shades.
On her inviolable *Faith* attends,
And mournful *Justice* with dishevel'd Hair,
And *Concord* wailing, with her Garments torn.
But *Hell*, with Joy, unbolts it's brazen Doors,
And all it's *Furies* quit the *Stygian* Court :
Threat'ning *Bellona* with *Erynnis* joyns,
And dire *Megæra* arm'd with flaming Brands.
Pale *Death*, insidious *Fraud*, and *Massacre*,
With *Rage* burst forth, who, from his Fetters freed,
Lifts high his gory Head : a Helmet hides

Hæret detritus læva Mayortius umbo,
Innumerabilibus telis gravis : atque flagranti
Stipite dextra minax terris incendia portat.——

Petron. Arb.

—— Postquam spatio languentia nullo
Mutua conspicuos habuerunt lumina vultus,
Et fratres, natosque suos videre, patresque :
Depressum est civile nefas.——

—— Primo ferrum strinxere gementes,
Et dextræ iusti gladius dissuasor adhæsit,
Dum feriunt, odere suos, animosque labantes
Confirmant ictu. Fervent jam castra tumultu,
Et scelerum turbâ : rapiuntur colla parentum.——

Lucan. Lib. IV.

Tunc data libertas odiis, resolutaque legum
Frænis ira ruit : non uni cuncta dabantur,
Sed fecit sibi quisque nefas. Semel omnia victor
Jusserat. Infandum domini per viscera ferrum
Exegit famulus : nati maduere paterno
Sanguine : certatum est, cui cervix cæsa parentis
Cederet : in fratrum ceciderunt præmia fratres.
Busta repleta fugâ, permistaque viva sepultis
Corpora : nec populum latebræ cepere ferarum.
Hic laqueo fauces, elisæque guttura fregit :
Hic se præcipiti jaculatus pondere durâ
Desiluit percussus humo : mortisque cruento
Victori rapuere suas.——

Lucan. Lib. II.

Ut rapido cursu fati suprema morantem
Consumpsere locum : parvâ tellure dirempti,
Quò sua pila cadant, aut quæ sibi fata minentur,
Indè manum spectant : tempus, quo noscere possent
Facturi quæ monstra forent. Videre parentes
Frontibus adversis, fraternaque cominus arma,

Nec

His Visage scarr'd with Wounds : his left Hand grasps
The Shield of *Mars*, horrid with countless Darts,
Whilst in his Right a flaming Torch appears,
To light Destruction, and to fire the World.—

Their ancient Friends, as now they nearer drew,
Prepar'd for Fight the wond'ring Soldiers knew :
Brother with Brother in unnat'ral Strife,
And the Son arm'd against the Father's Life.
Curst Civil-War ! then Conscience first was felt,
And the tough Veteran's Heart began to melt.

Pity awhile their Hands from Slaughter kept,
Inward they groan'd, and as they drew, they wept :
But ev'ry Blow their wav'ring Rage assures,
In Murder hardens, and to Blood inures.
Crowds charge on Crowds, nor Friends their Friends descry,
But Sires by Sons, and Sons by Fathers die.— *Addison.*

Dissembled Hate and Rancour rang'd at Will :
All, as they pleas'd, took Liberty to kill :
And while Revenge no longer fear'd the Laws,
Each private Murder was the public Cause.
The Leader bad destroy : and, at the Word,
The Master fell beneath the Servant's Sword.
Brothers on Brothers were for Gifts bestow'd,
And Sons contended for their Father's Blood.
For Refuge some to Caves and Forests fled :
Some to the lonely Mansions of the Dead :
Some, to prevent the cruel Victor, die :
These strangled hang from fatal Beams on high :
While those, from Tops of lofty Turrets thrown,
Came headlong on the dashing Pavement down.— *Rowe.*

Now either Host the middle Plain had pass'd,
And Front to Front in threat'ning Ranks were plac'd :
Then ev'ry well known Feature stood to View,
Brothers their Brothers, Sons their Fathers knew.
Then first they feel the Curse of Civil Hate,
Mark where their Mischiefs are assign'd by Fate,
And see from whom themselves Destruction wait.

Nec libuit mutare locum : tamen omnia torper
Pectora confrinxit : gelidusque in viscera sanguis
Perculsâ pietate coit : totæque cohortes
Pila parata diu tensis tenere lacertis.——

Lucan. Lib. VII.

Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis affuescite bella :
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.

Non ætas hæc carpsit edax, monumentaque rerum
Putria destituit : crimen civile, videmus
Tot vacuas urbes : generis quò turba redacta est
Humani ? toto populi qui nascimur orbe,
Nec muros implere viris, nec possumus agros.——*Luc. L. VII.*

MILES. Vide HEROS.

TUrnus ut Æneam cedentem ex agmine vidit,
Turbatosque duces ; subitâ spe fervidus ardet ;
Poscit equos atque arma simul, saltuque superbus
Emicat in currum, & manibus molitur habenas.
Multa virum volitans dat fortia corpora leto :
Semineces volvit multos, aut agmina curru
Proterit, aut raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas.

Qualis apud gelidi cum flumina concitus Hebri
Sanguineus Mavors clypeo increpat, atque furentes
Bella movens immittit equos : illi æquore aperto
Ante Notos Zephyrumque volant : gemit ultima pulsu
Thrace pedum : circumque atræ Formidinis ora,
Iræque, Infidiæque, Dei comitatus, aguntur.
Talis equos alacer media inter prælia Turnus

Fumantes

Stupid a-while, and at a Gaze they stood,
 While creeping Horror froze the lazy Blood :
 Some small Remains of Piety withstand,
 And stop the Javelin in the lifted Hand :
 Remorse for one short Moment step'd between,
 And motionless, as Statues, all were seen.—— *Rowe.*

Forbear such Wars, my Children, O forbear !
 Nor sheath your dreaded Country's conqu'ring Swords
 Within your Country's Bowels.—— *Trap.*

These ruin'd Monuments are not defac'd
 By all-destroying Time : that We behold
 So many Cities, desolate, and waste,
 Is owing to the Guilt of Civil War.
 To what small Number now has that reduc'd
 Mankind ! not all our Offspring can suffice
 To fill the Towns, or cultivate the Lands.——

WARRIOR. See HERO.

WHEN *Turnus* saw *Aeneas* from the Field
 Retiring, and the *Trojan* Chiefs confus'd :
 Fir'd with new Hope, he suddenly demands
 His Arms, and Horses : vaults with haughty Bound
 Into his Car, and guides the flowing Reins.
 Many brave Warriors in his swift Career
 He gives to Death : rolls many on the Ground
 Half dead : or drives his Chariot o'er their Troops ;
 Or plies their Backs with Jav'lins in their Flight.
 As when, enrag'd, near frozen *Hebrus'* Stream,
Mars clashes on his Shield, and wakes the War,
 And to his foaming Coursers gives the Reins :
 They, in the open Field, outfly the Winds,
Notus, and *Zephyrus* : beneath their Feet
 The *Thracian* Confines groan : and round him throng
 Fury, and Stratagem, and pale Dismay,
 The dire Retinue of th' ensanguin'd God.
 So *Turnus*, thro' the Middle of the Fight,
 Exulting, lashes on his fiery Steeds

Smoking

Fumantes sudore quatit, miserabile cæsis
Hostibus insultans: spargit rapida ungula rores
Sanguineos, mixtâque cruor calcatur arenâ.—

Æn. Lib. XII.

— Exceptus tergo consueta locavit
Membra, manûsque ambas jaculis oneravit acutis:
Ære caput fulgens, cristâque hirsutus equinâ.
Sic cursum in medios rapidus dedit. Æstuat ingens
Imo in corde pudor, mixtôque infania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, & conscia virtus.—

Æn. Lib. X.

At Jovis interea monitis Mezentius ardens
Succedit pugnæ, Teucrôsq; invadit ovantes.
Concurrunt Tyrrhenæ acies: atque omnibus uni,
Uni odiisq; viro telisq; sequentibus instant.
Ille, velut rupes vastum quæ prodit in æquor,
Obvia ventorum furiis, expositâque ponto,
Vim cunctam atque minas perfert cœliq; marisq;
Ipsa immota manens.—

Ibid.

C O E L U M.

P R O G N O S T I C A.

— **V** Entis surgentibus, aut freta ponti
Incipiunt agitata tumescere, & aridus altis
Montibus audiri fragor: aut resonantia longe
Litora misceri, & nemorum increbescere murmur.
Jam sibi tum à curvis male temperat unda carinis,
Cum medio celeres revolant ex æquore mergi,
Clamorémque ferunt ad litora, cumque marinæ
In sicco ludunt fulicæ: notâsque paludes
Deferit, atque altam supra volat ardea nubem.

Sæpe

Smoking with Sweat : and (dreadful to behold !)
Tramples his prostrate Foes : the rapid Hoofs
Scatter the gory Dew all sprinkled round,
And spurn thick Clots of mingled Sand and Blood.—*Trap.*

And now the Courser on his Back receives
Th' accustom'd Load : He settles in the Seat,
And both his Hands with pointed Jav'lins fills :
His brazen Helmet glitters on his Head,
And nods the waving Crest of Horfes Mane.
Thus arm'd, with rapid Haste into the Midst
Furious he rides : Within his Bosom boils
Disdainful Shame, and Grief to Madness wrought,
And Love inflam'd with Rage, and conscious Worth.—*Id.*

But by Jove's Impulse fierce *Mezentius* fir'd
Mean while succeeds to Battle, and invades
The conqu'ring *Trojans*. All the *Tyrrhene* Bands
Assemble : Him alone with mortal Hate
United, and with Storms of Darts they press.
He, like a Rock, which o'er the Ocean wide
Hangs prominent, expos'd to Winds and Waves,
And all the Rage of Sea and Sky endures,
Stands fix'd, unmov'd.—*Id.*

W E A T H E R.

P R O G N O S T I C S.

E'E R Winds arise :—Or, * swells the working Flood :
Or, a harsh Crash is heard throughout the Wood :
Or, mingling, sound the Coasts from distant Seas,
And gathering Murmur rustles in the Trees.
Then scarce the Wave from bended Skiffs abstains,
When Cormorants forsake the watry Plains,
And scream along the Shore : when swift to Land
The Sea-gulls haste, and sport along the Strand :
Or, when the Hern prepares his lofty Flight,
Quits the known Marsh, and mounts th' *Ethereal* Height.

* Signs of Wind.

Of

Sæpe etiam stellas, vento impendente, videbis
 Præcipites cœlo labi: noctisque per umbram
 Flammarum longos à tergo albescere tractus:
 Sæpe levem paleam & frondes volitare caducas,
 Aut summa nantes in aqua colludere plumas.

At Boreæ de parte trucidis cum fulminat, & cum
 Eurique Zephyrique tonat domus: omnia plenis
 Rura natant fossis, atque omnis navita ponto
 Humida vela legit. Numquam imprudentibus imber
 Obfuit. Aut illum surgentem vallibus imis
 Aëriæ fugere grues: aut bucula cœlum
 Suspiciens, patulis captavit naribus auras:
 Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo:
 Et veteram in limo ranæ cecinere querelam.

Sæpius & tectis penetralibus extulit ova
 Angustum formica terens iter, & bibit ingens
 Arcus: & è pastu decedens agmine magno
 Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.
 Jam varias pelagi volucres, & quæ Asia circum
 Dulcibus in stagnis rimantur prata Caystri,
 Certatim largos humeris infundere rores:
 Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas,
 Et studio incassum videas gestire lavandi,

Tum cornix plenâ pluviâ vocat improba voce,
 Et sola in sicca secum spatatur arena.
 Nec nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellæ
 Nescivere hyemem: testâ cum ardente viderent
 Scintillare oleum, & putres concrefcere fungos.

Nec minus ex imbri soles, & aperta serena
 Prospicere, & certis poteris cognoscere signis.

Nam

Oft too, you'll see, when furious Winds impend,
Precipitate, the Stars from Heav'n descend;
And far behind, thro' gloomy Shades of Night,
Glitter, and whiten the long Trails of Light:
Oft whirl in Air dry Straw, and with'ring Leaves,
And Feathers wanton on the fimm'ring Waves.

But from the North when flashing * Lightnings fly,
And East, and Westward, Thunder rends the Sky:
Then with the swelling Dykes swims all the Plain:
Then ev'ry Seaman, on the foaming Main,
Quick gathers up the Sails all drench'd with Rain.
None, uninform'd, e'er did the Show'r assail:
Cranes, as it rose, flew downwards to the Vale:
Or, gazing on the Heavens stood the Steer,
And with wide Nostrils snuff'd the humid Air:
Or, Swallows, chatt'ring, round the Lake have flown,
And miry Frogs sung out their antient Moan.
And oftner has the Ant with busy Tread,
Up from the Nether-Cells her Eggs convey'd:
Deep drank the mighty Bow: and foodless rose
Loud, with their rustling Wings, a Host of Crows.
Now may you see wide Ocean's various Fowls,
And those that haunt *Cayster's* well-lov'd Pools,
In wanton Strife the Silver-Flood divide,
And lave their Shoulders with the sparkling Tide:
Now with their downy Breasts the Torrent stem:
Now plunge their Heads: now run upon the Stream:
With endless Labour ply the watry Plain,
And dive, and wash, and proudly wash in vain.
Then, with full Voice the Rook the Show'r demands,
And solitary stalks along the thirsty Sands.
Nor is unskilful of impending Storms
The Virgin, nightly, that her Task performs:
When sparkling in the Lamp the Oyl she sees,
And fungous Balls around the Wick increase.
Nor from less certain Signs mayst Thou descry
Unshowery Suns, and an † expanded Sky.

* Signs of Rain.

† Signs of Fair Weather.

Then

Nam neque tum stellis acies obtusa videtur,
 Nec fratris radiis obnoxia surgere Luna:
 Tenuia nec lanæ per cœlum vellera ferri.
 Non tepidum ad Solem pennas in litore pandunt
 Dilectæ Thetidi Halcyones: non ore solutos
 Immundi meminere sues jactare maniplos:
 At nebulae magis ima petunt, campoque recumbunt:
 Solis & occasum servans de culmine summo
 Nequicquam feros exercet noctua cantus.
 Tum liquidas corvi presso ter gutture voces
 Aut quater ingeminant: & sæpe cubilibus altis,
 Nescio qua præter solitum dulcedine læti,
 Inter se foliis strepitant: juvat imbribus actis
 Progeniem parvam, dulcisque revisere nidos.
 Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
 Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major:
 Verum, ubi tempestas & cœli mobilis humor
 Mutavere vias: & Jupiter humidus Austris
 Denfat, erant quæ rara modo: &, quæ densa, relaxat:
 Vertuntur species animorum, & pectora motus
 Nunc alios, alios, dum nubila ventus agebat,
 Concipiunt: hinc ille avium concentus in agris,
 Et lætæ pecudes, & ovantes gutture corvi.

Si verò Solem ad rapidum Lunasque sequentes
 Ordine respicies: numquam te craftina fallat
 Hora, neque insidiis noctis capiere serenæ.
 Luna revertentes cum primum colligit ignes,
 Si nigrum obscuro comprehenderit aëra cornu,
 Maximus agricolis pelagóque parabitur imber.
 At, si virgineum suffuderit ore ruborem,
 Ventus erit: vento semper rubet aurea Phoebe.

Then keen the Stars appear: nor, rising, seems
 The Moon a Debtor to her Brother's Beams:
 Then do the wafting Winds no longer bear
 The fleecy Flakes; serene and still the Air:
 Nor to the tepid Sun their Wings expand,
 The Sea-lov'd Halcyons, basking on the Strand:
 Nor mindful are the Swine, with Jaws display'd,
 To gripe the Straw, and toss their rustling Bed:
 But downwards glides the Mist, and lodges on the Mead:
 And Owls, still waiting on the Sun's Retreat,
 In vain their Midnight Songs aloft repeat.
 Then, thrice, or four times, firmly prest the Throat,
 The Rooks redouble every clearer Note:
 Gay, with I know not what unusual Joys,
 They crowd the Trees, and chatt'ring is their Noise.
 What dear Delight possesses every Breast,
 When each beholds, soon as the Storms are ceas'd,
 Her tender Young once more, and pleasing Nest.
 Not that I think the Gods to them dispense
 Of Things in Fate a more discerning Sense:
 But when the Storm, and moist inconstant Skies
 Alternate Change: when southern Tempests rise,
 Condense what's thin, and what's condens'd more rare
 By Warmth becomes, they vary with the Air:
 Now one Impression in their Bosoms dwells,
 Another when the Wind the Clouds dispels:
 Hence from the Birds that warbling Concert flows:
 Hence Herds exult, and hoarsely shout the Crows.
 But to the rapid Sun if You attend,
 And how the Moons their following Courses bend,
 You'll ne'er be taken by th' ensuing Day,
 Nor shall fair Nights, insidious, Thee betray.
 When first the * Moon collects the coming Rays,
 If she thick Air in her dark Horn displays,
 Vast Show'rs invade the Peasant and the Seas:
 But if a Virgin Blush her Face o'er-spread,
 Winds blow:—with Wind still *Phæbe's* Cheeks are red:

* Signs from the Moon.

But

Sin ortu in quarto (namque is certissimus auctor)
 Pura, neque obtusis per cœlum cornibus ibit:
 Totus & ille dies, & qui nascentur ab illo
 Exactum ad mensem, pluviâ ventisque carebunt:
 Votaque servati solvent in litore nautæ
 Glauco, & Panopeæ, & Inoo Melicertæ.

Sol quoque & exoriens, & cum se condit in undas,
 Signa dabit: Solem certissima signa sequuntur:
 Et quæ mane refert, & quæ surgentibus astris.
 Ille ubi nascentem maculis variaverit ortum
 Conditus in nubem, medióque refugerit orbe,
 Suspecti tibi sint imbres: namque urget ab alto
 Arboribusque satisque Notus, pecorique sinister,
 Aut ubi sub lucem densa inter nubila sese
 Diversi erumpent radii, aut ubi pallida surget
 Tithoni croceum linquens aurora cubile:
 Heu! male tum mites defendet pampinus uvas,
 Tum multa in tectis crepitans salit horrida grando.

Hoc etiam, emenso cum jam decedet Olympo,
 Profuerit meminisse magis: nam sæpe videmus
 Ipsi in vultu varios errare colores.
 Cœruleus pluviâ denunciat, igneus Euros:
 Sin maculæ incipient rutilo immiscerier igni,
 Omnia tunc pariter vento nimbisque videbis
 Fervere. Non illa quisquam me nocte per altum
 Ire, neque à terra moneat convellere funem.
 At si, cum referétque diem, condétque relatum,
 Lucidus orbis erit: frustra terreberet nimbis,
 Et claro sylvas cernes Aquilone moveri.
 Denique, quid Vesper ferus vehat, unde serenas
 Ventus agat nubes, quid cogitet humidus Auster,

But at her fourth Ascent if pointed rise
 The silver Horns, and bright she trips the Skies;
 That Day entire, and all it's following Race,
 Till fully, she compleats her monthly Space;
 (Safe by this Sign) nor Storms shall know, nor Rain:
 And Sailors, rescu'd from the boist'rous Main,
 Their promis'd Vows shall pay to all the watry Reign.

And thus the Sun, as Rising he appears,
 Or dipt in Ocean, various Signs declares:
 Unerring Signs his circling Course attend,
 Or in the Morn, or when the Stars ascend.
 Whene'er * he mottles o'er his new-born Light;
 Or masks in Clouds, or half retires from Sight,
 Suspect the Show'r: For, fatal to the Sown,
 And Trees, and Herds, the South comes pouring down.
 If, at the purple Dawn, his struggling Rays
 Strike thro' the thick'ning Skies a scatter'd Blaze:
 If, o'er her Cheeks a livid Paleness shed,
Aurora springs from *Tilbon's* saffron Bed:
 Ah! what can Leaves to guard the Grapes avail?
 So rattling bounds on Roofs the horrid Hail!
 But, from *Olympus*, just as he slides down,
 'Twould profit more to have observ'd the Sun.
 Oft o'er his Face are diff'rent Colours spread:
 Thick Rains the Azure, Winds denote the Red:
 But intermingled if the Spots appear
 With shining Flame, then Winds and Clouds prepare
 With equal Rage, an universal War:
 That Night let none to venture on the Sea,
 Or to untie the Cable, counsel me.
 But if his Orb all lucid shines, and gay,
 When forth he leads, and when he hides the Day,
 Fear not the Storm: You'll see the northern Breeze
 Slide thro' the Grove, and gently move the Trees.
 Lastly, to what the Ev'ning is inclin'd,
 From whence shall come the Cloud-dispelling Wind,
 And of the humid South the secret Mind,

* Signs from the Sun.

Sol tibi signa dabit : Solem quis dicere falsum

Audeat : _____ *Virg. Geor. Lib. I.*

TEXTURA.

HAUD mora : constituunt diversis partibus ambæ,
Ex gracili geminas intendunt stamine telas.

Tela jugo vinctæ est : stamen secernit arundo :

Inferitur medium radiis subtemen acutis :

Quod digiti expediunt, atque inter stamina ductum

Percusso feriunt insecti pectine dentes.

Utraque festinant : cinctæque ad pectora vestes

Brachia docta movent, studio fallente laborem.

Illic & Tyrium quæ purpura sensit alienum

Texitur, & tenues parvi discriminis umbræ :

Qualis ab imbre solet percussis folibus Arcus

Inficere ingenti longum curvamine cælum :

In quo diversi niteant cum mille colores,

Transitus ipse tamen spectantia lumina fallit :

Usque adeo quod tangit idem est : tamen ultima distant.

Illic & lentum filis immittitur aurum,

Et vetus in tela deducitur argumentum. _____

Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

Stamina barbaricâ suspendit callida telâ :

Purpureasque notas filis intexuit albis,

Indicium sceleris. _____

Ibid.

NUPTIÆ. Vide CONJUGIUM.

— **T**Ædas Hymenæus Amórque
Præcutiunt : largis satiantur odoribus ignes.

Sertaque

The Sun to You repeated Tokens gives :
And who dares say that e'er the Sun deceives? — *Anon.*

WEAVING.

STRAIT to their Posts appointed, * both repair
And fix their threaded Looms with equal Care :
Around the solid Beam the Web is ty'd,
While hollow Canes the parting Warp divide :
Thro' which with nimble Flight the Shuttles play,
And for the Woof prepare a ready Way :
The Woof and Warp divide, prest by the toothy Slay.
Now both, their Mantles button'd to their Breast,
Their dextrous Fingers ply with eager Haste,
And work with Pleasure : while they chear the Eye
With glowing Purple of the *Tyrian* Dye :
Or, justly intermixing Shades with Light,
Insensibly their Colourings unite.
As when a Shower transpierc'd with sunny Rays,
It's mighty Arch along the Heav'ns displays,
From whence a thousand diff'rent Colours rise,
Whose fine Transition cheats the clearest Eyes,
So like the intermingled Shading seems,
And only differs in the last Extreams.
Then Threads of Gold both artfully dispose,
And, as each Part in just Proportion rose,
Some antique Fable in their Work disclose. — *Croxall.*
With Skill exact a *Phrygian* Web † she strung,
Fix'd to a Loom that in her Chamber hung,
Where in-wrought Letters upon White display'd,
In purple Notes the cruel Act betray'd. — *Id.*

WEDDING. See MARRIAGE.

Hymen || and Love their nuptial Torches raise,
And rich Perfumes on every Altar blaze.

* *Pallas* and *Arachne*.

† *Philomela*.

|| Wedding of *Perseus* and *Andromeda*.

Sertaque dependent tectis : lotique, lyræque,
 Tibiaque, & cantus, animi felicia læti
 Argumenta, sonant. Referatis aurea valvis
 Atria tota patent, pulcróque instructa paratu
 Cepheni proceres ineunt convivia regis.
 Postquam epulis functi, generosi munere Bacchi
 Diffudere animos.——— *Ovid. Met. Lib. IV.*

Ecce canunt Hymenæon : & ignibus atria fumant :
 Cinctaque adest Virgo matrum nuruúmque caterva
 Præsignis facie. Felicem diximus illa
 Conjuge Perithoum.——— *Ovid. Met. Lib. XII.*

——— Jamdudum poste reclinis
 Quærit Hymén thalamis intactum dicere carmen,
 Quo vatem mulcere queat : dat Juno verenda
 Vincula, & insigni geminat Concordia tæda.———
Statii. Epith. Syl. I.

N U P T I Æ Inauspicatæ.

— **N**ON pronuba Juno,
 Non Hymenæus adest, non illi Gratia lecto.
 Eumenides tenuere faces de funere raptas :
 Eumenides stravere torum : tectóque profanus
 Incubuit bubo, thalamique in culmine fedit.———
Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

Inde per immensum croceo velatus amictu
 Aëra digreditur, Ciconumque Hymenæus ad oras
 Tendit : & Orpheâ nequicquam voce vocatur.
 Adfuit ille quidem : sed nec solennia verba,
 Nec lætos vultus, nec felix attulit omen.

W E D D I N G (Unlucky.)

501

With flow'ry Garlands are the Houses hung :
Flutes, Harps, and Hautboys aid the warbling Song,
And Joy is now the Theme of ev'ry Tongue.
Ope, wide, the Palace Gates extended flew ;
The regal Treasures are expos'd to view :
The *Cepbine* Peers, each an invited Guest,
In Pomp assemble to the royal Feast.
The Banquet over, brisk the rosy Bowl
Moves round and round, enlarging every Soul,——

———The Roofs with Joy resound,
And * *Hymen ! Io Hymen !* rung around.
Rais'd Altars shone with holy Fires: the Bride
Lovely herself (and lovely by her side
A Bevy of bright Nymphs,) with sober Grace,
Came glitt'ring like a Star, and took her Place.
We joy *Peribous* of his happy Choice.——

Dryd.

Already standing at the Door, too long
Sweet *Hymen* waits to raise the nuptial Song :
Her sacred Bands majestic *Juno* lends,
And Concord with her flaming Torch attends,—— *Addison.*

W E D D I N G (Unlucky.)

NOR *Hymen*, nor the Graces † here preside,
Nor *Juno* to befriend the blooming Bride :
But Fiends with fun'ral Brands the Process led,
And Furies waited at the genial Bed :
And all Night long the screeching Owl aloof,
With baleful Notes sat brooding o'er the Roof.—— *Croxall.*
Thence, in his saffron Robes, thro' boundless Skies,
To the *Ciconian* Borders *Hymen* flies :
In vain by ‡ *Orpheus* call'd, his Love to bless,
He came indeed, but could not bring Success.
No chearful Omens, or auspicious Words,
No Looks of Joy the gloomy God affords.

* Wedding of *Peribous* and *Hippodamia*.

† Wedding of *Tereus* and *Procne*.

‡ Wedding of *Orpheus* and *Euridice*.

Fax quoque, quam tenuit, lachrimoso stridula fumo,
 Utque fuit, nullos invenit motibus ignes,
 Exitus auspicio gravior: nam nupta, per herbas
 Dum nova Naiadum turba comitata vagatur,
 Occidit, in talum serpentis dente recepto.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. X.

Fœdera sola tamen, vanaque carentia pompâ
 Jura placent, sacrisque Deos admittere testes,
 Festa coronato non pendent limine ferta:
 Insulâque in geminos discurrit candida postes,
 Legitimæque faces, gradibusque acclivis eburnis
 Stat torus, & picto vestes discriminat auro:
 Turritâque premens frontem matrona coronâ,
 Tralatâ vetuit contingere limina plantâ.
 Non timidum nuptæ leviter tectura pudorem
 Lutea demissos velârunt flammea vultus,
 Balteus haud fluxos gemmis astrinxit amictus,
 Colla monile decens, humerisque hærentia primis
 Suppara nudatos cingunt angusta lacertos.
 Sic, ut erat, mœsti servans lugubria cultus,
 Quoque modo natos, hoc est amplexa maritum,——

Lucan. Lib. II.

Pronuba Tisiphone thalamis ululavit in illis:
 Et cecinit mœstum devia carmen avis.
 Affuit Alesto brevibus torquata colubris,
 Syntque sepulcrali lumina mota face,——

Ovid. Ep. 2.

SCELUS.

The Torch his Hand sustain'd, still sput'ring, rais'd
A fullen Smoke, nor yet, tho' shaken, blaz'd.

Th' Event still worse than these Presages prov'd ;
For whilst the Bride along the Meadows rov'd,
Encompass'd by the sportive *Naid* Throng,
Her by the Heel a venom'd Viper stung,
And instant Death ensu'd. —

Theobald, alt.

In plain unsolemn wise * his Faith he plights,
And calls the Gods to view the lonely Rites!
No Garlands gay the cheerful Portal crown'd,
Nor woolly Fillets wove the Posts around :
No genial Bed, with rich Embroidery grac'd,
On Iv'ry Steps in lofty State was plac'd :
No Hymeneal Torch preceeding shone,
No Matron put the tow'ry Frontlet on,
Nor bad her Feet the sacred Threshold shun.
No yellow Veil was loosely thrown to hide
The rising Blushes of the trembling Bride :
No glitt'ring Zone her flowing Garments bound,
Nor sparkling Gems her Neck encompass'd round :
No silken Scarf, nor decent winding Lawn,
Was o'er her naked Arms and Shoulders drawn :
But, as she was, in Funeral Attire,
With all the Sadness Sorrow could inspire,
With Eyes dejected, with a joyless Face,
She met her Husband's, like a Son's Embrace. — *Rowe.*

The howling Fiends, and ominous Birds of Night,
With dismal Notes, perform'd each nuptial Rite :
With her curl'd Snakes the fierce *Allecto* came,
To light our Tapers with infernal Flame.

* *Martia*, the Wife of *Cato*, after bearing him three Children, was, at his Desire, espoused to his Friend *Hortensius*, who had no Issue. *Hortensius* dying, she was again married to *Cato* her first Husband, at the time when the Civil War was just broke out between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*. The Concern *Cato* felt for the Commonwealth, made him lay aside all the Ceremonies usual at the *Roman* Weddings.

S C E L U S.

Vivitur ex rapto : non hospes ab hospite tutus,
 Non socer à genero : fratrum quoque gratia rara est,
 Imminet exitio vir conjugis, illa mariti :
 Lurida terribiles miscent aconita novercæ.
 Filius ante diem patrios inquit in annos.
 Victa jacet Pietas, & Virgo cæde madentes
 Ultima cœlestium terras Astræa reliquit. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

Sunt, in Fortunæ qui casibus omnia ponunt,
 Et nullo credunt mundum rectore moveri,
 Naturâ volvente vices & lucis, & anni,
 Atque ideo intrepidi quæcunque altaria tangunt,

Est alius, metuens ne crimen poena sequatur,
 Hic putat esse Deos, & pejerat, atque ita secum :

Decernat quodcunque volet de corpore nostro
 Isis, & irato feriat mea lumina sistro,
 Dummodò vel cæcus teneam, quos abnego, nummos.

Ut sit magna, tamen certè lenta ira Deorum est.
 Si curant igitur cunctos punire nocentes,
 Quando ad me venient ? sed & exorabile numen
 Fortasse experiar : solet his ignoscere. Multi
 Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato :
 Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema,
 Sic animum diræ trepidum formidine culpæ
 Confirmant. —

Juv. Sat. XIII.

Cùm scelus admittunt, superest constantia : quid fas,
 Atque nefas, tandem incipiunt sentire, peractis

Criminibus :

WICKEDNESS.

ALL live by Spoil, in Safety none remain;
 The Guest, by him that harbour'd him, is slain:
 The Son-in-Law pursues the Father's Life,
 Brothers with their own Brothers are at Strife,
 The Wife her Husband murders, he the Wife,
 The Stepdame Poison for the Son prepares:
 The Son inquires about his Father's Years,
 Duty with Piety expiring lies,
 And Justice weary'd out with bloody Cries,
 Lost of the Virtues, seeks her native Skies.— *Dryd. alt.*

Some think that Chance rules all, that Nature steers
 Without a God, —————

The moving Seasons, and turns round the Years,
 These run to ev'ry Shrine, these boldly swear,
 And keep no Faith, because they know no Fear.

Another doubts: but as his Doubts decline,
 He dreads just Vengeance, and he starts at Sin:
 He owns a God: and yet the Wretch forswears:
 And thus he reasons to relieve his Fears.

Let *Isis* rage, so I securely hold
 The Coin forsworn, and keep the ravish'd Gold.
 Let Blindness, Lameness come: are Legs and Eyes
 Of equal Value to so great a Prize?
 The Vengeance of the Gods, tho' sure, is slow:
 If, therefore, all must feel the dreadful Blow
 Their Crimes deserve, so busy they must be,
 'Twill be an Age before they come to me.

But they are wont to pardon and to spare,
 And I too, may, perhaps, their Mercy share.
 Oft, Sins alike, unlike Rewards have found,
 One Villain's crucify'd, another crown'd.
 The Man that shiver'd on the Brink of Sin,
 Thus steel'd, and hard'n'd, ventures boldly in. *Creech alt.*

He that once Sins, like him that slides on Ice,
 Goes swiftly down the slippery Ways of Vice:

Tho'

Criminibus : tamen ad mores natura recurrit
 Damñatos, fixa & mutari nescia. Nam quis
 Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit
 Ejectum semel atritâ de fronte ruborem?
 Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris uno
 Flagitio? —

Quæ tam festa dies, ut cesset prodere furem,
 Perfidiâ, fraudes, atque omni ex crimine lucrum
 Quæsitum, & partos gladio, vel pyxide nummos?
 Rari quippe boni: numero vix sunt totidem, quot
 Thebæarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nilii, —

Perque tot ætates hominum, tot tempora, & annos,
 Tot bella, & varios etiam sub pace labores,
 Cum fortuna fidem quærat, vix invenit usquam.
 At, quanta est scelerum moles per secula cuncta!
 Quamque onus invidiæ non excusabile terris.

Venales ad fata patres, matrûmque sepulcra
 Imposuit Phoebus noctem, terrasque reliquit.
 Quid loquar everfas urbes, & prodita templa?
 Et varias pacis clades, & mixta venena,
 Insidiâsque fori, cædes in mœnibus ipsis,
 Et sub amicitiae grassantem nomine turbam?

In populo scelus est: & abundant cuncta furore,
 Et fas atque nefas. mistum, legesque per ipsas
 Sævitur nequities, pœnas jam noxia vincit. —

Manil. Lib. II.

UXOR.

Tho' Conscience checks him, yet, those Rubs gone o'er
 He slides on smoothly, and looks back no more.
 What Sinners finish where they first begin,
 And with one Crime content their Lust to sin?
 Nature, that rude, and in her first Essay,
 Stood boggling at the Roughness of the Way,
 Us'd to the Road, unknowing to return,
 Goes boldly on, and loves the Path when worn.

What Day's so sacred, but it's Rest's profan'd
 By violent Robbers, or by Murder stain'd?
 Here hir'd Assassins for their Gain invade,
 And treach'rous Poysners urge their fatal Trade:
 Good Men are scarce, the Just are thinly sown:—
 Should We but count them, and our Store compile,
 Yet *Thebes* more Gates would shew, more Mouths the
 fruitful Nile.—

Look o'er the World, see Force and Fraud increase,
 Rapine in War, and Treachery in Peace;
 But look for Truth and Faith, the Search is vain!
 No Mind is honest, and no Thoughts are plain.
 What bulky Villanies bestride the Age!
 What Envy pushes on Mankind to Rage!
 Envy not to be dispossest'd, her Throne
 Is firmly fixt, and all the World's her own.
 For curst Gold is all the mighty Strife:
 Sons sell their Father's and their Mother's Life,
 Friends kill their Friends: and at the barb'rous Sight
 The Sun retires, and leaves the World to Night.
 While Brothers poison with a smiling Face,
 And mix the Cup, and kill where they embrace:
 No Place is safe, no Temple yields Defence,
 'Gainst secret Stabs, or open Violence.
 Those most betray who Kindness most pretend,
 And Crowds of Villains skulk behind the Name of Friend.
 The World's infected, Wrong and Fraud prevail,
 While Truth, and Honesty, and Justice fail:
 Nay, Laws support those Crimes they check'd before,
 And Executions now affright no more.—

Creech,
 WIFE,

Uxor. Vide Dos.

— **M** Alo,
 Malo Venusinam, quam te, Cornelia, mater
 Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers.
 Grande supercilium, & numeras in dote Triumphos.
 Tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem, victumque Syphacem
 In castris, & cum tota Carthagine migra. —

Juv. Sat. VI.

Quæ tanti gravitas? quæ forma, ut se tibi semper
 Imputet? hujus enim rari summique voluptas
 Nulla boni, quoties animo corrupta superbo
 Plus aloës, quam mellis habet; quis deditus autem
 Usque adeo est, ut non illam, quam laudibus effert,
 Horreat, inque dies septenis oderit horis. —

Ibid.

Semper habet lites, alternaque jurgia lectus,
 In quo nupta jacet: minimum dormitur in illo.
 Tunc gravis illa viro, tunc orbâ tigride peior,
 Cum simulat gemitus occulti conscia facti,
 Aut odit pueros, aut fictâ pellice plorat,
 Uberibus semper lachrymis, semperque paratis
 In statione suâ, atque expectantibus illam,
 Quo jubeat manare modo. Tu credis amorem;
 Tu tibi tunc, curruca, places, sterumque labellis
 Exforbes; quæ scripta, & quas lecture tabellas,
 Si tibi Zelotypæ retigantur scrinia mœchæ!

Sed jacet in servi complexibus, aut equitis; dic,
 Dic aliquem, fodes, hic, Quintiliane, colorem.
 Hæremus; dic, ipsa olim convenerat, inquit,

Ut

WIFE. See PORTION.

A Country Girl, scarce to a Curt'fy bred,
 Than Thee, **Cornelia*, rather would I wed:
 If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
 Thou bring'st thy Father's Triumphs in thy Train.
 Take hence thy boasted *Hannibal*, I pray,
 Nor let behind him vanquish'd *Syphax* stay;
 With all thy *Carthaginian* State pack up, and march a-
 way. — [Dryd. alt.] }

What Beauty or what Chastity can bear
 So great a Price? if stately and severe
 She still insults, and you must still adore,
 Grant that the Honey's much, the Gall is more:
 Upbraided with the Virtues she displays, [Dryd.]
 Sev'n Hours in twelve you loath the Wife you praise. —

Besides, what endless Brawls by Wives are bred!
 The Curtain Lecture makes a restless Bed.
 Then, when she has Thee sure within the Sheets,
 Worse than a Tyger robb'd, — }
 She roars, and tares, and all her Arts repeats.
 Conscious of Crimes herself, she teizes first:
 Thy Servants are accus'd, thy Whore is curs'd:
 She acts the Jealous, and at Will she cries,
 For Women's Tears are but the Sweat of Eyes.
 Poor Cuckold Fool! Thou think'st her Love sincere,
 And suck'st between her Lips the falling Tear:
 But search her Cabinet, and thou shalt find
 Each Tiller there, with Love Epistles lin'd.
 Suppose her taken in a close Embrace:
 This you would think so manifest a Case, }
 No Rhet'ric could defend, no Impudence outface:
 And yet ev'n then, she cries,—the Marriage Vow
 A mental Reservation must allow:

* Mother to the *Gracchi*, and Daughter of *Scipio Africanus*, who conquered *Hannibal* and *Syphax*.

Ut faceres tu quod velles : nec non ego possem
Indulgere mihi.

Ibid.

Nil non permittit mulier sibi : turpe putat nil,
Cum virides gemmas collo circumdedit, & cum
Auribus extensis magnos commisit eleuchos.
Intolerabilius nihil est quam femina dives,

Nulla viri cura interea, nec mentio fiet
Damnorum : vivit tanquam vicina mariti :
Hoc solo prior, quod amicos conjugis odit,
Et servos.

Juv. Sat. VI.

Illa tamen gravior, quæ cum discumbere cœpit,
Laudat Virgilium, peritura ignoscit Elifæ :
Committit vates, & comparat : inde Maronem,
Atque aliâ parte in trutinâ suspendit Homerum.
Cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores, omnis
Turba tacet : nec caufidicus, nec præco loquatur,
Altera nec mulier : verborum tanta cadit vis.

Tot pariter pelves, tot tintinnabula dicas
Pulsari. Jam nemo tubas, nemo ære fatiget,
Una laboranti poterit succurrere Lunæ.
Imponit finem sapiens & rebus honestis :
Nam quæ docta nimis cupit & facunda videri,
Crure-tenus medio tunicas succingere debet,
Cedere Sylvano porcum, quadrante lavari.

Non habeat matrona, tibi quæ juncta recumbit,
Dicendi genus, aut curtum sermone rotato
Torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes :
Sed quædam ex libris, & non intelligat. Odi
Hanc ego, quæ repetit, volvitque Palæmonis artem,
Servatâ semper lege & ratione loquendi,

Ignotôsq̃ue

And there's a silent Bargain still imply'd,
The Parties should be pleas'd on either Side:
And both may for their private Ends provide. — *Id.*

The gaudy Gossip, when she's set a-gog,
In Jewels drest, and at each Ear a Bob,
Goes flaunting forth, and in her Trim of Pride,
Thinks all she says or does, is justify'd.
When poor, she's scarce a tolerable Evil:
But rich, and fine, a Wife's a very Devil.

Mean-while the Husband's whole Estate is spent;
He may go bare, while she receives his Rent.
She minds him not: She lives not as a Wife,
But like a bawling Neighbour, full of Strife:
Near him, in this alone, that she extends
Her Hate to all his Servants and his Friends. — *Dryden.*

But of all Plagues the greatest is untold:
The Book-learn'd Wife, in *Greek* and *Latin* bold.
The Critic-Dame, who at her Table sits,
Homer and *Virgil* quotes, and weighs their Wits;
And pities *Dido's* agonizing Fits.
She has so far th' Ascendant of the Board,
The prating Pedant puts not in one Word:
The Man of Law is non-plus'd in his Suit;
Nay, ev'ry other female Tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating Anvils, you would swear,
And *Vulcan* with his whole Militia there.
Tabors and Trumpets cease: for she alone
Is able to redeem the lab'ring Moon.
Ev'n Wit's a Burden, when it talks too long:
But she who has no Contenance of Tongue,
Should walk in Breeches, and should wear a Beard,
And mix among the Philosophic Herd.

O what a midnight Curse has he, whose Side
Is pester'd with a Mood and Figure Bride!
Let mine, Ye Gods! (if such must be my Fate)
No Logic learn, nor History translate!
But rather be a quiet humble Fool:
I hate a Wife to whom I go to Schol:

Who

Ignotósque mihi tener antiquaria verus,
Nec curanda viris Opicæ castigat amica
Verba. Solœcismum liceat fecisse marito. — *Ibid.*

Nec divinitus est interdum, Venerisque sagittis
Deteriore, fit ut forma Muliercula ametur.
Nam facit ipsa suis interdum fœmina factis,
Morigerisque modis, & mundo corpori cultu,
Ut facile insuescat secum Vir degere vitam. —

Lucret. Lib. IV.

Ædepol, nã nos æquẽ sumus omnes invisæ viris,
Propter paucas: quæ omnes faciunt dignæ ut videamur
malo. — *Terent. Hecyr.*

VOLUNTAS

Libera per terras unde hæc animantibus extat,
Unde est hæc (inquam) fatis avolsa voluntas,
Per quam progredimur, quò ducit quemque voluptas? —

Lucret. Lib. II.

Spartano cuidam respondit Pythia Vates,
Haud impunitum quondam fore, quòd dubitaret
Depositum retinere, & fraudem jure tueri
Jurando: Querebat enim quæ numinis esset
Mens: & an hoc illi fascinus suaderet Apollo.

Reddidit ergo metu, non moribus: & tamen omnem
Vocem adyti dignam templo, veràmque probavit,
Extinctus totâ pariter cum prole domoque.

Has patitur poenas peccandi sola Voluntas:
Non scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum,

Facti

Who climbs the Grammar Tree, distinctly knows
Where Noun, and Verb, and Participle grows:
Corrects her Country Neighbour; and in Bed,
For breaking *Priscian's*, breaks her Husband's Head.—*Id.*

It is not from the Gods, or *Cupid's* Dart,
That many a homely Woman wins the Heart!
A Wife well-humour'd, dutiful, and chaste,
And clean, will hold her wand'ring Husband fast:
Such are the Links of Love, and such a Love will
last. — *Cræch alter'd.*

In good Faith, we poor Wives have got a very ill
Name with our Husbands: and because there are a few
bad ones, the World judges hardly of us all,—*Eachard.*

WILL.

W Hence comes this perfect Freedom of the Mind?
Whence comes the WILL so free and unconfin'd,
Above the Pow'r of Fate? by which we go
Where-e'er we please, and what we Will we do?—*Cræch.*

A knavish *Spartan* was to Cheat inclin'd,
But wanted first to know *Apollo's* Mind;
Whether, if he with sacred Oaths deny'd
A trusted Pledge; Heav'n would be satisfy'd.
The Priestess answer'd, that his base Intent
Should not escape without a Punishment.
Startled at this, the Wretch gave up the Trust;
And was, thro' Fear, not Inclination, just.
Yet Plagues pursu'd him, and the mental Sin
Destroy'd himself, his Children, and his Kin.
Thus did he suffer for his wicked Will,
Tho' he ne'er practic'd the intended Ill.

* That Man stands really guilty of the Fault,
Who in his Breast admits a wicked Thought!

* One would think *Jarvenal* had read what *Christ* himself says
Matt. v. 27, 28. Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time,
Thou shalt not commit Adultery. But I say unto you, That whosoever
looketh on a Woman to lust after her, hath committed Adultery with her al-
ready in his Heart.

Facti crimen habet : cedò, si conata peregit?—

Juv. Sat. XIII.

Ut desint vires, tamen est laudanda voluntas :

Hac ego contentos auguror esse Deos.

Hæc facit ut veniat pauper quoque gratis ad aras,

Et placeat cæso non minùs agna bove.—

Ovid. Pont. Lib. IV.

VINUM.

Vide BACCHUS. OSIRIS.

Vina parant animos, faciuntque caloribus aptos :

Cura fugit, multo diluiturque mero.

Tunc veniunt risus : tunc pauper cornua sumit :

Tunc dolor, & curæ, rugaque frontis abit :

Tunc aperit mentes ævo rarissima nostro

Simplicitas, artes excutiente Deo,

Illo sæpe animos juvenum rapuere Puellæ :

Et Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit.—*Ov. Art. Am. l.*

Quid tibi præcipiam de Bacchi munere, quæris?

Spe brevius, monitus experire meos.

Vina parant animos Veneri : nisi plurima sumas,

Et stupeant multo corda sepulta mero.

Nutritur vento, vento restinguitur ignis :

Lenis alit flammæ, grandior aura necat.—*Ov. Rem. Am.*

Narratur & prisca Catonis

Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.

Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves

Plerumque duro : tu sapientium

Curas, & arcanum jocosum

Consilium retegis Lyæo :

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiiis,

Virésque, & addis cornua pauperi,

Post te neque iratos trementi

Regum apices, neque militum arma.—

Hor. Lib. III. Od. 21.

Quid non ebrietas designat ? operta recludit :

Spes jubet esse ratas : in proelia trudit inermem.

Sollicitis

WINE.

515

Then what sad Punishment must He expect;
Who thinks a Crime, and brings it to effect?—

'Tis worthy Praise, a good Intent to shew,
When that is all We have a Pow'r to do:
The Gods excuse what-e'er is wanting more,
If with a willing Mind we them adore:
And not less pleas'd the poor Man's Lamb receive,
Than Bullocks which the Rich and Mighty give.—

WINE. See BACCHUS. OSIRIS.

Wine warms the Blood, and makes the Spirits flow,
Care fly, and Wrinkles from the Forehead go:
Exalts the Poor: invigorates the Weak:
Gives Mirth, and Laughter, and a rosy Cheek:
Bold Truths it speaks: and spoken, dares maintain:
And brings our old Simplicity again.

Wine makes the Youth the fair One's Charms admire:
And Love with Wine is Fire put to Fire.— *Dryd. alt.*

Would you that I my Thoughts on Wine declare?
Short my Advice, and few my Precepts are:
Wine drunk discreetly warms the Heart to Love,
But Drunkenness does its Destruction prove:
A gentle Breeze of Wind blows up the Fire,
Whose rising Flames would in a Storm expire.—

Wine kept, they say, old Cato's Virtue warm;
Wine whets the Dull, and Wit inspires,
The Grave with sprightly Vigour fires,
And, by a never-failing Charm,
Unlocks the Mind, and all its gay Desires.

Wine with fresh Hope the Coward cheers,
Revives the Wretched and Undone,
And makes the Slave his Lord disown:

What Wretch, when arm'd by Bacchus, fears [*Creecb.*
To meet a Warrior's Arm; or stand a Tyrant's Frown?—

What Wonders cannot Wine effect? 'Tis free
Of Secrets, and turns Hope to Certainty.

Sollicitis animis onus eximit : addocet artes.

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere desertum ?

Contracta quem non in paupertate solutum ?——

Hor. Lib. I. Epist. 5.

VENTI. Vide Tempestas Coeli. Tempestas Maris.
Cœlum Turbidum.

HIS quoque non passim mundi Fabricator habendum
Aëra permisit. Vix nunc obstititur illis,
Cum sua quisque regant diverso flamina tractu,
Quin lanient mundum : tanta est discordia fratrum.

Eurus ad Auroram, Nabathæaque regna recessit,
Perfidæque, & radiis juga subdita matutinis.

Vesper, & occiduo quæ littora Sole tepescunt,
Proxima sunt Zephyro : Scythiam Septémque trionem
Horrifer invisit Boreas : contraria tellus
Nubibus assiduus, pluvióque madescit ab Austro.——

Ovid. Met. Lib. I.

—— Vasto rex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos, tempestatésque sonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis & carcere frænat.
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis
Circum claustra fremunt. Celsa sedet Æolus arce,
Sceptra tenens : mollitque animos, & temperat iras.

Ni faciat, maria ac terras cœlúmque profundum
Quippe ferant rapidi secum, verrántque per auras.
Sed pater omnipotens speluncis abdidit atris,
Hoc metuens : molémque & montes insuper altos

Imposuit :

The unarm'd Man it renders brave in War,
 And rids the troubled Mind of all its Care.
 It teaches Arts, it teaches how to think ;
 And what Man is not eloquent in Drink ?
 Or who's so much deprest by Poverty, [alt.
 That Wine can't make him happy, rich, and free?—*Creech*

WINDS. See Storm at Land. Storm at Sea.
 Tempest.

NOR the Creator left the Winds at large,
 On Seas, and Shores, their Fury to discharge:
 Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in Place,
 They rend the World, resistless, where they pass:
 And mighty Marks of Mischief leave behind:
 Such is the Rage of their tempestuous Kind.
 First, *Eurus* to the rising Morn is sent,
 (The Regions of the balmy Continent :)
 And Eastern Realms where early *Persians* run,
 To greet the blest Appearance of the Sun.
 Westward, the wanton *Zephyr* wings his Flight,
 Pleas'd with the Remnants of departing Light.
 Fierce *Boreas*, with his Offspring, issues forth,
 T' invade the frozen Waggon of the North:
 Whilst frowning *Auster* seeks the Southern Sphere,
 And rots, with endless Rain, th' unwholsome Year.—*Dryd.*

—————In his capacious Cave,
 Great *Aeolus*, with absolute Command,
 Controuls, imprisons, and confines in Chains
 The noisy Tempests, and reluctant Winds.
 They roar, and murmur round the Mountain's Sides,
 Indignant: *Aeolus* his Scepter shakes,
 Majestic on his lofty Throne; o'er-rules
 Their wild Desires, and moderates their Rage.
 Which did he not, with rapid Force they'd hurl
 Heav'n, Earth, and Seas, and sweep them thro' the Air.
 But fearing This, the Sov'reign of the Gods
 Pent them in gloomy Caves: and o'er them threw

Imposuit : regémque dedit, qui foedere certo
Et premere, & laxas sciret dare iussus habenas.—

Virg. Æn. Lib. I.

Quattuor in partes cœli describitur Orbis,
Nascentémque, ipsúmque diem, mediósq̃ue calores,
Téque Helice, toridem venti de partibus iisdem
Erumpunt, secúmque gerunt per inania bellum.
Asper ab axe ruit Boreas, fugit Eurus ab ortu,
Auster amat médium solem, Zephyrúsque profundum.—

Manil. Lib. IV.

Qualis Hyperboreis aquilo cùm densus ab oris
Incubuit, Scythiæque hyemes atque arida differt
Nubila : tum fegetes altæ campique natantes
Lenibus horrescunt flabris, summæque sonorem
Dant sylvæ, longique urgent ad litora fluctus.—

Virg. Georg. Lib. III.

Indè ruunt toto concita pericula mundo.
Primus ab oceano caput exeris Atlanteo,
Core movens æstus : jam te tollente furebat
Pontus, & in scopulos totas erexerat undas.

Occurrit gelidus Boreas, pelagúsque retundit ;
Et dubium pendet, vento cui pareat, æquor.
Sed Scythici vicit rabies Aquilonis, & undas
Torfit, & abstrusas penitus vada fecit arenas.

Non Euri cessasse minas, non imbris atrum
Æolii jacuisse. Notum sub carcere faxi
Crediderim, cunctos solitâ de parte ruentes
Defendisse suas violento turbine terras,
Sic pelagus mansisse loco.—

Lucan, Lib. V.

HYEMS.

Vast Piles of massy Rocks:—impos'd a King,
Who should, by certain Measures, know to curb,
Or, when commanded, to indulge their Rage.— *Trap.*

East, West, and North, and South, on either Side,
Oppos'd they lie, and thus the World divide:
As many Winds from these four Quarters fly,
And fight, and rattle, thro' the empty Sky.
Rough *Boreas*, from the North bears Frost and Snows:
And from the East the surly *Eurus* blows:
Wet *Auster* from the torrid South is thrown:
And pleasing *Zephyrus* loves the setting Sun.— *Creech,*

Like *Boreas* in his Race, when rushing forth,
He sweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North:
The waving Harvest bends beneath his Blast:
The Forest shakes, the Groves their Honours cast:
Aloft he flies, and with impetuous Roar,
Pursues the foaming Surges to the Shore.— *Dryden.*

Now rising all at once, and unconfined,
From ev'ry Quarter roars the rushing Wind.
First, from the wide *Atlantic* Ocean's Bed,
Tempestuous *Corus* rears his dreadful Head:
Th' obedient Deep his potent Breath controuls,
And, Mountain-high, the foamy Flood he rolls.
Him the North-East encount'ring fierce defy'd,
And back rebuffeted the yielding Tide.
The curling Surges loud conflicting meet,
Dash their proud Heads, and bellow as they beat:
While piercing *Boreas* from the *Scythian* Strand
Plows up the Waves, and scoops the lowest Sand.
Nor *Eurus*, then, I ween, was left to dwell,
Nor show'ry *Notus*, in th' *Æolian* Cell:
But each, from ev'ry Side, his Pow'r to boast,
Rang'd his proud Forces, to defend his Coast.
Equal in Might, alike they strive in vain,
While in the midst the Seas unmov'd remain.— *Rowe.*

HYEMS. Vide Gelu. Anni Tempora. Annus.

— **H**Yems ignava Colono.
Frigoribus parto agricolæ plerumque fruuntur,
Mutuaque inter se læti convivia curant:
Invitat genialis hyems, curasque resolvit.
Ceu pressæ cum jam portum tetigere carinæ,
Puppibus & læti nautæ imposuere coronas. —

Virg. Georg. Lib. I.

Tunc riget omnis ager, clausum mare, condita castra:
Nec tolerant medias hyemes horrentia saxa,
Statque uno natura loco, paulumque quiescit. —

Man. Lib. III.

Interæa magnum Sol circumvolvitur annum,
Et glacialis hyems Aquilonibus asperat undas. —

Virg. Æn. Lib. III.

Tunc grævis pedicas, & retia ponere cervis,
Auritosque sequi lepores; tum figere damas,
Stupea torquentem Balearis verbera fundæ:
Cum nix alta jacet, glaciem cum flumina trudent. —

Georg. Lib. I.

HYEMS SCYTHIÆ.

— **Q**U A Scythiæ gentes, — neque ullæ
Aut herbæ campo apparent, aut arbore frondes:
Sed jacet aggeribus niveis informis, & alto
Terra gelu latè, septemque assurgit in ulnas.
Semper hiems, semper spirantes frigora Cauri.
Tum Sol pallentes haud umquam discutit umbras:
Nec cum inuestus equis altum petit æthera: nec cum
Præcipitem Oceani rubro lavit æquore currum.
Concresecunt subitæ currenti in flumine crustæ:
Undaque jam tergo ferratos sustinet orbes,
Puppibus illa prius patulis, nunc hospita plaustis:

Æræque

WINTER. See Frost. Seasons. Year.

STILL slothful proves the Winter to the Swain,
'Tis then their Stores the Peasants oft employ
In mutual Feasts, and give a loose to Joy:
The genial Winter all their Minds prepares
To sprightly Mirth, and buries anxious Cares:
So joy the Sailors, every Danger past,
Safe in the Port the Ship, and crown'd the Mast. — *Anon.*

The Fields unwrought then lie, unplow'd the Seas,
And *Mars* in Quarters, lies consign'd to Ease:
Rocks cleave with Frosts: and by the Cold oppress'd,
All Nature's Powers are stiffen'd into Rest. — *Creech.*

Mean while the Sun rolls round the circling Year,
And icy Winter, harsh with northern Winds,
Roughens the Sea. — *Trap,*

— Then is the time to set
Springs for Cranes, and Toils for Stags: to hunt
The Hare: and from the *Balearian* sling,
With twisted Thong whirl'd round, to shoot the Doe:
While Snow lies deep: while heavy Cakes of Ice,
Push'd by the Tide, down the dull River float. — *Id.*

SCYTHIAN WINTER.

IN *Scythia's* Realms, no Herbage on the Fields,
No Leaves, in Winter, on the Trees are seen:
But Frost, and Ice, and ridgy Heaps of Snow,
Sev'n Ells in Height, deform the Country round,
Eternal Winter reigns, and freezing Winds.
The Sun ne'er dissipates the hazy Gloom:
Not when his Steeds mount upwards to the Sky,
Nor when He washes in the Ocean's Waves,
Red with his Beams, his prone descending Car.
The running Streams to sudden Crufts congeal:
The Water on it's Surface Iron Wheels
Sustains: and Carts are driv'n, where Lighters sail'd.

Brass

Æræque diffiliunt vulgo, vestēsque rigescunt
 Indutæ, cæduntque securibus humida vina,
 Et totæ solidam in glaciem vertere lacunæ,
 Stiriæque impexis induruit horrida barbis.
 Interea toto non secius aëre ningit :
 Intereunt pecudes : stant circumfusa pruinis
 Corpora magna boum : confertoque agmine cervi
 Torpent mole novâ, & summis vix cornibus exstant.

Hos non immixtis canibus, non cassibus ullis,
 Puniceævè agitant pavidos formidine pennæ :
 Sed frustra oppositum trudentes pectore montem
 Cominus obtruncant ferro, graviterque rudentes
 Cædunt, & magno læti clamore reportant,

Ipsi in defossis specubus secura sub altâ
 Otia agunt terra : congestæque robora, totâsque
 Advolvere focis ulmos, ignique dedere,
 Hic noctem ludo ducunt, & pocula læti
 Fermento atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis,
 Talis Hyperboreo septem subjecta trioni
 Gens effræna virum Riphæo tunditur Euro :
 Et pecudum fulvis velantur corpora setis. —

Virg. Geor. Lib. III,

Sic mundi pars ima jacet, quam Zona nivalis
 Perpetuæque premunt hiemes : non sidera cœlo
 Ulla videt, sterili non quicquam frigore gignit,
 Sed glacie medios signorum temperat ignes. —

Lucan. Lib. IV,

VOTUM. Vide MIDAS. PRECES.

ME verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musæ,
 Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
 Accipiant : cœlique vias & sidera monstrent,

Defectus

Defectus

Brals splits: Their rustling Garments stiffen frore:
 With Axes Wine is hewn: To solid Glass
 The standing Puddles in the Dykes are turn'd;
 And Icicles hang rigid from their Beards.
 Nor less, meanwhile, it Snows o'er all the Air:
 The Cattle die: The Neat, of bulky Size,
 With Frost surrounded stand: The Stags in Droves,
 Benumb'd beneath th' unusual Weight, scarce raise
 Their Heads, or with their topmost Horns appear.
 These the rough Hunters nor with Dogs, nor Toils,
 Nor with the Line of crimson Plumes pursue:
 But, as in vain they labour with their Breasts,
 And push against th' opposing Hills of Snow,
 Stab them with Swords, or Spears, in closer Fight,
 Braying aloud: And, with a mighty Shout,
 Triumphant, carry off the bleeding Prey.

Themselves in low sunk Caverns, under Ground,
 Secure, and jovial live: whole Oaks, and Elms,
 Roll to the Hearths, and pile them on the Fire:
 In Mirth and Jollity protract the Night;
 And Beer, and Cyder quaff, instead of Wine.
 Such is th' unbroken Race of Men, who live
 Beneath the Pole: by rough *Riphean* Blasts
 For ever buffeted: and with the Skins
 And tawny Furs of Beasts their Bodies cloth.— *Trap.*

Such are the Climes beneath the frozen Zone,
 Where chearless Winter plants her dreary Throne:
 No golden Stars their gloomy Heav'ns adorn,
 Nor genial Seasons to their Earth return:
 But everlasting Ice and Snows appear, [Rowe.
 Chill all the Summer's Fires, and curse the barren Year.—

W I S H. See MIDAS. PRAYERS.

ME may the Muses, whose vow'd Priest I am,
 Smit with strong Passion for their sacred Song,
 Dear above all to me, accept: and teach
 The heav'nly Roads, the Motions of the Stars,

The

Defectus solis varios, Lunæque labores :
 Unde tremor terris : qua vi maria alta tumescant
 Obicibus ruptis, rursusque in seipsa residant :
 Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere Soles
 Hyberni : vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.
 Sin, has ne possim naturæ accedere partes,
 Frigidus obstiterit circum præcordia sanguis :
 Rura mihi & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
 Flumina amem sylvæque inglorius. —

————— O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
 Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbra ! —

Virg. Georg. Lib. II.

Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt à Gadibus usque
 Auroram & Gangem, Pauci dignoscere possunt
 Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remotâ
 Erroris nebulâ : quid enim ratione timemus,
 Aut cupimus ? quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
 Conatus non poeniteat, votique peracti. — *Juv. Sat. X.*

Quid sentire putas ? quid credis, amice, precari ?
 Sit mihi, quod nunc est, etiam minus : ut mihi vivam
 Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse voluit Dî.
 Sit bona librorum, & provisæ frugis in annum
 Copia : neu fluitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ.

Hoc satis est orare Jovem, qui donat, & aufert :
 Det vitam, det opes : æquum mihi animum ipse parabo. —

Hor. Lib. I. Ep. 18.

Fata si liceat mihi
 Fingere arbitrio meo,
 Temperem Zephyro levi
 Vela, nè pressæ gravi
 Spiritu antennæ tremant.
 Lenis & modicè fluens

Aura,

The Sun's Defects, the Labours of the Moon :
 Whence Tremor to the Earth : by what Impulse
 The Sea swells high, and ebbing back retires :
 Why Suns in Winter haste so swift to tinge
 Themselves in Ocean : and what Cause retards
 The sluggish Nights.——But if the colder Blood
 About my Heart forbid me to approach
 So near to Nature : may the rural Fields,
 And Streams, which murm'ring glide along the Vales,
 Delight me : Groves, and Rivers may I love,
 Obscure, inglorious.——

——O! in *Hæmus*' Vallies cool
 Who places me, and covers me with shade
 Of thickest Trees, embow'ring?——

Trap.

Look round the habitable World, how few
 Know their own Good : or knowing it, pursue.
 How void of Reason are our Hopes and Fears!
 What, in the Conduct of our Life, appears
 So well design'd, so luckily begun,
 But, when we have our Wish, we wish undone?——*Dryd.*

For what do You imagine that I care?
 What think You is the Subject of my Pray'r?
 Be my Estate just what it is, or less,
 'Twill still be large enough for Happiness!
 And grant I may, if Heav'n more Years will give,
 Live to myself, the Time I have to live!
 Let me have Books, and Food to serve a Year,
 Lest I should wav'ring hang 'twixt Hope and Fear!

This, this is all, for which Mankind should pray,
 And beg of *J O V E* : who gives, and takes away.
 Let him but Life, and mod'rate Plenty find,
 And I'll provide my self an happy Mind.——*Creech alter'd.*

My Fortune might I form at Will,
 My Canvas, *Zephyrs* soft, should fill
 With gentle Breath : lest ruder Gales
 Crack the Main-Yard, or burst the Sails.
 By Winds, that temperately blow,
 My Barque should pass secure and flow :

Nor

Aura, nec vergens latus,
Ducat intrepidam fatem. — *Sen. Œdip.*

INGENIUM.

QUI pelago credit, magno se scœnore tollit;
Qui pugnæ & castra petit, præcingitur auro;
Vilis Adulator picto jacet ebruius ostro;
Et qui sollicitat nuptas, ad præmia peccat:
Sola pruinosis horret Facundia pannis,
Atque inopi lingua desertas invocat artes. —

Petron. Arb.

FŒMINA. Vide Uxor.

— **V**arium & mutabile semper
Fœmina. — *Virg. Æn. Lib. IV.*

Überibus semper Lachrymis, semperque paratis
In statione suâ, atque expectantibus illam,
Quo jubeat manare modo. — *Juv. Sat. VI.*

Fœmina nec flammâs, nec sævos excutit arcus:

Parcius hæc video tela nocere viris.

Sæpe viri fallunt, teneræ non sæpe puellæ:

Paucaque, si quæras, crimina fraudis habent. —

Ovid. Art. Am.

Verba puellarum foliis leviora caducis,

Irritaque ut visum est, ventus & aura ferunt. —

Ovid. Am. Lib. II.

— Nihil est audacior illis

Deprænsis: iram atque animos à crimine sumunt. —

Juv. Sat. VI.

Nulla ferè causa est, in quâ non fœmina litem
Moverit. —

Componunt

W I T. W O M A N.

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Nor scare me, leaning on her Side,
But smoothly cleave the unruffled Tide.— *Addison.*

W I T.

THE rolling Sea rewards the Merchant's Pains,
And pays his Confidence with ample Gains:
The Sons of *Mars*, in War and Battles bold,
Return with Plunder rich, and cloth'd in Gold:
The drunken Scoundrel Parasite can lie
On costly Couches, ting'd with purple Dye:
He that debauches other People's Wives,
Receives his pay, and by his Baseness thrives:
Poor Wit alone a Threadbare Garment wears,
And courts those Arts, for which no Mortal Cares.—

W O M A N. See W I F E.

— — — **A** Woman is a Thing
Still various, and uncertain.—

Tears in abundance ever wait her Will,
To be squeez'd out, and over-flow her Eyes,
Just as Occasion serves.—

Woman is soft and of a tender Heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain Love's Dart:
Man has a Breast robust, and more secure,
It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.
Men oft are false: and, if You search with Care,
You'll find less Fraud imputed to the Fair.— *Dryden.*

Perfidious Woman naturally deceives,
And all her Speeches are like falling Leaves:
Which when the Winds have from the Branches tore,
About they're blown a-while, and seen no more.

There's nothing bolder than a Woman caught:
Guilt gives 'em Courage to maintain their Fault.—

Dryden.

No Cause is try'd at the litigious Bar,
But Women Plaintiffs, or Defendants are.

They

Componunt ipsæ per se, formantque libellos;
Principium atque locos Celsò dictare paratæ.—

Ibid.

Ut spectet ludos, conducit Ogulnia vestem,
Conducit sellam : —

— Argenti superest quodcunque paterni,
Lævibus Athleticis, ac vasa novissima donat.
Multis res angusta domi est : sed nulla pudorem
Paupertatis habet : nec se metitur ad illum,
Quem dedit hæc, posuitque modum. Tamen utile quid sit,
Prospiciunt aliquando viri : frigusque, famemque,
Formicæ tandem quidam expavere magistræ.
Prodiga non sentit pereuntem scemina censum :
At velut exhaustâ redivivus pullulet arcæ
Nummus, & è pleno semper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputat, quanti sibi gaudia constent.— *Ibid.*

— Novi ingenium Mulierum :
Nolint ubi velis, ubi nolis cupiunt ultro.— *Ter. Eun.*

Forſitan antiquæ Tatio ſub rege Sabinae
Maluerint, quam ſe, rura paterna coli :
Cum matrona premens altum rubicunda ſedile,
Affiduo durum pollice nebat opus.
Ipsaque claudebat, quos filia paverat, agnos :
Ipsa dabat virgas caesaque ligna foco.
At vestrae teneras matres peperere puellas ;
Vultis inaurata corpora veste tegi.
Vultis adornatos positu variare capillos :
Conspicuas gemmis vultis habere manus.
Induitis collo lapides Oriente petitos :
Et quantos onus est aure tulisse duos.
Nec tamen indignum, si vobis cura placendi :
Cum comptos habeant secula nostra viros.—

Ovid. de Med. Faciei.

They form the Process, all the Briefs they write :
 The Topicks furnish, and the Pleas indite :
 And teach the toothless Lawyer how to bite.—

Id.

Poor vain *Ogulinia*, on the Poet's Day,
 Will borrow Cloths, and Chair, to see the Play :
 Will spend the last Half-Crown of her Estate,
 And pawn the last remaining Piece of Plate.
 Some are reduc'd their utmost Shifts to try,
 But Women have no Shame of Poverty :
 Beyond their Stint they live : as if their Store
 The more exhausted would encrease the more :
 Some Men, instructed by the lab'ring Ant,
 Provide against th' Extremities of Want :
 But Womankind, that never knows a Mean,
 Down to the Dregs their sinking Fortunes drain :
 Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear,
 And think no Pleasure can be bought too dear.—

Id.

I know full well the giddy Mind of Woman :
 Would You ? They won't : but, if You won't, They will.—

When *Tatius* rul'd the antient *Sabine* Race,
 Then rough, and careless of a handsome Face,
 The Women took more Pains to earn their Bread
 At Plow, and Cart, than how to dress the Head.
 All Day their Task the busy Matrons ply'd,
 Or spinning fat, as to their Distaffs ty'd.
 The Mother then, at Night, would fold the Sheep,
 Her little Daughter us'd by Day to keep.
 And when at home, would cleave out Logs of Wood,
 Or kindle up a Fire to boil their Food.
 But You, bright Fair ! who're form'd in finer Moulds,
 Must wrap your Limbs in rich brocaded Folds :
 Must comb, and curl, and with abundant Care
 Turn up, and braid, and place the shining Hair.
 With Necklaces and Rings, set off your Charms,
 Hang Pendants in your Ears, and Bracelets on your Arms :
 Nor need this Care to please a Blush create, [alter'd.
 For Men themselves have learn'd to Dress of late.—*Tate*

MUNDUS.

OMnia mortali mutantur lege creata.
 Neq se cognoscunt terræ vertentibus annis.
 Exutas variam faciem per secula gentes.
 At manet incolumis mundus, suâque omnia servat,
 Quæ nec longa dies auget, minuitque senectus.
 Nec motus puncto currit, cursûsque fatigat :
 Idem semper erit : quoniam semper fuit idem.
 Non alium videre patres, aliûmve nepotes
 Aspicient ; Deus est, qui non mutatur in ævo.——

Manil. Lib. I.

CULTUS. Quibus rebus colendi superi.

Dicite, Pontifices, in sacro quid facit aurum ?
 Nempe hoc, quod Veneri donatæ à virgine pupæ.

Quin demus id Superis, de magnâ quod dare lance
 Non possit magni Messalæ lippa propago :
 Compositum jus, fasque animi, sanctosque recessus
 Mentis, & incoctum generoso pectus honesto.
 Hæc cedò, ut admoveam templis, & farre litabo.——

Perf. Sat. II.

Non bove mactato celestia Numina gaudent :
 Sed, quæ præstanda est & sine teste, fide.——

Ovid. Epist. Lib. XIX.

Immunis aram si tetigit manus,

Non sumptuosa blandior hostia,

Mollibit averfos Penates

Farre pio, & saliente micâ.——*Hor. L. III. Ode 23.*

Rem

W O R L D.

A L L mortal Things must change. The fruitful Plain
As Seasons turn, scarce knows herself again,
Such various Forms she bears: large Empires too,
Put off their former Face, and take a new:
Yet safe the World, and free from Change doth last;
No Years encrease it, nor can Ages waste.
It's Course it urges on, and keeps it's Frame,
And still will be, for always 'twas the same.
Our Fathers saw it, just as now we see,
And to our Children it the same shall be:
Secure it stands from Time's devouring Rage,
For It's a God, unchangeable by Age. — *Creech alter'd.*

W O R S H I P: What sort acceptable to the Gods.

B U T say, ye Priests, if I may be so bold,
What are the Gods the better for our Gold?
The Wretch that offers from his wealthy Store
Such Presents, bribes the Pow'rs to give him more:
As Maids to *Venus* offer Baby-Toys,
To bless the Marriage-Bed with Girls and Boys.
But let Us for the Gods a Gift prepare,
Which the Great Man's great Fortune cannot bear:
A Soul, where Laws both human and divine,
In Practice more than Speculation shine:
A genuine Virtue, of a vig'rous Kind,
Pure in the last Recesses of the Mind.
When with such Off'rings to the Gods I come,
A Cake, thus giv'n, is worth a Hecatomb. — *Dryden.*
The Blood of Bulls cannot the Gods delight:
But from the Heart performing what is Right,
Justice, and Truth, are pleasing in their Sight. — }
The pious Off'ring of a piece of Bread,
If with pure Hands upon the Altar laid,
Than costly Hecatombs will better please
Th' offended Gods, and their just Wrath appease. —

Rem struere exoptas cæso bove, Mercuriûmque
 Arcessis fibrâ. Da fortunare penates,
 Da pecus, & gregibus foetum. Quo, pessime, pacto,
 Tot tibi cum in flammis junicum omenta liquecant?
 Attamen hic extis, & opimo vincere farto
 Intendit: jam crescit ager, jam crescit ovile,
 Jam dabitur, jam jam: donec deceptus, & exspes
 Nequicquam fundo suspiret nummus in imo.——

Perf. Sat. II.

Castâ placent superis: pura cum veste venite,
 Et manibus puris sumite fontis aquam.——

Tibul. Lib. II. El. 1.

VULNERA. Vide Prælium. Duellum. Moriens. Cædes.

— **A**lmon stridente sagitta
 Sternitur: hæsit enim sub gutture vulnus, & udæ
 Vocis iter tenuemque inclusit sanguine vitam.——

Virg. Æn. Lib. VII.

Pectore in adverso totum cui cominus ensem
 Condidit assurgenti, & multa morte recepit.
 Purpuream vomit ille animam, & cum sanguine mista
 Vina refert moriens.——

Æn. Lib. IX.

———Hasta volans———

—Venit adversi in tergum Sulmonis, ibique
 Frangitur, ac fisso transit præcordia ligno.
 Volvitur ille, vomens calidum de pectore flumen
 Frigidus, & longis singultibus ilia pulsat.——

Ibid.

———Hunc primo levis hasta Themillæ
 Strinxerat: Ille manum projecto tegmine demens

Ad

Thou hop'st with Sacrifice of Oxen slain
 To compass Wealth, and bribe the God of Gain.
 Increase my Flocks and Herds, Good God, I pray!—
 Fool! how can they increase, when ev'ry Day,
 Thy choicest Young are sacrific'd away?

Yet think'st Thou when the fatten'd Flames aspire,
 Thou see'st the Accomplishment of thy Desire.

Now, now, my bearded Harvest gilds the Plain!

The scanty Folds can scarce my Sheep contain!

And Show'rs of Gold come pouring in amain!

Thus dreams the Wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
 Till his lank Purse declares his Money gone.— *Dryd. alt.*

The Gods are pure, and Purity require:
 Before the Pow'rs in spotless Garments stand,
 And sprinkle Water with unsully'd Hand. —

WOUNDS. See Battle. Combat. Dying. Slaughter.

— **A** *LMO* fell
 Shot by a sounding Arrow: For the Wound
 Beneath his Wezon stuck, and with his Blood
 Clos'd up the Passage of the humid Voice,
 And choak'd the slender Life. —

Trap.

Full, as he rose, He bury'd all the Sword
 Deep in his Breast: and with abundant Death
 Receiv'd him: He with gushing Wine and Gore
 Vomits his purple Soul; and dying pours
 A blended Flood. —

— The flying Spear
 Fixes in *Sulmo's* Back averse: and there
 The Wood breaks short: the pointed Steel divides
 His Lungs, and whizzing passes thro' his Breast.
 Shiv'ring he totters, from his Bosom pours
 A reeking Flood, and with long Sobs distends
 His heaving Entrails. —

Id.

Hurt by *Themilla* first, but slight the Wound,
 His Shield thrown by, to mitigate the Smart,
 He clap'd his Hand upon the wounded Part:

M m 3

A fea-

Ad Vulnus tulit : ergo alis allapſa ſagitta,
Et lævo infixæ eſt lateri manus, abditaque intus
Spiramenta animæ letali vulnere rupit. — *Ibid.*

———— Sublatum altè conſurgit in enſem :
Et mediam ferro gemina inter tempora frontem
Dividit, impubèſque immani vulnere malas.
Fit ſonus, ingenti concuſſa eſt pondere tellus :
Collapſos artus atque arma cruenta cerebro
Sternit humi moriens : atque ille partibus æquis
Huc caput atque illuc humero ex utròque pendit. — *Ibid.*

Lyncea tendentem contra, ſociòſque vocantem,
Vibranti gladio connixus ab aggere dexter
Occupat : huic uno dejectum cominus ictu
Cum galea longe jacuit caput. — — *Ibid.*

———— Trajecto miſſa læcerto
Protinus haſta fugit, ſervátque cruenta tenorem :
Dextraque ex humero nervis moribunda pendit. —
Æn. Lib. X.

Lucagus ut pronus pendens in verbera telo
Admonuit bijugòs, projecto dum pede lævo
Aptat ſe pugnae : ſubit oras haſta per imas
Fulgentis clypei, tum lævum perforat inguen :
Excuſſus curru moribundus volvitur arvis. —
Æn. Lib. X.

———— Podalirius Alſum
Paſtorem, primæque acie per tela ruentem,
Enſe ſequens nudo ſuperimminet : ille ſecuri
Adverſi frontem mediam mentúmque reducta
Diſjicit, & ſparſo late rigat arma cerebro.
Olli dura quies oculos & ferreus urget
Somnus : in æternum clauduntur lumina noctem. —
Virg. Æn. Lib. XII.

———— Murranum hic
Præcipitem ſcopulo atque ingentis turbine ſaxi
Excutit, effunditque ſolo : hunc loræ & juga ſubter
Pervolvère

A feather'd Shaft came swift and unesp'y'd,
And pierc'd his Hand, and nail'd it to his Side :
Transfix'd his breathing Lungs, and beating Heart :
The Soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the Dart. — *Id.*

Then rising, on his utmost Stretch he stood :
And aim'd from high : the full descending Blow
Cleaves the broad Front and beardless Cheeks in two :
Down sinks the Warrior with a thund'ring Sound,
His pond'rous Limbs oppress the trembling Ground :
Blood, Brains and Foam, gush from the gaping Wound.
Scalp, Face, and Neck, the cutting Steel divides,
And the shar'd Visage hangs on equal Sides. — *Dryd.*

Lynceus advancing opposite in Arms,
And calling on his Friends, with brandish'd Sword
From the high Mound he to the Right, assails :
At one full Stroke off flew his gasping Head,
And, with his Helmet, at a Distance lay. — *Trag.*

————— The Jav'lin flies
Bores his Right Arm, and cuts it's bloody Way :
And from his Shoulder by the stringy Nerves
The dying Limb hangs down. — *Id.*

As *Lucagus* prone, hanging on the Blow,
Goads with a Dart his Horses, and prepares,
With his Left Foot protended, for the Fight,
Beneath the Border of his shining Shield
The Spear takes Place, and pierces his left Groin :
He from his Chariot dying rolls to Earth. — *Id.*

Now *Podalirius*, with his Sword unsheath'd,
The Shepherd *Alfus*, rushing thro' the Darts
In the first Rank, pursues, and o'er him him stands
Threat'ning aloft : He turning on the Foe,
Full in the middle with his Ax divides
His Forehead and his Chin : and smears his Arms
With spatter'd Brains all o'er : A deadly Rest,
And iron Slumber seals his heavy Eyes,
And closes them in everlasting Night. — *Id.*

Aeneas with a Rock's enormous Weight,
Driv'n like a Whirlwind, strikes *Murranus* down
Headlong to Earth. —

Pervolvère rotæ, crebro super ungula pulsu
Incita nec domini memorum proculcat equorum. — *Ibid.*

Obvius ambustum torrem Chorinæus ab ara
Corripit, & venienti Ebuso plagamque ferenti
Occupat os flammis: olli ingens barba reluxit,
Nidorémque ambusta dedit: super ipse sequutus
Cæsariem lævâ turbati corripit hostis,
Impresôque genu nitens, terræ applicat ipsum.
Sic rigido latus ense ferit, — *Ibid.*

Fræna dabat. Dantem non evitabile telum
Consequitur; summâque tremens cervice sagitta
Hæsit: & exstabat nudum de gutture ferrum.
Ille, ut erat pronus, per colla admissa jubasque
Volvitur: & calido tellurem sanguine foedat. —
Ovid. Met. Lib. VI.

Delius illi
Intima fatifero rumpit præcordia ferro.
Quod simul eductum, pars est pulmonis in hamis
Eruta: cumque anima cruor est effusus in auras. — *Ibid.*

At non intonsum simplex Damafichthona vulnus
Afficit: Ictus erat, quâ crus esse incipit, & quâ
Mollia nervosus facit internodia poples.
Dumque manu tentat trahere exitiabile telum,
Altera per jugulum pennis tenus acta sagitta est.
Expulit hanc sanguis: seque ejaculatus in altum
Emicat, & longè terebrata profilit aura. — *Ibid.*

Altis
Exstantem signis, multæque in pondere massæ,
Ingentem manibus tollit cratera duobus:
Infligitque viro. Rutilum vomit ille cruorem;
Et resupinus humum moribundo vertice pulsat. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. V.

Huic

The Wheels beneath the Axle, and the Reins,
Whirl rapid o'er him : and his trampling Steeds
Crush him to Mire, unmindful of their Lord.— *Id.*

————— *Ebusus* springs on,
And aims a Blow : Him *Cborinaus* meets,
And dashes o'er his Face a flaming Brand
Snatch'd from the Altar : his huge bushy Beard
Blazes, and spreads a Stench. The Other close
Urges his startled Foe, and in his Hair
Twists his left Hand : and, pressing with his Knee
His Stomach, nails him prostrate to the Ground :
And plunges in his Side the rigid Steel.— *Id.*

He fled full speed, but an unerring Dart
O'ertook him, quick discharg'd and sped with Art :
Fix'd in his Neck behind, it trembling stood,
And at his Throat came out besmear'd with Blood.
Prone as his Posture was, he tumbled o'er
His Courser's Neck, and bath'd the Ground with steaming
Gore.— *Croxall* alter'd.

————— A thrilling Dart,
By *Phæbus* guided, pierc'd him to the Heart.
This, as they drew it forth, the Midriff tore,
It's barbed Point the fleshy Fragments bore, [*Crox.* }
And let the Soul gush out in Streams of purple Gore.—

Poor *Damascithon* by a double Wound,
Beardless, and young, lay gasping on the Ground.
Fix'd in his sinewy Ham, the steely Point,
Struck thro' his Knee, and pierc'd the nervous Joint :
And, as he stoop'd to tug the painful Dart,
Another struck him in a vital Part :
Shot thro' his Wezon, by the Wing it hung, [*Id.*
The Life-Blood forc'd it out, and darting upward sprung.—

————— With both his Hands
A Golden Cup he seizes, high emboss'd,
And at his Head the massy Goblet toss'd :
It hits, and from his Forehead bruis'd rebounds,
And Blood, and Brains, he vomits from his Wounds.
Thund'ring he falls, along the Floor he lies,
And Death for ever shuts his swimming Eyes.— *Manwa.*
But

Huic Chromis amplexo tremulis altaria palmis
Demetit ense caput, quod protinus incidit ara:
Atque ibi semianimi verba execrantia lingua
Edidit, & medios animum expiravit in ignes. — *Ibid.*

— Tela manu — mittit:
Excipit hæc Juvenis generosi sanguinis Argus,
Quà jam non medius descendit in ilia venter,
Adjuvitque suo procumbens pondere ferrum. — *Lucan. Lib. III.*

Terga simul pariter missis & pectora telis
Transfigitur: medio concurrat pectore ferrum,
Et stetit incertus, fueret quo vulnere, sanguis,
Donec utraq; simul largus cruor expulit hastas,
Divisitque animam, sparsitque in vulnera letum. — *Ibid.*

M I S E R.

— S Ubito è sylvis, macie confecta supremâ,
Ignota nova forma viri, miserandaque cultu,
Procedit, supplexque manus ad litora tendit.

Respicimus: dira illuvies, immissaque barba,
Consertum tegmen spinis.

— Iſque ubi Dardanius habitus & Troia vidit
Arma procul: paulum aspectu contreritus hæſit,
Continuitque gradum: mox ſeſe ad litora præceps
Cum ſletu precibûſque tulit. Per ſidera teſtor,
Per ſuperos, atque hoc cœli ſpirabile lumen:
Tollite me, Teucri: quaſcûmque abducite terras.
Hoc ſat erit.

— Dixerat: & genua amplexus, gemibûſque volutans
Hærebat, — *Æn. Lib. III.*

SCRIPTURA.

But closely round an Altar as he hung,
 And there with trembling Arms for safety clung,
 Fierce *Chromis* lop'd his Head, and lop'd so well,
 The jointed Head upon the Altar fell:
 And gasping, curs'd among the curling Fires,
 And in a shining Blaze at last expires.—— *Hugbes.*

Swift from his Hand the winged Jav'lin flies,
 And *Argus* of illustrious Lineage wounds:
 Deep sinks the piercing Point, where to the Loins
 Above the Naval high the Belly joins:
 The staggering Youth falls forward on his Fate,
 And helps the goring Weapon with his Weight.—— *Rome.*
 One Spear transfix'd his Back, and one his Breast,
 And deadly met within his heaving Chest.
 Doubtful awhile the Flood was seen to stay:
 At length the steely Points at once gave way:
 Then fleeting Life a twofold Passage found,
 And ran divided from each streaming Wound.—— *Id.*

WRETCH.

NOW from the Wood shot sudden forth to View,
 A Wretch in Rags, that flutter'd as he flew.
 The human Form in meager Hunger lost!
 The suppliant Stranger more than half a Ghost,
 Stretch'd forth his Hands, and pointed to the Coast.
 We turn'd to view the Sight:——His Vest was torn,
 And all the tatter'd Garb was tagg'd with Thorn.
 His Beard hangs long, and Filth the Wretch distains,
 And scarce the Shadow of a Man remains.

Soon as our *Dardan* Drefs and Arms he view'd,
 In Fear suspended for a Space he stood:
 Stood, stop'd, and paus'd:—then springing forth he flies,
 All headlong to the Shore with Pray'rs and Cries.
 Oh! by this vital Air, the Stars on high,
 By ev'ry pitying Pow'r who treads the Sky!
 Ye *Trojans* take me hence; I ask no more:
 But bear, Oh! bear me to some other Shore.

Then kneel'd the Wretch, and suppliant clung around
 My Knees with Tears, and grovell'd on the Ground.—— *Pitt.*

WRITING.

SCRIPTURA.

Phoenices primi (famæ si creditur) ausi
Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.

Nondum flumineas Memphis contexere biblos
Noverat : & saxis tantum volucrêsq; feræque,
Sculptaque servabant magicas animalia linguas. —

Lucan. Lib. III.

ANNUS.

QUID? non in species succedere quatuor annum
Aspicias ætatis peragentem imitamina nostræ?

Nam tener, & lactens, puerique simillimus ævo
Vere novo est. Tunc herba recens, & roboris experts
Turget, & insolida est, & spe delectat agrestem.

Omnia tum florent : florumque coloribus almus
Ridet ager : neque adhuc virtus in frondibus ulla est.

Transit in Æstatem, post Ver, robustior annus,
Fitque valens Juvenis : Neque enim robustior ætas
Ulla, nec uberior : nec, quæ magis æstuet ulla est.

Excipit Autumnus, posito fervore juventæ,
Maturus, mitisque, inter juvenemque senemque :
Temperie medius ; sparsis per tempora canis.

Inde senilis Hyems tremulo venit horrida passu :
Aut spoliata suos, aut, quos habet, alba capillos. —

Ovid. Met. Lib. XV.

ZEPHYRUS.

W R I T I N G.

P *Phœnicians* first, if ancient Fame be true,
 The wond'rous Art of forming Letters knew:
 They first essay'd, as 'twere by Magic bound,
 To picture Speech, and fix the flying Sound:
 By uncouth Figures which their Fancy wrought,
 Colour and Body gave to Voice and Thought.
 Then *Memphis*, e'er the ready Leaf was known,
 Engrav'd her Precepts and her Arts on Stone:
 With Birds and Beasts, in various Order plac'd,
 The learned Hieroglyphick Column grac'd.— *Rowe alt.*

Y E A R.

P Erceiv'st thou not the Process of the Year,
 How the four Seasons in four Forms appear,
 Resembling human Life in ev'ry Shape they wear?
 Spring first, like Infancy, shoots out her Head,
 With milky Juice requiring to be fed:
 Helpless, tho' fresh: and wanting to be led.
 The green Stem grows in Stature and in Size,
 But only feeds with Hope the Farmer's Eyes.
 Then laughs the childish Year, with Flow'rets crown'd,
 And lavishly perfumes the Fields around:
 But no substantial Nourishment receives,
 Infirm the Stalks, unsolid are the Leaves.
 Proceeding onwards, whence the Year began,
 The Summer grows adult, and ripens into Man:
 This Season, as in Men, is most replete
 With kindly Moisture and prolific Heat.
 Autumn succeeds: a sober, tepid Age,
 Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage:
 More than mature, and tending to Decay,
 When our brown Locks begin to mix with Grey.
 Then aged Winter comes with trembling Pace,
 Depriv'd of Strength, despoil'd of ev'ry Grace, [alt.]
 And bald, or white as Snow, concludes the Race.—*Dryd.*

Z E P H Y R.

ZEPHYRUS. Vide VENTI.

Zephyrus—novo madidantes nectare pennas
 Concurit, & glebas fecundo rore maritat:
 Quaque volat, verus sequitur rubor: omnis in herbas
 Turget humus, mediòque patent convexa sereno.
 Sanguineo splendore rosas, vaccinia nigro
 Induit, & dulci violas ferrugine pingit.

Parthica quæ tantis variantur cingula gemmis
 Regales vincitura sinus? quæ vellera tantum
 Didibus Assyrii spumis fucantur aëni?
 Non tales volucer pandit Junonius alas:
 Nec sic innumeros arcu mutante colores
 Incipiens redimitur hyems.——

Claud. Rapt. Prof.

ZONÆ. Vide ACUPICTURA.

Quinque tenent cœlum Zonæ. Quatum una corusco
 Semper Sole rubens, & torrida semper ab igni:
 Quam circum extremæ dextrâ lævâque trahuntur,
 Cæruleâ glacie concretæ atque imbribus atris.
 Has inter mediâque, duæ mortalibus ægris
 Munere concessæ Divûm & via secta per ambas,
 Obliquus qua se signorum verteret ordo.——

Virg. Georg. I.

Utque duæ dextrâ cœlum, totidemque sinistrâ
 Parte secant Zonæ, quinta est ardentior illis:
 Sic onus inclusum numero distinxit eodem
 Cura Dei: totidémque plagæ tellure premuntur.
 Quarum quæ media est, non est habitabilis æstu:
 Nix tegit alta duas: totidem inter utrumque locavit,

Temperiem

ZEPHYR. See WINDS.

HIS balmy Wings auspicious Zephyr shakes,
The trickling Dew a joyous Season makes:
Where-e'er he flies appears the vernal Dye:
The Ground is green, and smiles the cheerful Sky.
With crimson Grace he paints the blushing Rose,
He on the darker Hyacinth bestows
A shaded Splendor, and with Purple bright
Makes the sweet scented Violet delight.
Not so, with Gems enchas'd, around the Loins
Of *Partbian* Kings the glitt'ring Girdle shines.
What Fleece, that with *Affyrian* Tincture glows,
Such rich Variety of Beauty shows?
Not *Juno's* Bird, the Glory of the Skies,
Proud of his Tail diversify'd with Eyes,
Displays such Colours in his curious Train,
Nor the bright changeful Bow, that circles round the Rain;

ZONES. See EMBROIDERY.

FIVE Zones the Heav'ns infold: with constant Sun
Still red, still scorch'd in torrid Heat the One:
Round This, on either Hand, wind distant Coasts,
Regions of Storm, and everlasting Frosts.
Betwixt the First, and These, by bounteous Heav'n
To feeble Mortals Two are kindly giv'n:
A-crofs them both a Path oblique inclines,
Where in successive Order turn the Signs.—
And, as two equal Zones on either Side,
On Right, and Left, the measur'd Heav'n's divide,
While the Fifth rages with intenser Heat;
So Lines alike this earthly Ball compleat.
The Sun with Rays directly darting down,
Inhabitable makes the Middle Zone:
On Two, eternal Hills of Snow are seen:
And Two, indulgent Heav'n has plac'd between:

Whose

Temperiemque dedit, mistâ cum frigore flammâ.—

— Ovid. *Met.* Lib. I.

Circumfuso consistit in aëre tellus,
Et quinque in partes toto disponitur orbe,
Atque duæ gelido vastantur frigore semper.

Illic & densa tellus absconditur umbra,
Et nulla incepto perlabitur unda liquore,
Sed durata riget densam in glaciémque, nivémque,
Quippe ubi non unquam Titan superègerit ortus.

At media est Phœbi semper subjecta calori,
Seu propior terris æstivum fertur in orbem,
Seu celer hibernas properat decurrere lucas.
Non ergo pressio tellus confurgit aratro,
Nec frugem segetes præbent, nec pabula terræ,
Non illic colit arva Deus, Bacchûsve, Cerêsve,
Nulla nec exustas habitant animalia partes.

Fertilis hanc inter posita est, intérque rigentes,
Nostrâque & huic adversa solo pars altera nostro,
Quas similis utrinque tenens vicinia cœli
Temperat, alter & alterius vires necat aër:
Hinc placidus nobis per tempora vertitur annus.
Hic & colla iugo didicit submittere taurus;
Et lenta excelsos vitis conscendere ramos;
Tondetúrque seges maturos annua partus;
Et ferro tellus, pontus confinditur aere.
Quinctiam fructis exsurgunt oppida muris.—

Tibul. Lib. IV. El. 1.

F I N I S.

Whose Climes a due proportion'd Mixture hold,
Temper'd with equal Parts of Heat and Cold.—

The ambient Air does this our Earth surround,
And five Divisions on its Orb are found :
Two Parts thereof in cheerless Regions lye,
Where Frost and Cold eternal fills the Sky :
There sullen Night sits brooding o'er the Ground,
And all with Darknefs are envelop'd round.
No living Waters there the Lands divide,
No gentle Streams in mazy Wand'rings glide ;
But everlasting Ice the Floods constrains,
And Drifts of Snow o'erspread the dreary Plains :
There never did the Sun diffuse a Ray,
Or give the cheerful Promise of a Day.

The middle Regions feel the scorching Sun,
Whether he nearer brings our Summer on,
Or when he does a swifter Course display,
And in short Circles wheels the wintry Day.
There then the Plough can never be in Use,
No Corn the Fields, nor Herbs the Lands produce :
No God, indulgent, makes the Fields his Care,
Bacchus and *Ceres* never visit there.
No Cattle there can graze the parch'd-up Ground,
There nothing that possesses Life is found.

Between the freezing Cold, and scorching Heat,
Our temp'rate Zone is plac'd, a happy Seat !
To this oppos'd a fellow Climate lies ;
Happy alike the Temper of its Skies.
Here, first, the stubborn Steer to Toil was broke,
And Oxen bent their Necks beneath the Yoke :
Here Vines were taught to climb the neighb'ring Trees,
And annual Harvests gave a large Increase.
Here first the Soil receiv'd the iron Plough,
Here first the Ocean felt the brazen Prow :
Here well-built Towns, and mighty Cities rise,
With stately Walls, and Tow'rs that brave the Skies.—
Dart alter'd.

F I N I S.

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